

SUPERMAN

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Post-**CRISIS**
ON INFINITE EARTHS

From Out of the Green Dawn

Post-**CRISIS**
From Out of the Green Dawn

Volume
2

FROM THE SHADE'S JOURNAL...

Jack Knight, Mikael Tomas (and a hologram of Jack's father Ted) are searching space for Will Payton, the Starman prior to Jack.

Currently lost in time they've arrived in the past at a planet destined to have already exploded in the present. The name of this doomed orb... Krypton.

Now read on...

WE LAND WITH A WHISPER.

OUR SHIP, THOUGH OLD... A DOWAGER IN ITS QUAINLY ORNATE DRESS AND HIGH LACE COLLAR--

--MOVES AIDED BY MY FATHER'S COSMIC TECHNOLOGY... AND A NEW GENESIS MOTHER BOX.

AND SO... THE OLD WOMAN HAS THE GRACE AND EASE OF AN INGENUE FRESH FROM THE CONVENT.

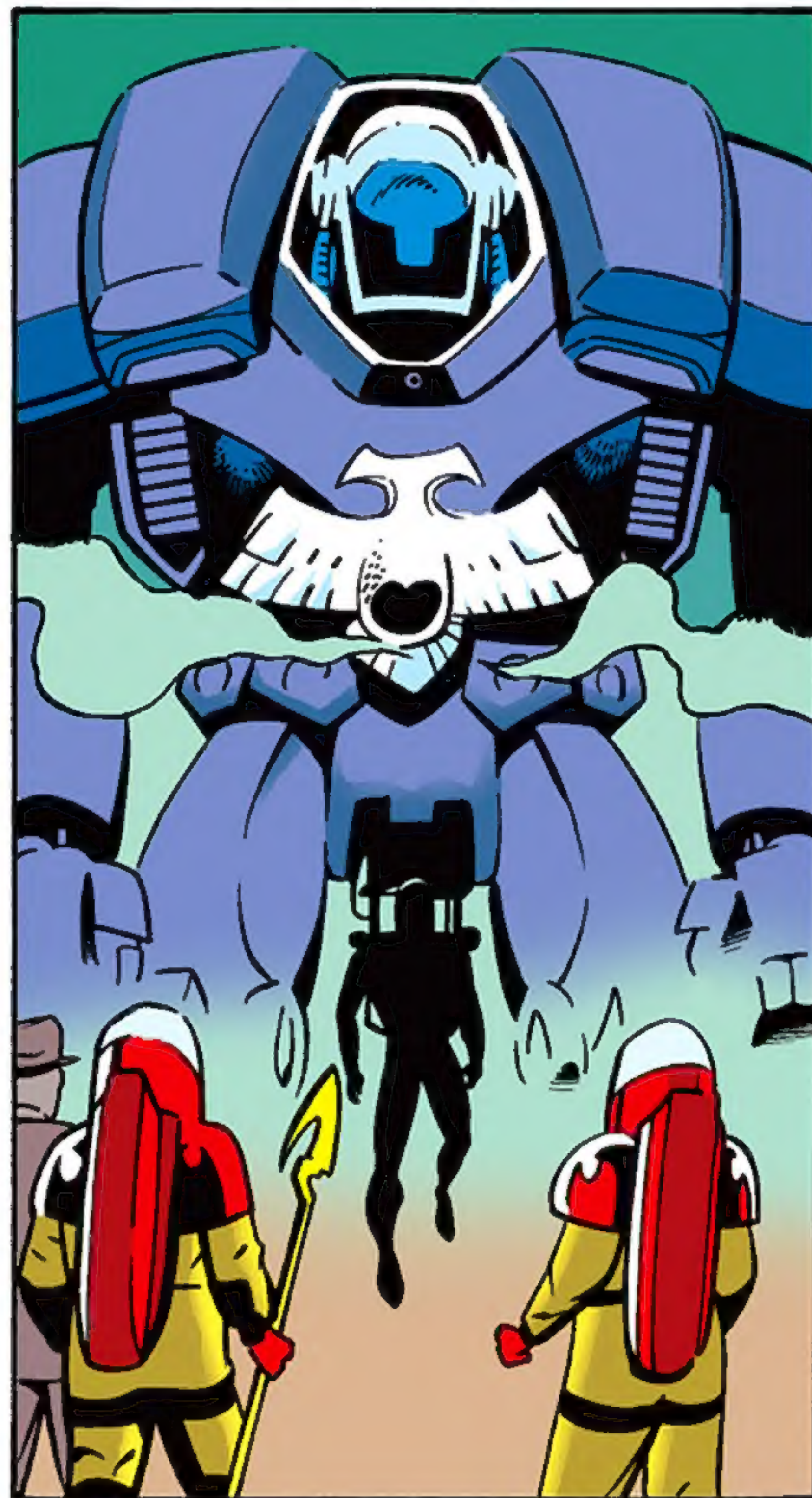
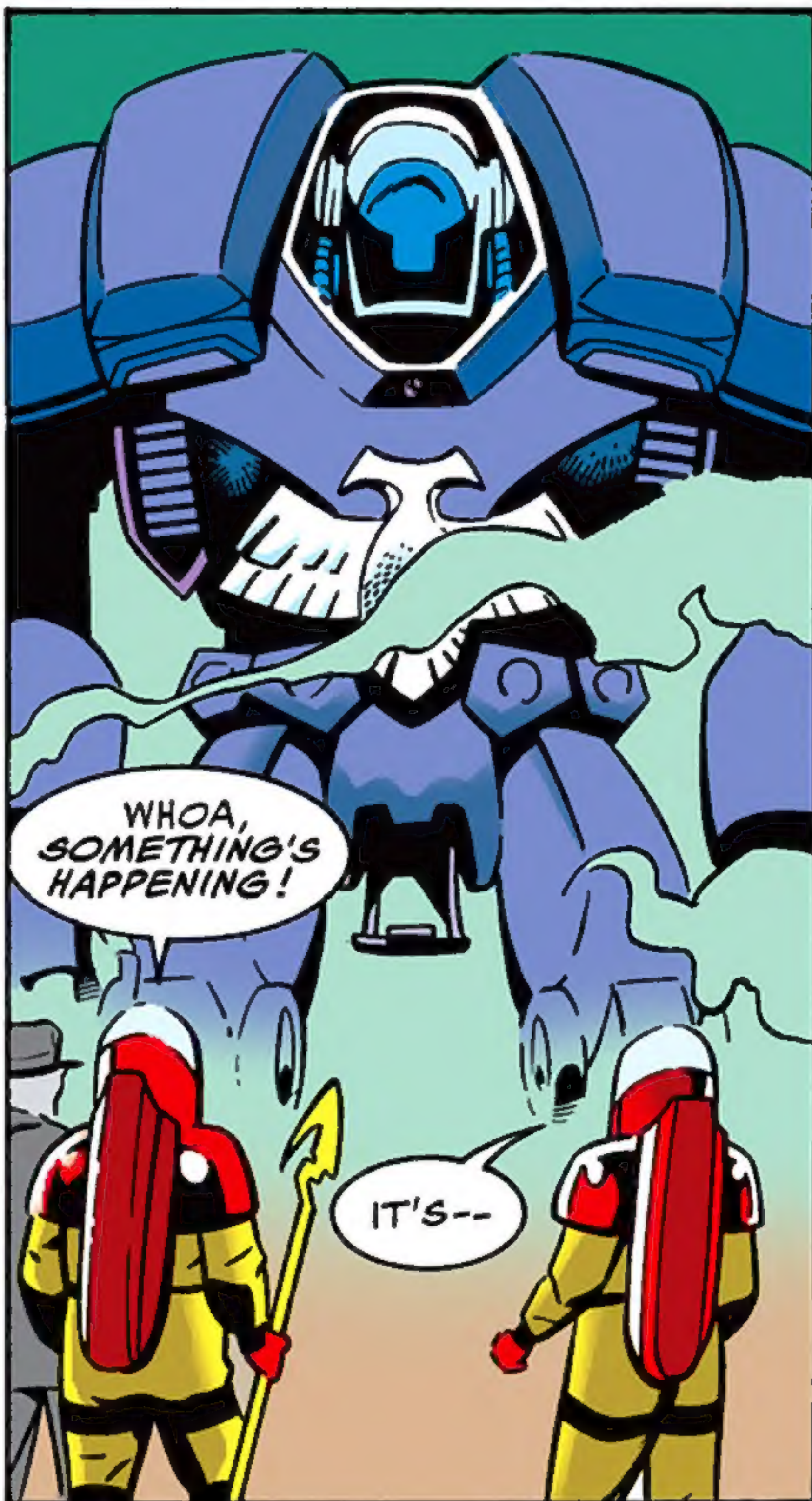
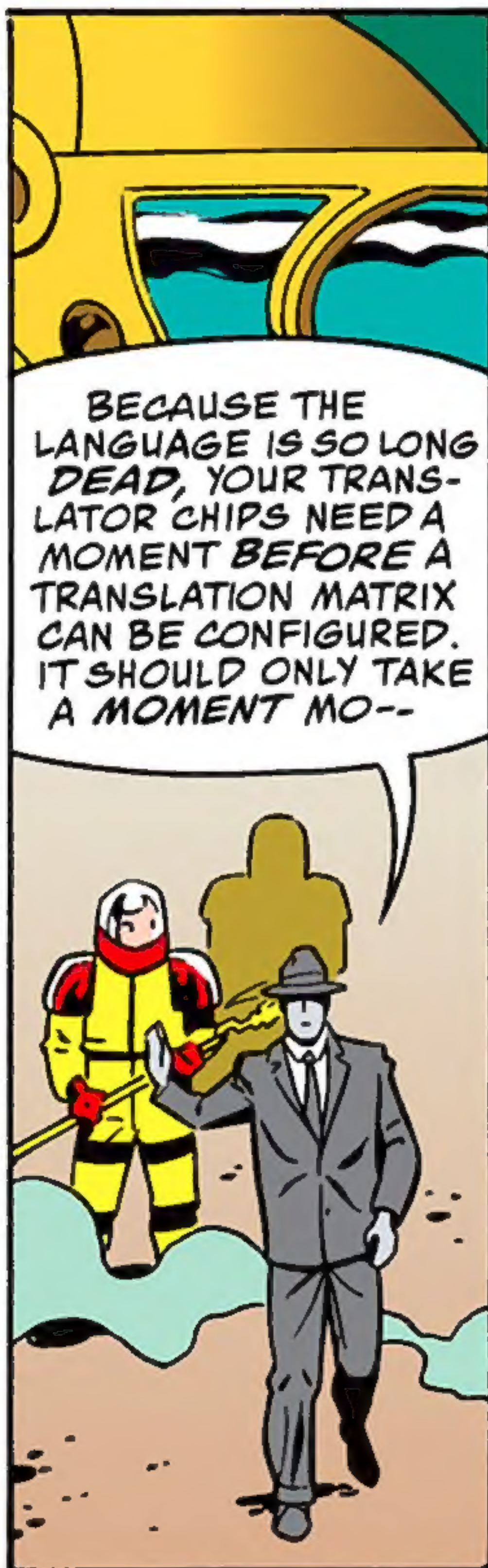
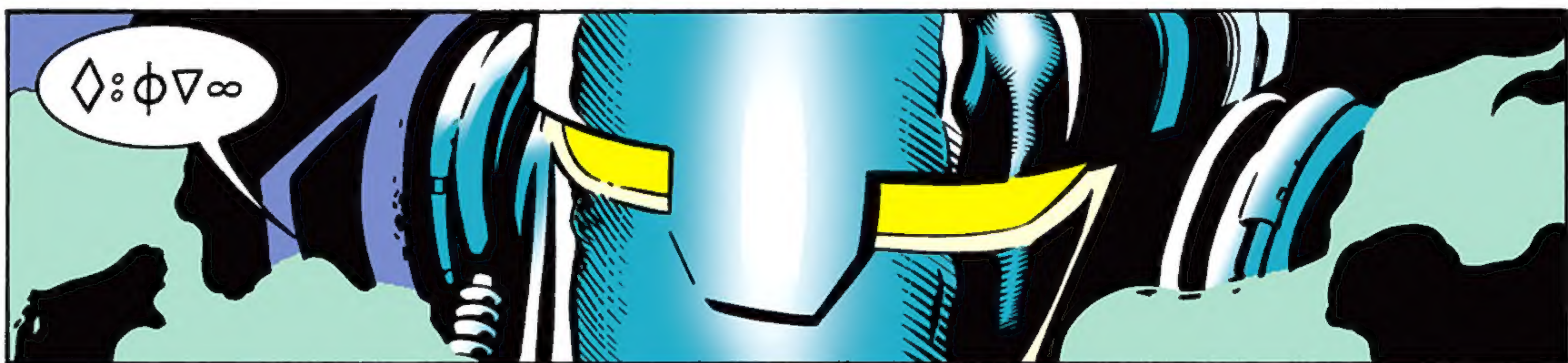
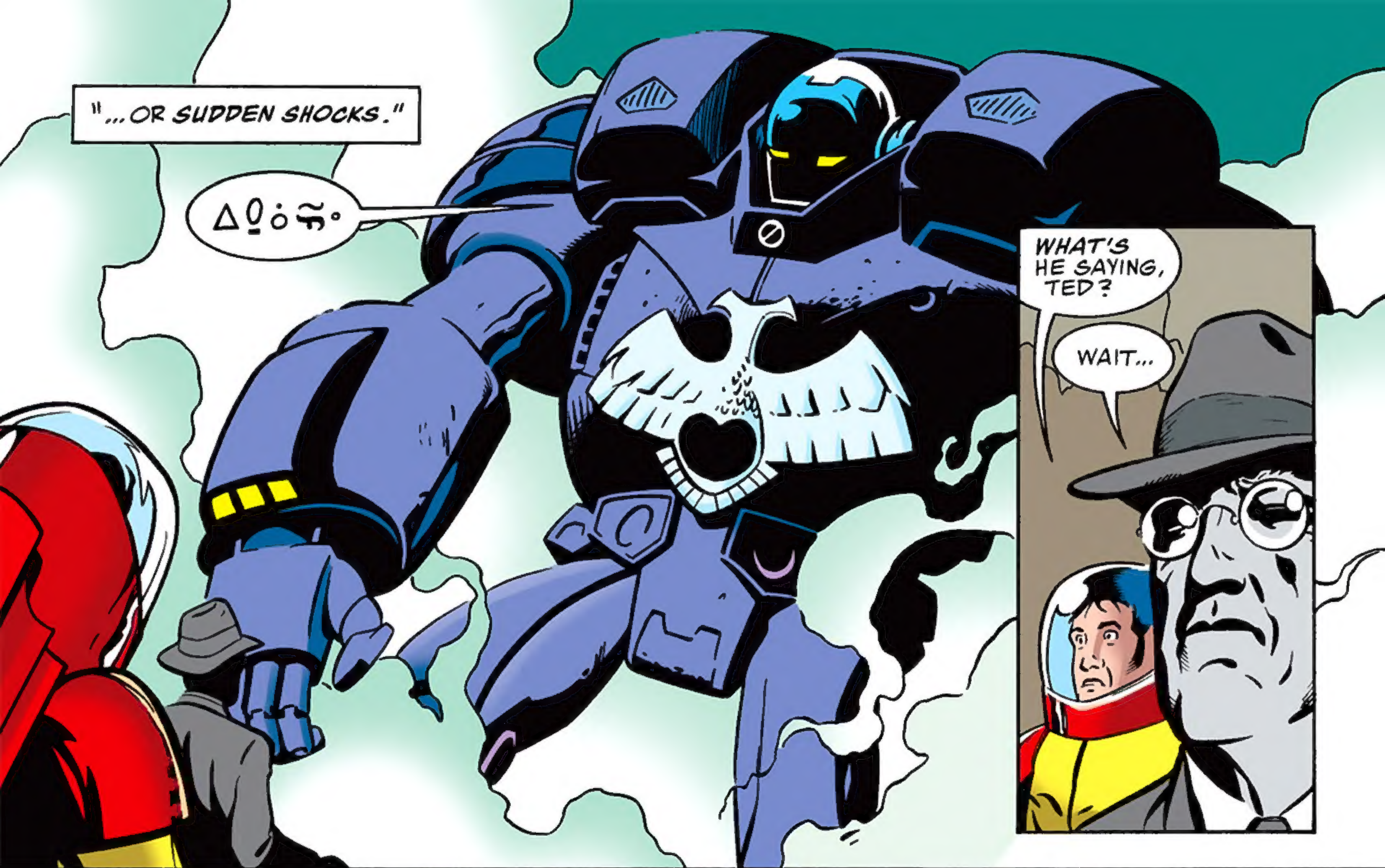
GEEZ, I'M STARTING TO THINK LIKE THE SHADE. SOMEBODY SHOOT ME.

NOW...

SENSORS SAY THE AIR IS BREATHABLE. A LITTLE THIN, PERHAPS, BUT--

I'D WEAR THE SUITS ANYWAY. OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT FAINT OR HAVE PROBLEMS BREATHING.

YOU SHOULD AVOID HAVING ANY HARD FALLS...





Φ-ΔΩ-JAME
IS JOR-EL, SON OF
SEYG-EL, SON OF TER-EL,
SON OF DON-EL. I AM
TWENTY-SECOND
GENERATION OF THE
HOUSE OF EL.

I WAS
EXPLORING
THE LAND. ALONE.
I MEAN YOU NO
HARM.

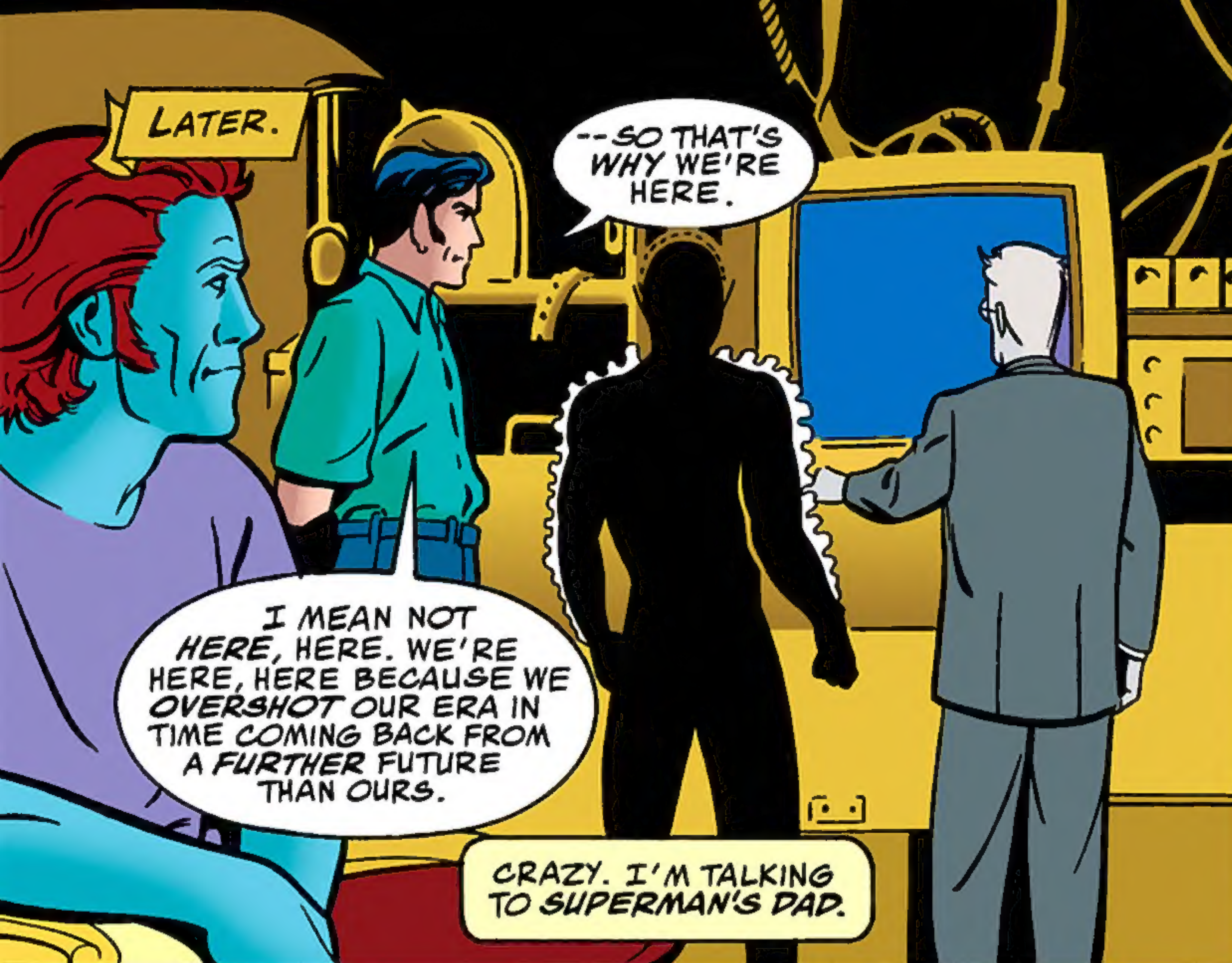
MIDNIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF EL

ROBINSON and GOYER story ROBINSON words SNEIBJERG pencils
CHAMPAGNE inks OAKLEY letters WRIGHT colors GCW seps TOMASI editor
GOODWIN guiding light

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LATER.

--SO THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.

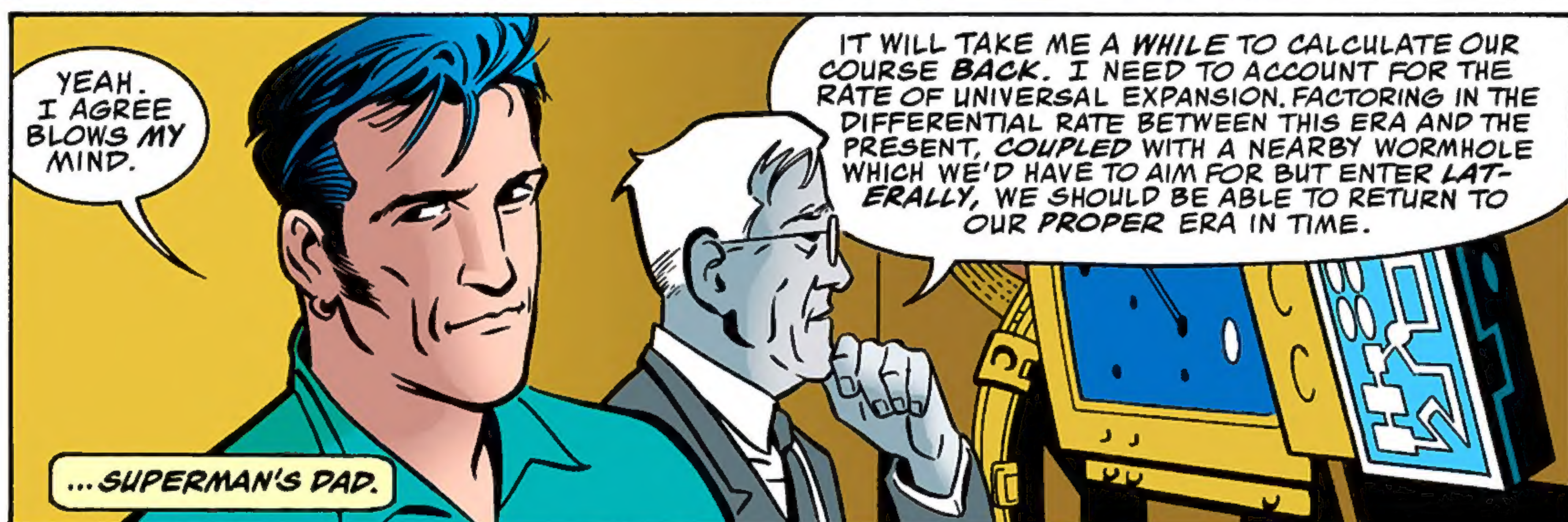
I MEAN NOT HERE, HERE. WE'RE HERE, HERE BECAUSE WE OVERSHOT OUR ERA IN TIME COMING BACK FROM A FURTHER FUTURE THAN OURS.

CRAZY. I'M TALKING TO SUPERMAN'S DAD.



INCREDIBLE!

INCREDIBLE...



YEAH. I AGREE BLOWS MY MIND.

...SUPERMAN'S DAD.

IT WILL TAKE ME A WHILE TO CALCULATE OUR COURSE BACK. I NEED TO ACCOUNT FOR THE RATE OF UNIVERSAL EXPANSION. FACTORING IN THE DIFFERENTIAL RATE BETWEEN THIS ERA AND THE PRESENT, COUPLED WITH A NEARBY WORMHOLE WHICH WE'D HAVE TO AIM FOR BUT ENTER LAT-ERALLY, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO RETURN TO OUR PROPER ERA IN TIME.



MORE OR LESS.

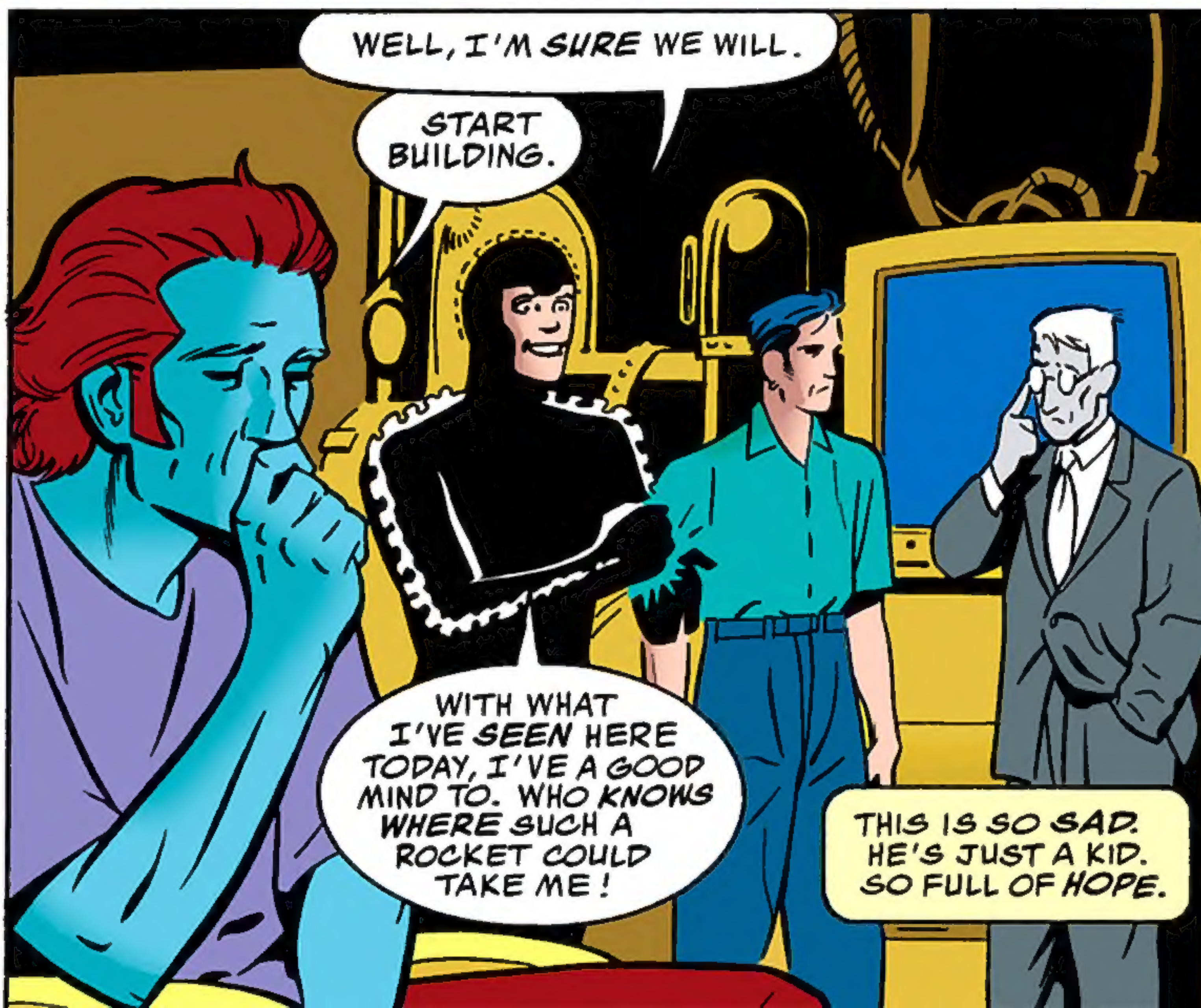
SAID WITH SUCH CERTAINTY. OH, BOY.



THIS IS WONDERFUL! HYPER SPACE. BOOM TUBE. WILL KRYPTON ALSO INHERIT THE STARS?

err... I HAVEN'T SET FOOT ON KRYPTON IN MY ERA.

SUPERMAN'S DAD. SUPERMAN'S DAD.

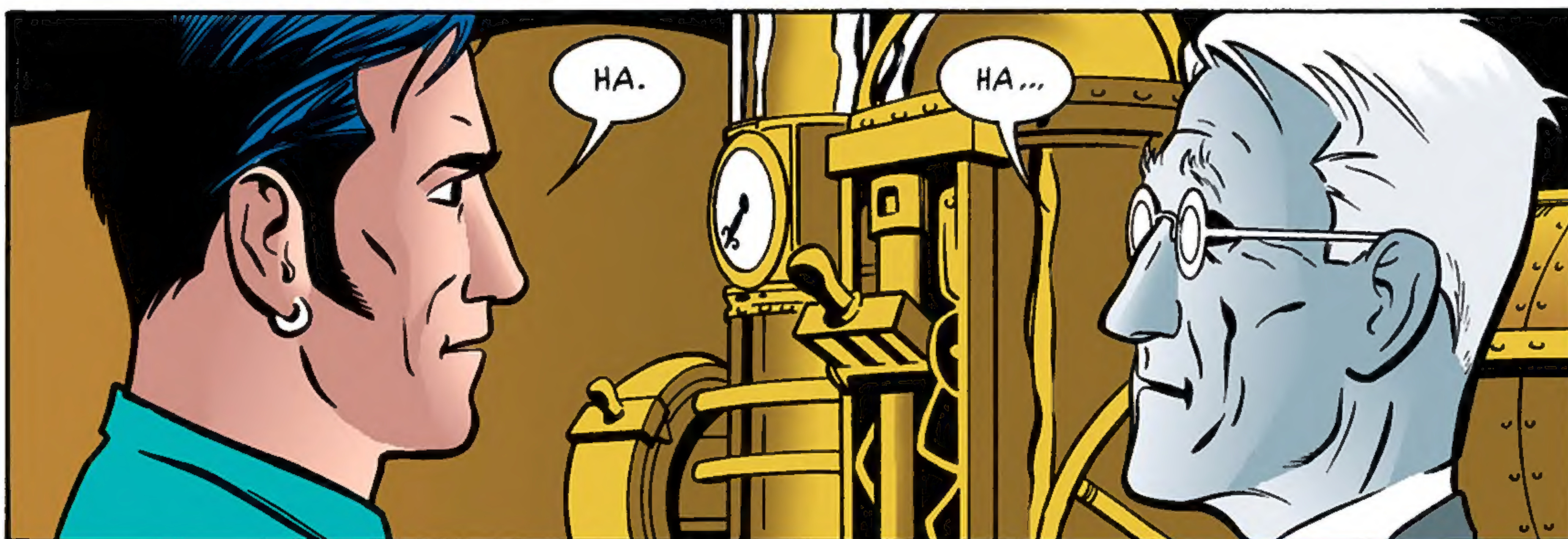
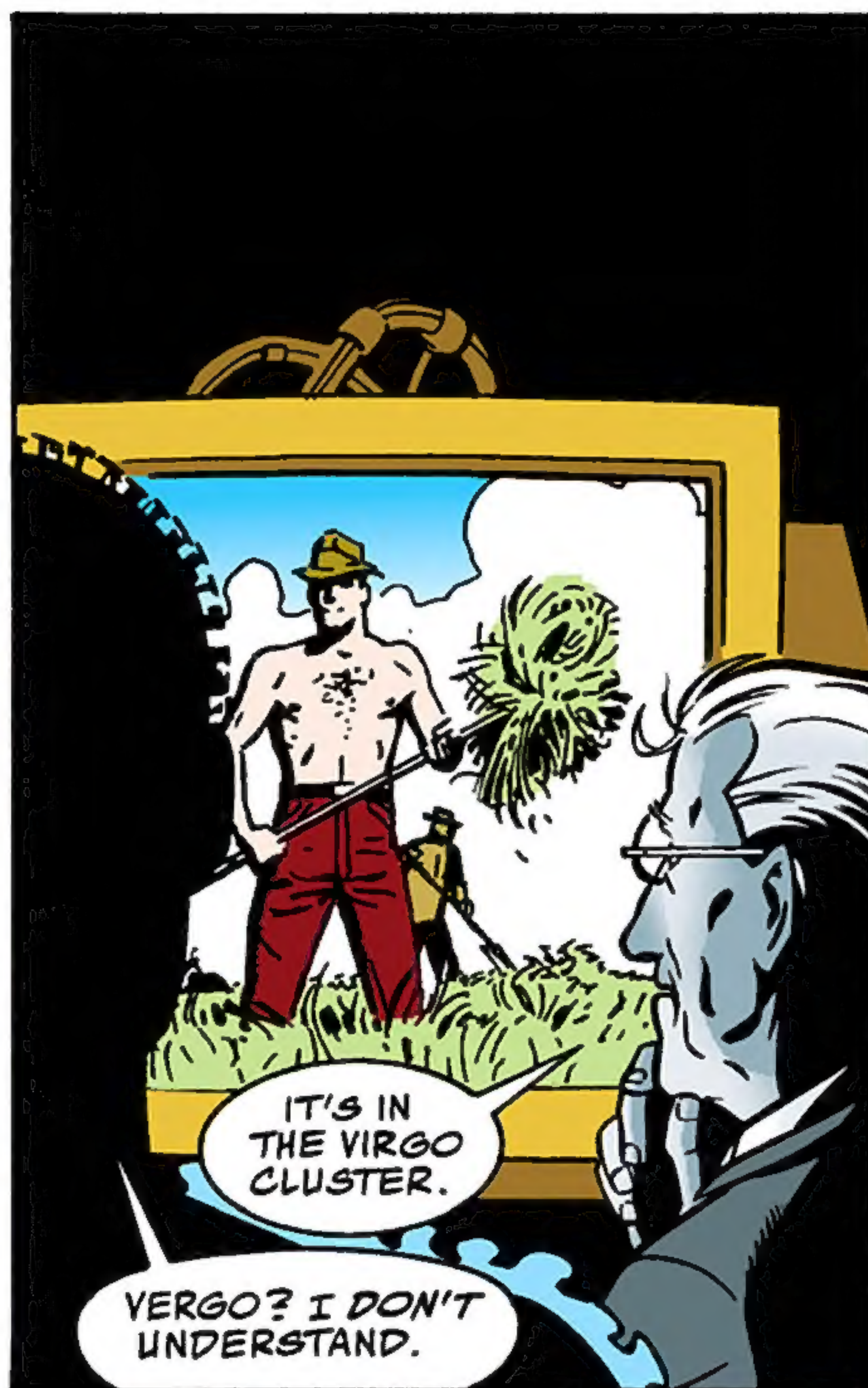


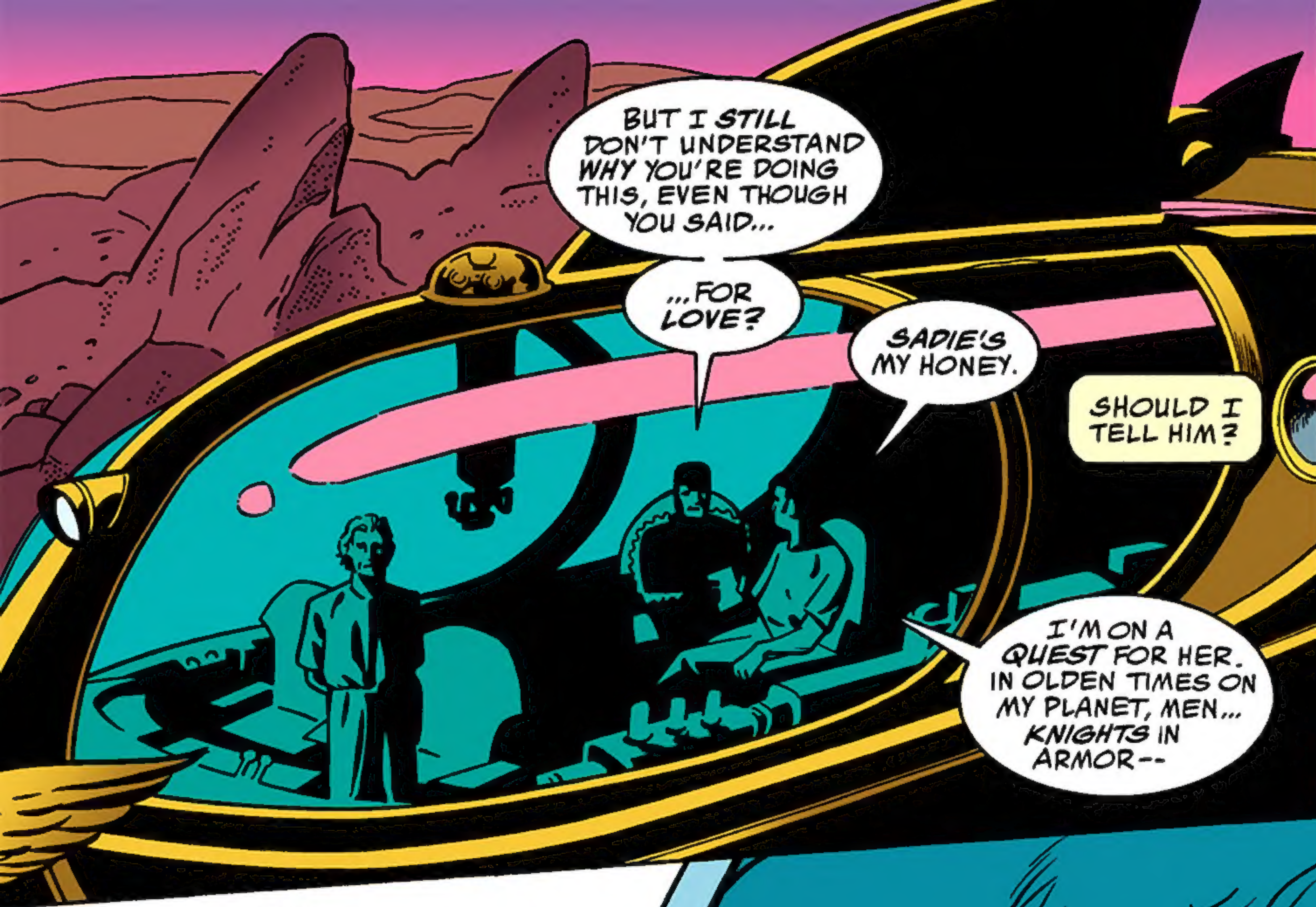
WELL, I'M SURE WE WILL.

START BUILDING.

WITH WHAT I'VE SEEN HERE TODAY, I'VE A GOOD MIND TO. WHO KNOWS WHERE SUCH A ROCKET COULD TAKE ME!

THIS IS SO SAD. HE'S JUST A KID. SO FULL OF HOPE.





BUT I STILL
DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU'RE DOING
THIS, EVEN THOUGH
YOU SAID...

...FOR
LOVE?

SADIE'S
MY HONEY.

SHOULD I
TELL HIM?

I'M ON A
QUEST FOR HER.
IN OLDEN TIMES ON
MY PLANET, MEN...
KNIGHTS IN
ARMOR--



YOUR NAME
IS KNIGHT. SO
YOU MEAN
YOUR FORE-
FATHERS?

err... YEAH,
IN A MANNER OF
SPEAKING... THE
KNIGHTS OF OLD WENT
ON QUESTS FOR THEIR
LADIES. THAT'S HOW
I LIKE TO THINK OF
WHAT I'M
DOING.

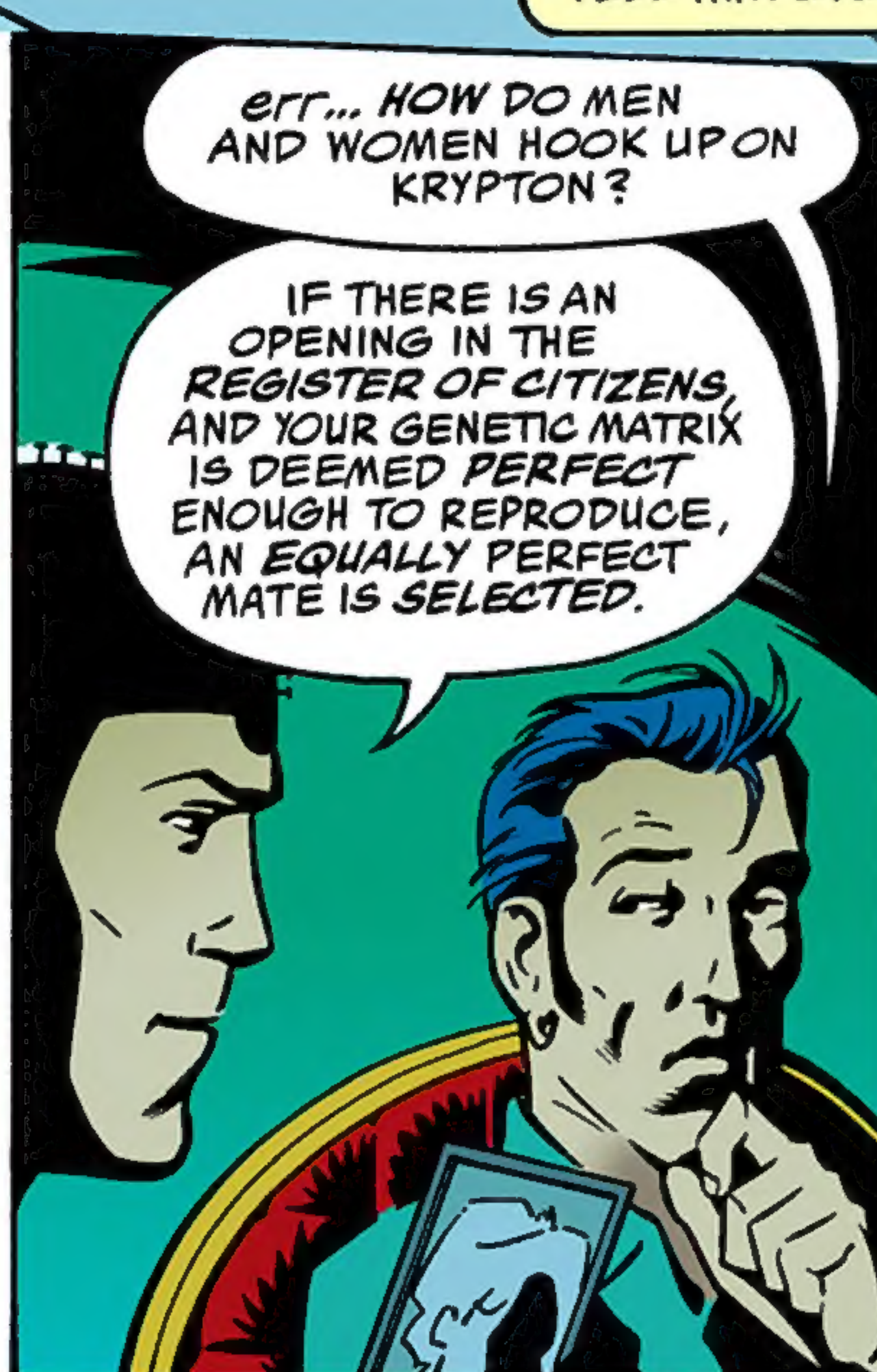
TELL HIM EVERYTHING?



FOR YOUR
BIOLOGICAL
PARTNER.
HAVE YOU
SEEN
HER?

HAVE I
SEEN HER?
WHAT DOES
THAT
MEAN?

HAS
SHE BEEN
SHOWN TO
YOU?



err... HOW DO MEN
AND WOMEN HOOK UP ON
KRYPTON?

IF THERE IS AN
OPENING IN THE
REGISTER OF CITIZENS,
AND YOUR GENETIC MATRIX
IS DEEMED PERFECT
ENOUGH TO REPRODUCE,
AN EQUALLY PERFECT
MATE IS SELECTED.



OUR CELLS
ARE COMBINED IN
THE LABORATORY... A
GESTATION CHAMBER.
A CHILD COMES
FROM THIS.

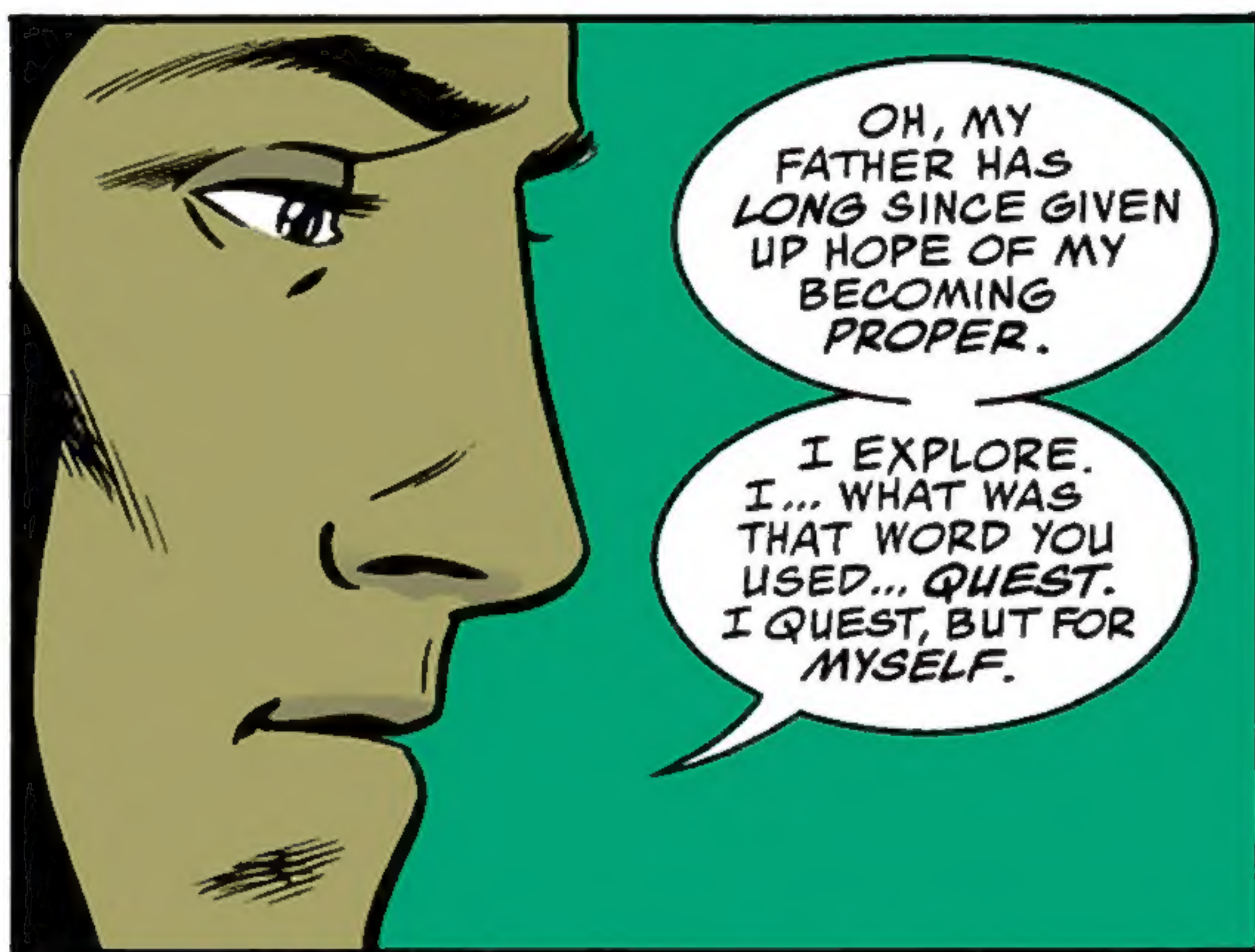


ROMANTIC.

IT'S THE KRYPTONIAN WAY.

AND YOU'RE A PROPER KRYPTONIAN.

NO. MAYBE IT'S BEST IF--



OH, MY FATHER HAS LONG SINCE GIVEN UP HOPE OF MY BECOMING PROPER.

I EXPLORE. I... WHAT WAS THAT WORD YOU USED... QUEST. I QUEST, BUT FOR MYSELF.



HOW OLD ARE YOU?

SEVENTEEN. I'VE YET TO TAKE THE RITES OF PASSAGE.

AND WHAT ARE YOU "QUESTING" FOR?



MORE. MORE THAN I'VE ALREADY SEEN. MORE THAN I KNOW. MORE THAN I AM. I USE AN OLD WAR-SUIT TO DO SO BECAUSE IT ALLOWS ME DAYS OF--

JACK...



... WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM...



... OUTSIDE.



ARE WE IN TROUBLE? IS THIS BAD?

WE'VE NEVER HAD VISITORS FROM SPACE BEFORE. I DON'T KNOW.

WHERE ARE THEY TAKING US?



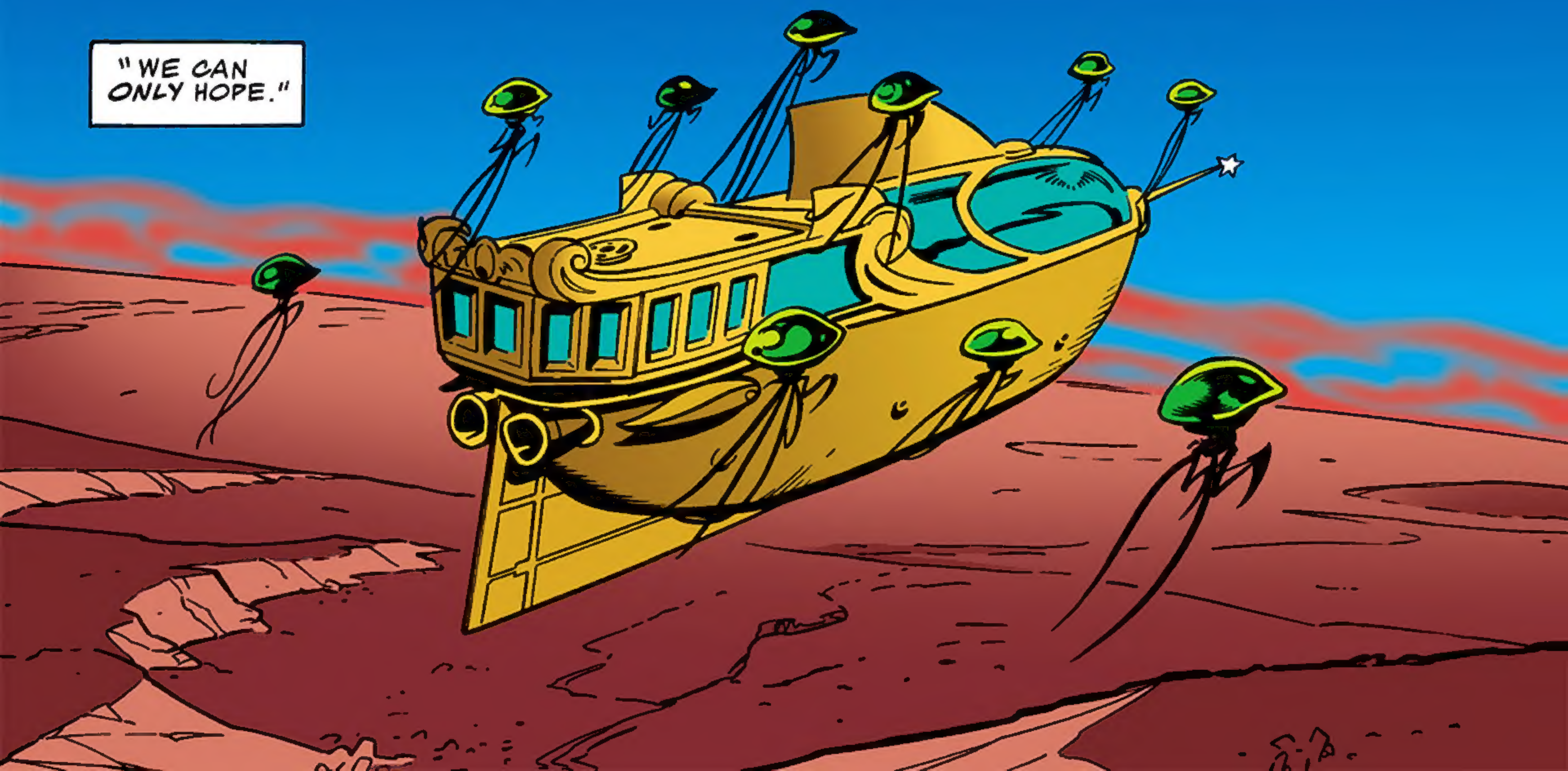
MY PLANET IS VAST. EACH HOUSE... EACH FAMILY'S HOUSE IS ALONE AND APART FROM THE NEXT. THESE ARE MY FATHER'S AUTOMATONS, NO DOUBT OUT LOOKING FOR ME.

SO WE'RE GOING TO YOUR PLACE?

THAT'S RIGHT. THE HOUSE OF EL.

AND PERHAPS EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE. PERHAPS MY FATHER WILL GREET YOU AS READILY AS I HAVE.

"WE CAN ONLY HOPE."



THE SPIRES OF THE HOUSE OF EL RISE, SUBLIMELY RESPLENDENT. I'M MUTED... I CAN'T STRING A WORD.

MY MOUTH IS DRY.

HERE. ME, HERE. I WALK THROUGH HALLS LINED WITH GLISTENING COPROLITE. SHEER WALLS, DISDAINFULLY ADAMANTIUM, SOAR HIGH LIKE PEREGRINES.

I TRY TO SWALLOW.

THIS IS AN ALIEN CIVILIZATION. WHICH IS THE MORE IMPORTANT WORD HERE, I WONDER? ALIEN OR CIVILIZED.

I DON'T KNOW WHY THIS GETS TO ME... HERE... MORE THAN THE BLUE PLANET... MORE THAN THE 30TH CENTURY.

KRYPTON... THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE... SO AUGUST AND MOURNFUL. PERHAPS BECAUSE I KNOW IT WON'T EXIST WHEN WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT...

...MAYBE THAT MAKES IT LIKE I'M IN A FAIRY TALE.

MAYBE IT'S SIMPLY THE THIN AIR I'M BREATHING.

I LOOK AROUND, APPETENT TO EVERY FRESH SIGHT.

I'M LOST FOR WORDS...

WHY WON'T YOU ANSWER OUR QUESTIONS?

THE HOLOGRAM BEFORE ME IS SEYG-EL.

SUPERMAN'S GRANDFATHER.

HE'S NO WILL GEER.



IS IT BECAUSE WE'VE MISTREATED YOU IN SOME WAY? YOUR QUARTERS ARE AS COMFORTABLE AS ANY ON KRYPTON.

WHAT ABOUT THE FACT THAT YOU TOOK MY COSMIC ROD AND MOTHER BOX OFF WHEREVER, AND SEPARATED ME FROM MY FRIEND MIKAAL?



ISOLATION IS NOT CONSIDERED AN UNPLEASANT STATE OF BEING HERE.



NOW WHY WON'T YOU ANSWER MY QUESTIONS?



BECAUSE NONE OF THEM MAKE SENSE.

FIRSTLY, I REALLY AM FROM ANOTHER TIME AND PLANET. I'M NOT FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF KRYPTON. THE SHIP ISN'T SOME PLOT BY BLACK ZERO... WHATEVER THAT IS... TO RISE FROM ITS OWN ASHES AND SPREAD DISSENT.



HOW CAN I BELIEVE THAT? YOU LOOK JUST LIKE US. YOU DON'T LOOK ALIEN.

MAYBE GOD WAS FEELING UNORIGINAL THAT DAY.

GOD?

A DEITY.



YOU'RE JOR-EL'S FATHER, RIGHT?

I AM SEYG-EL, SON OF TER-EL, SON OF--

THE TWENTY-FIRST GENERATION OF EL. YEAH. I KNOW.

HOW IS JOR-EL? I HOPE YOU DIDN'T PUNISH HIM.

FOR INTERACTING WITH YOU? NO. FOR GOING OFF ALONE AND EXPLORING SO FAR AFIELD, HOWEVER, HE RECEIVED THE HARSHTEST PUNISHMENT...



... CONFINEMENT TO HIS LIVING QUARTERS.

HOUSE ARREST. THAT DOESN'T SOUND SO BAD.

NOT TO ANYONE BUT JOR-EL, PERHAPS.



SO... THIS VISITATION BY YOU IS SOME KIND OF BEACHHEAD? AN INVASION WILL FOLLOW, PERHAPS?

err...



YOUR
FRIEND REVEALED
YOU INTEND TO INVAD
US.



I DOUBT
JACK SAID
ANYTHING
OF THE
KIND.

HE TOLD US EVERY-
THING. HE IS WILLING
TO BETRAY YOU FOR
HIS OWN LIBERTY.



HE TALKED
OF DETESTING
YOU... YOUR BLUE
SKIN.

THIS ATTEMPT
TO DIVIDE US AND
TURN US AGAINST
EACH OTHER IS
ILL-CONCEIVED
AT BEST.



I'M WISE TO
YOU.

YOU GOTTA
UNDERSTAND, ON MY
PLANET THERE'S A MEANS
OF MASS ENTERTAINMENT
CALLED TELEVISION. ON
TELEVISION ARE DRAMAS
ABOUT LAW ENFORCERS.
COPS, WE CALL
THEM.



NYPD BLUE. THEY ALWAYS SPLIT UP CRIMI-
NALS AND GET ONE TO SQUEAL ON THE OTHER.
OR DO "GOOD COP, BAD COP," WHICH I'M GLAD
YOU HAVEN'T TRIED.

THE IDEA OF "GOOD HEAD,
BAD HEAD" WOULD HAVE HAD ME
IN STITCHES.



YOUR WORLD SOUNDS
SO VERY DIFFERENT
FROM OURS.

WE INTERACT
TOGETHER MORE,
FOR ONE. WE LAUGH.
WE MAKE WAR. WE
CONCEIVE OUR
CHILDREN THE
GOOD WAY...



...SWEATY AND
SQUIRTY.

YOUR WORLD
IS SO STERILE,
I BET YOU DON'T
EVEN KNOW WHAT
I'M TALKING
ABOUT.



BARBARIAN.

WAKE
UP,
JACK!

JOR-EL? YOUR
FATHER SAID HE'D
CONFINED YOU.

LUCKILY FOR ME,
MY FATHER HAS YET TO
REALIZE SAYING AND
DOING ARE TWO SEP-
ARATE THINGS.

I GOT MIKAAL
FIRST. YOU BOTH HAVE
TO LEAVE NOW.

LEAVE?

GET OFF THIS PLANET...
EVEN IF IT'S JUST INTO SPACE
AND NOT TIME. MY FATHER AND
THE OTHER ELDERS HAVE DECIDED
YOU SHOULD STAY HERE IMPRIS-
ONED FOREVER AS A CON-
STANT SOURCE OF STUDY.

YOUR FATHER IS
THAT CRUEL?

FOR
WHAT HE DID,
JACK, MY FATHER
NOW SHINES IN MY EYES.
HE SAVED YOUR LIVES.
THE OTHERS WANTED TO
DISSECT YOU; IT WAS MY
FATHER WHO ARGUED
FOR IMPRISONMENT
INSTEAD.

NOT THAT YOU'LL HAVE THE
TIME OR OPPORTUNITY TO
THANK HIM.

THE ROBOTS ARE
CONSTRUCTING A
HIGH-SECURITY FACILITY
TO HOUSE YOU. AFTER
THAT'S BUILT, YOU'LL
NEVER ESCAPE.

WHERE'S YOUR DAD NOW?

IN HIS QUARTERS.
THAT'S WHERE HE'S BEEN
FOR THE ENTIRE TIME OF
YOUR STAY. BUT HIS HOLO-
GRAM COULD BE ANYWHERE.
WE MIGHT ENCOUNTER HIM
IN THIS WAY AT ANY TIME.

I'LL NEED MY
COSMIC ROD IF WE'RE
GOING TO GET OUT
OF HERE.

I SENT MY
VALETS KELEX AND
KELAR TO RETRIEVE IT.
I'VE ARRANGED TO RE-
CONVENE WITH THEM AT
THE SITE HOUSING
YOUR MOTHER
BOX.



HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?

IT'S A FACT. AND FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, YOUR OWN PLANET'S HISTORY WOULD PROVE IT.

ALL OF YOUR GREAT ADVANCES... SCIENTIFIC AND CULTURAL... CAME OUT OF NEEDS THAT STEMMED FROM DISCORD AND CHAOS. FROM THE THREAT OF BLACK ZERO.

THE SAME IS TRUE ON EARTH. WARS AND ECONOMIC DISARRAY LED TO GROWTH OF THE MIND.

ONE EXAMPLE WAS THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. BUT I COULD LIST ANY NUMBER OF WARS... WORLD WARS... FOUGHT ON MY PLANET WHICH ALSO BROUGHT ABOUT SCIENTIFIC AND CULTURAL ADVANCEMENT.

AND IN ANOTHER DIMENSION, TWO WORLDS, NEW GENESIS AND APOKOLIPS ARE CONSTANTLY DISCOVERING NEW SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGHS WHILE IN A STATE OF CONFLICT WITH EACH OTHER.

SCIENTIFIC ADVANCEMENT ON KRYPTON CAME FROM THE DESIRE TO ATTAIN THE CALM, PEACE THAT YOU NOW ABIDE IN... HOWEVER THE INVERSE OF THIS IS THAT SINCE ATTAINING THIS, YOU QUASH ANY FURTHER GREAT RESEARCH OR ADVANCEMENT FOR FEAR IT WILL DISRUPT YOUR LIVES.

I LIKE MY LIFE. SO DO WE ALL HERE.

NOT YOUR SON. HE SEEKS ANSWERS.

MY SON IS... NOT WHAT I WOULD WISH HIM TO BE.

CLEARLY. NEVERTHELESS, MY ARGUMENT STILL STANDS THAT--

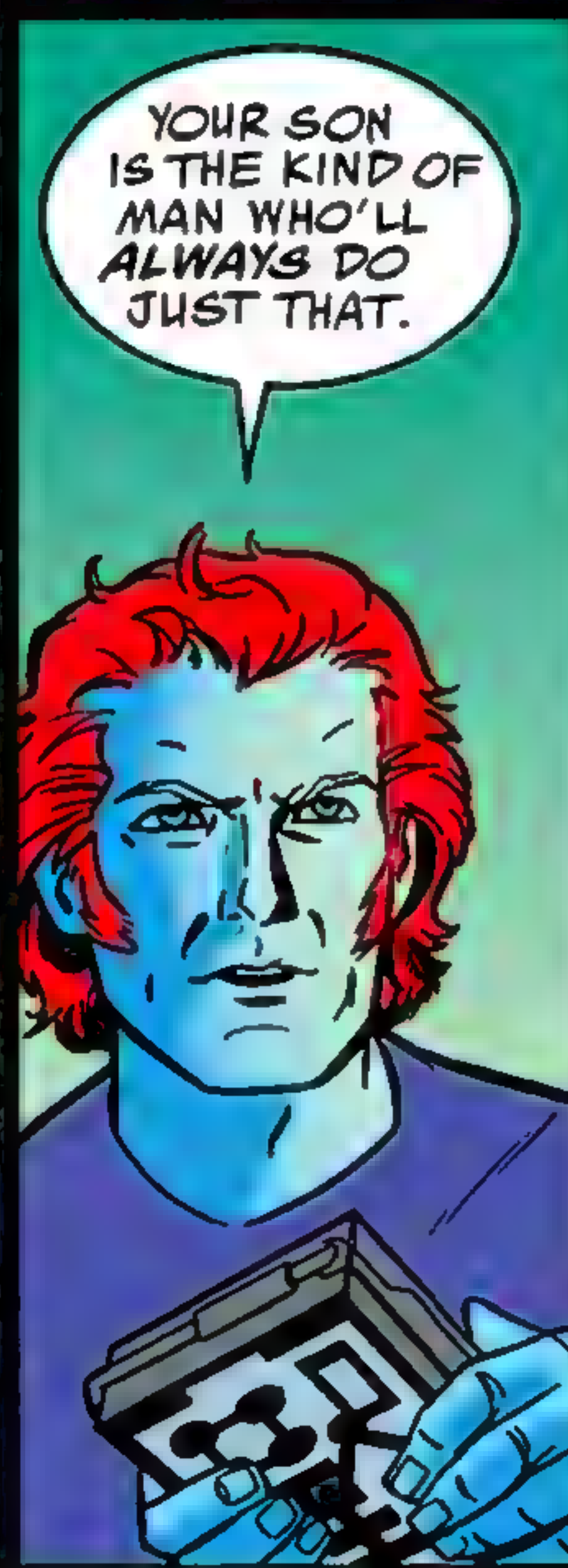
ARGUMENT'S OVER, MOTHER BOX.

WE GOTTA BOOK.

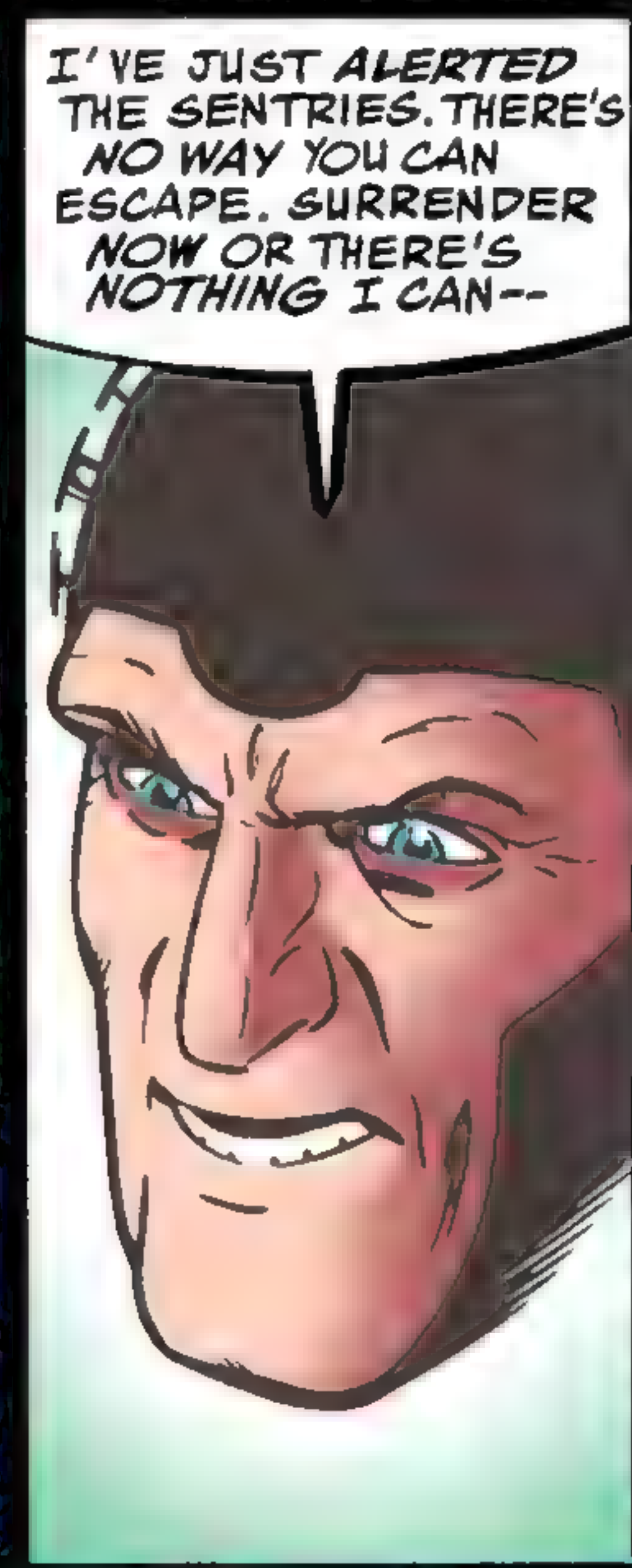


WHAT ARE YOU DOING? JOR-EL? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

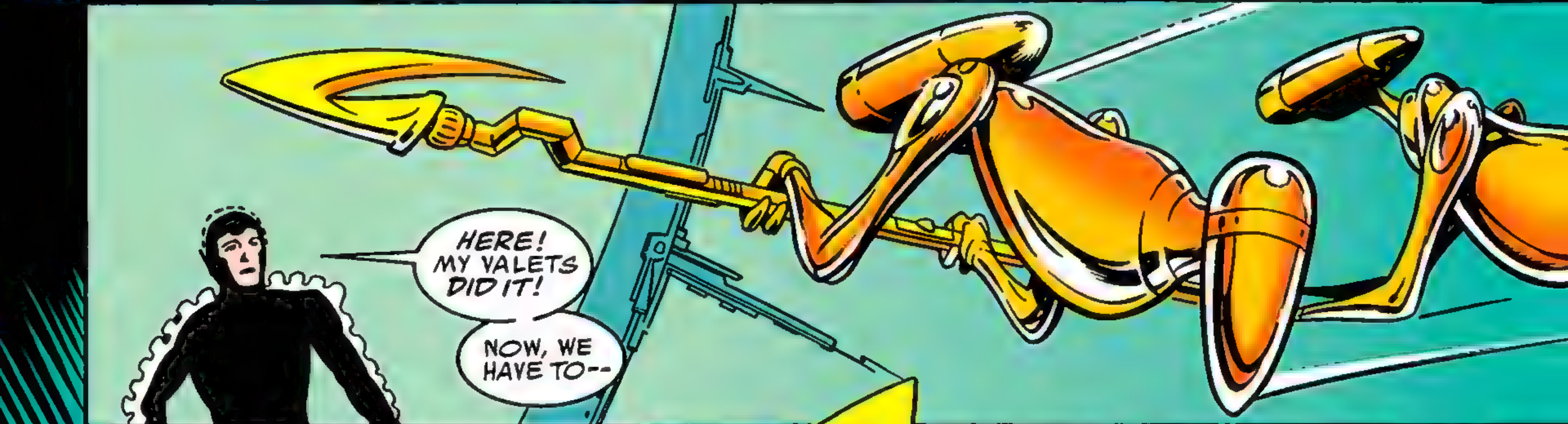
HE'S DOING WHAT HE KNOWS IS RIGHT. HE'S FOLLOWING HIS HEART.



YOUR SON IS THE KIND OF MAN WHO'LL ALWAYS DO JUST THAT.



I'VE JUST ALERTED THE SENTRIES. THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN ESCAPE. SURRENDER NOW OR THERE'S NOTHING I CAN--



HERE! MY VALETS DID IT!

NOW, WE HAVE TO--



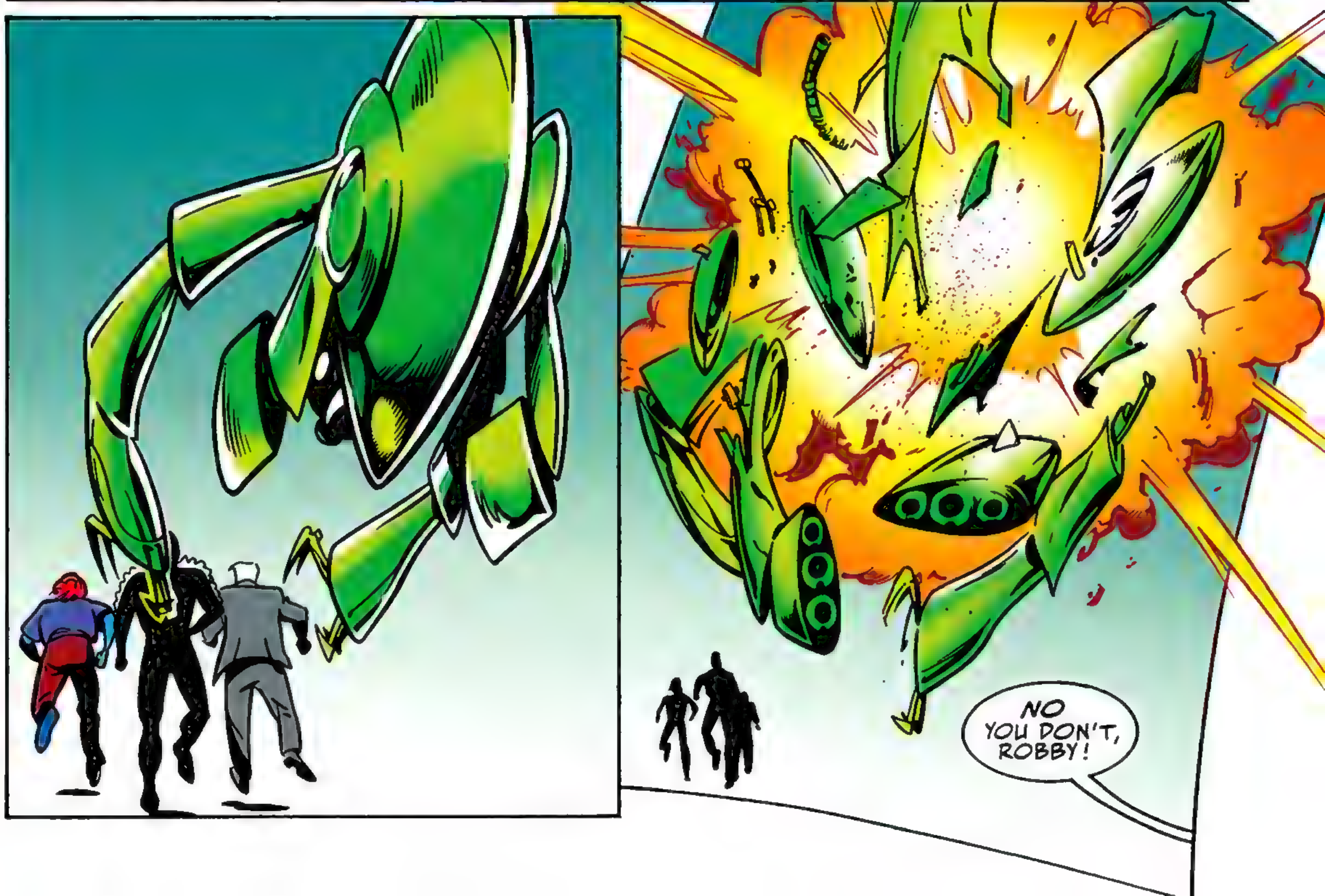
NO. YOU HAVE TO-- YOU HAVE TO GET MIKAAL AND MOTHER BOX TO THE SHIP. GET IT IN THE AIR.

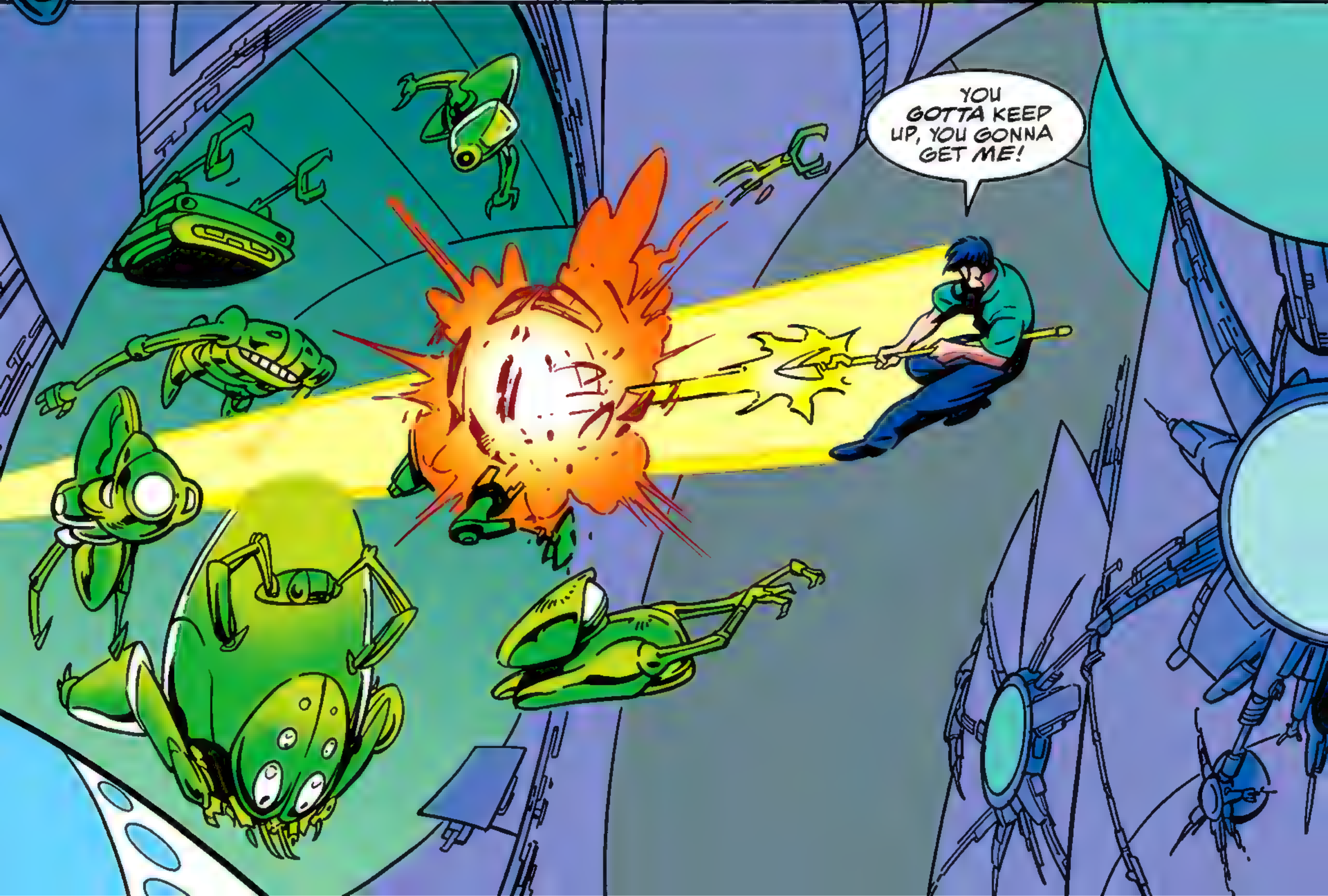
AS LONG AS I'VE GOT MY COSMIC ROD I CAN JOIN YOU UP THERE IN THE SKY, BUT SOMEONE HAS TO HOLD OFF WHATEVER'S COMING UNTIL THEN.



THE SENTRIES IN OUR HOUSE ARE ALL AUTOMATED... BUT THEY'RE MANY. ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN?

I'M NEVER SURE...





KEEP...

...MOVING!

KEEP...

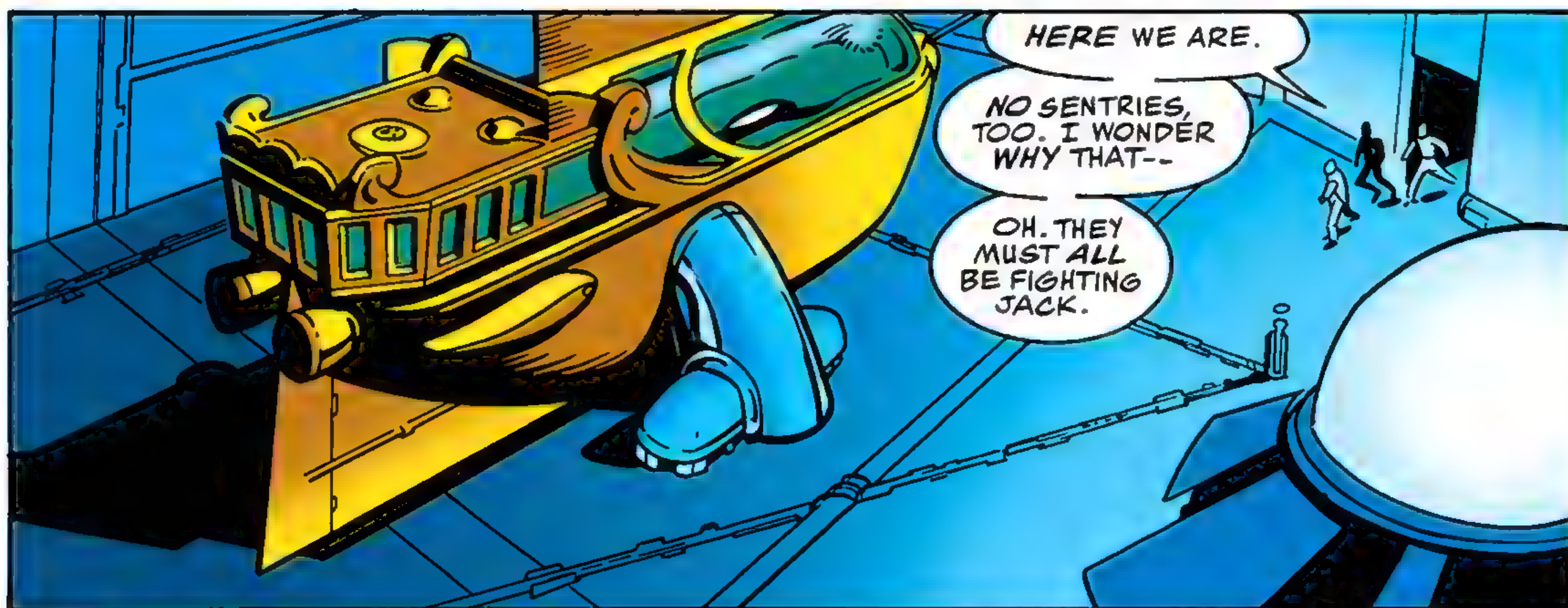
...FIRING!

AND MAYBE ...

...I'LL LIVE TO
SEE EARTH...

...AND SADIE...

...AGAIN.



HERE WE ARE.

NO SENTRIES,
TOO. I WONDER
WHY THAT--

OH. THEY
MUST ALL
BE FIGHTING
JACK.



OHHHH BOY.

THIS IS NOT
GOOD.

MORE ROBOTS THAN
I THOUGHT. MAYBE
MORE THAN I CAN
HANDLE.



HOW LONG
UNTIL WE CAN
GET AIR-
BORNE?

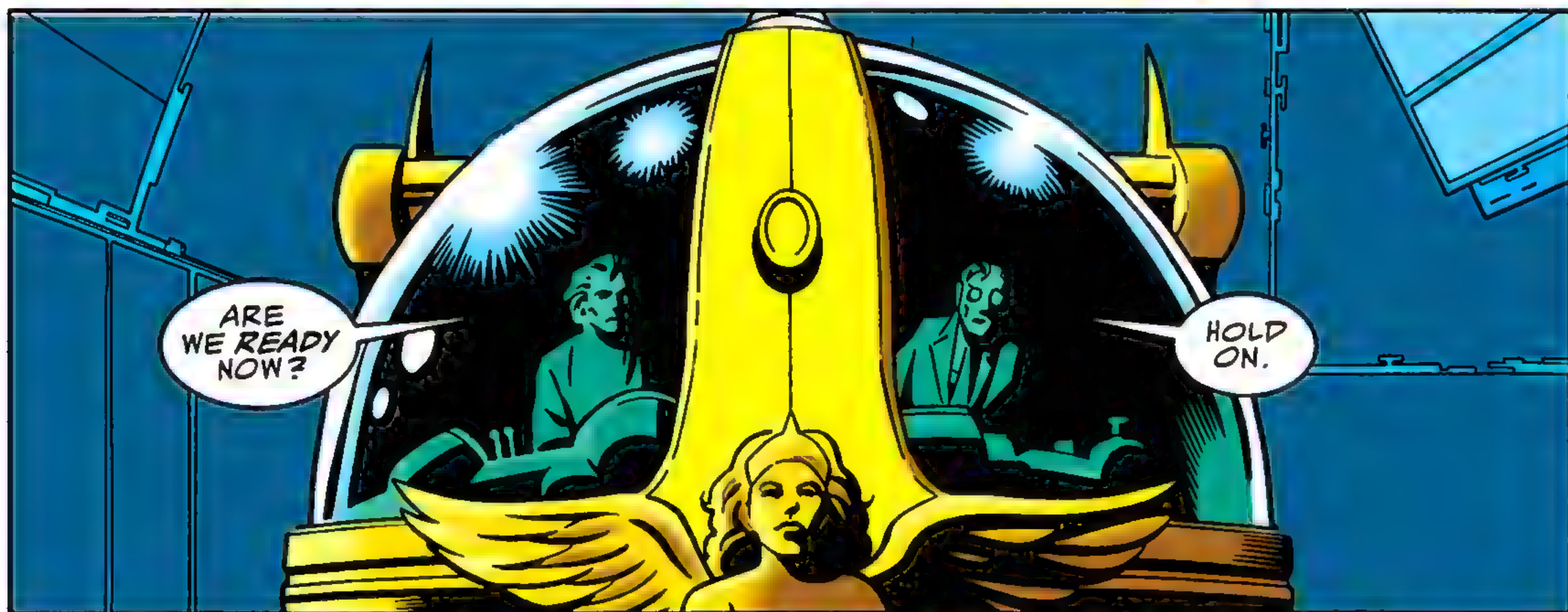
REATTACH ME TO
THE SHIP AND I
CAN DOWNLOAD
THE REQUIRED
INFORMATION
INSTANTLY.

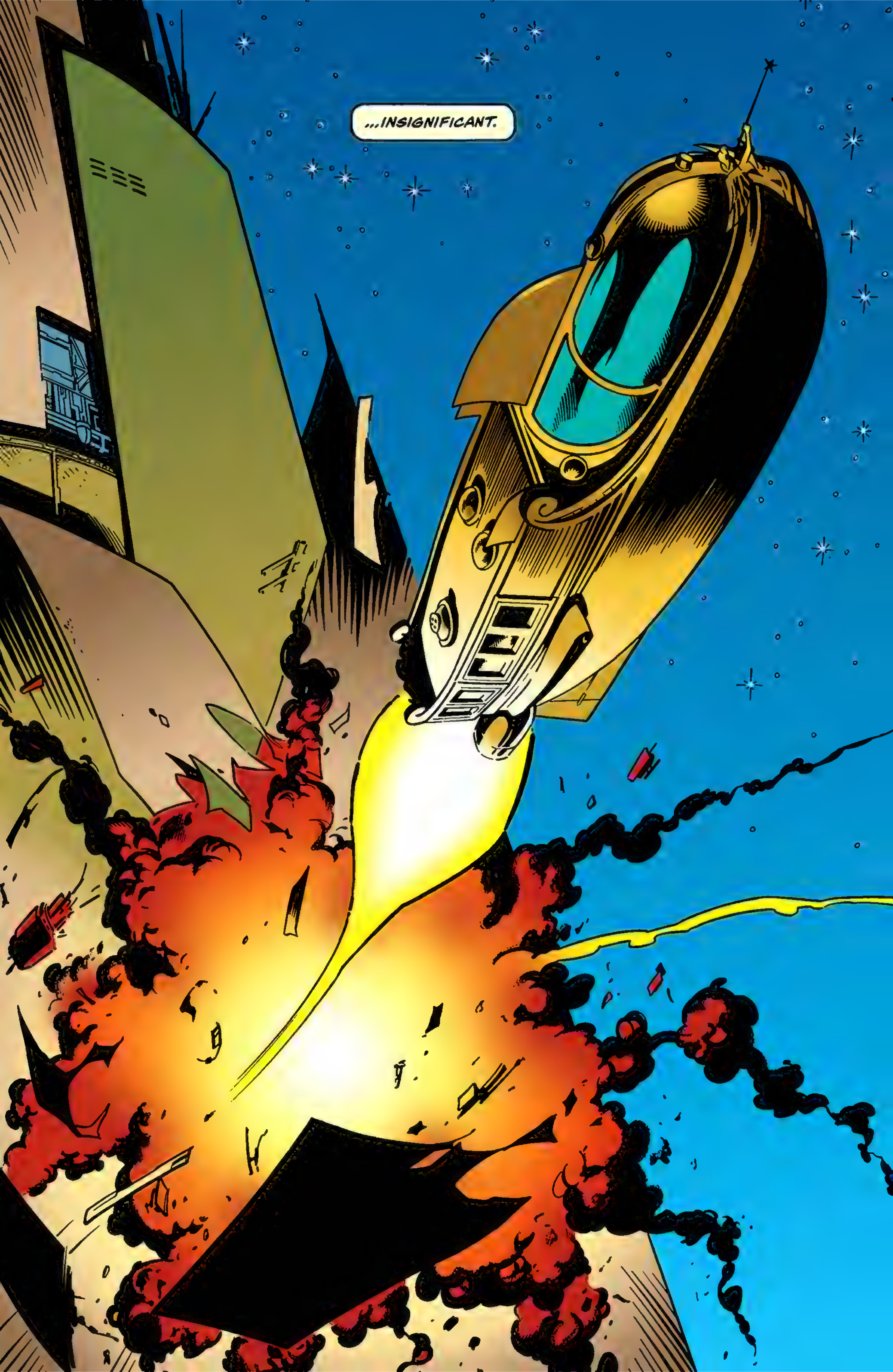


NOT GIVING UP!...

I CAN'T...

...BUT...





...INSIGNIFICANT.

IT ALLOWS ME MY
ESCAPE. I MEET
MY FRIENDS.

BUT FURTHER OFF WE LAND.

AFTER ALL...



...ONE OF US ISN'T
TAKING THE BIG TRIP.

YOU SHOULD
TAKE OFF AGAIN AT
ONCE. THE MAN O'
WAR WILL BE HERE
WITHIN MINUTES.

HOW WILL
YOU GET
BACK?

DON'T
WORRY, I
WON'T BE
LEFT TO
DIE.

WILL YOUR
PUNISHMENT BE
SEVERE?

ONE GOOD THING
ABOUT MY WORLD IS THAT
PUNISHMENT LACKS BOTH
SEVERITY AND IMAGINATION.
I'LL BE CONFINED. MY
SECURITY WILL BE
INCREASED.

SO IT MIGHT
TAKE ME TWO
DAYS TO THINK OF A
WAY OUT INSTEAD
OF ONE AS IT
USUALLY DOES.



LOOK, THEY
APPROACH! YOU
MUST GO!



HERE, A PARTING GIFT.

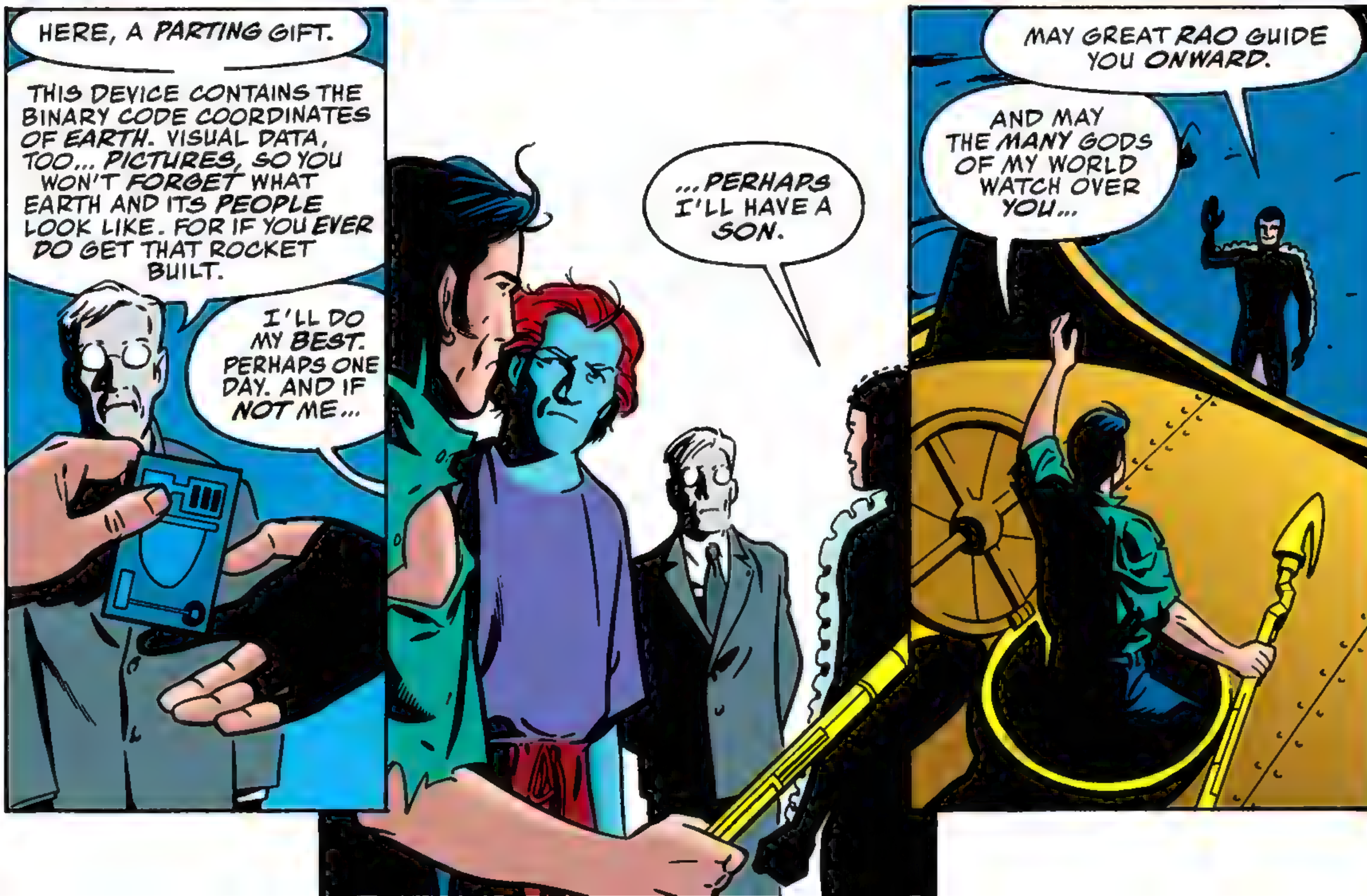
THIS DEVICE CONTAINS THE
BINARY CODE COORDINATES
OF EARTH. VISUAL DATA,
TOO... PICTURES, SO YOU
WON'T FORGET WHAT
EARTH AND ITS PEOPLE
LOOK LIKE. FOR IF YOU EVER
DO GET THAT ROCKET
BUILT.

I'LL DO
MY BEST.
PERHAPS ONE
DAY. AND IF
NOT ME...

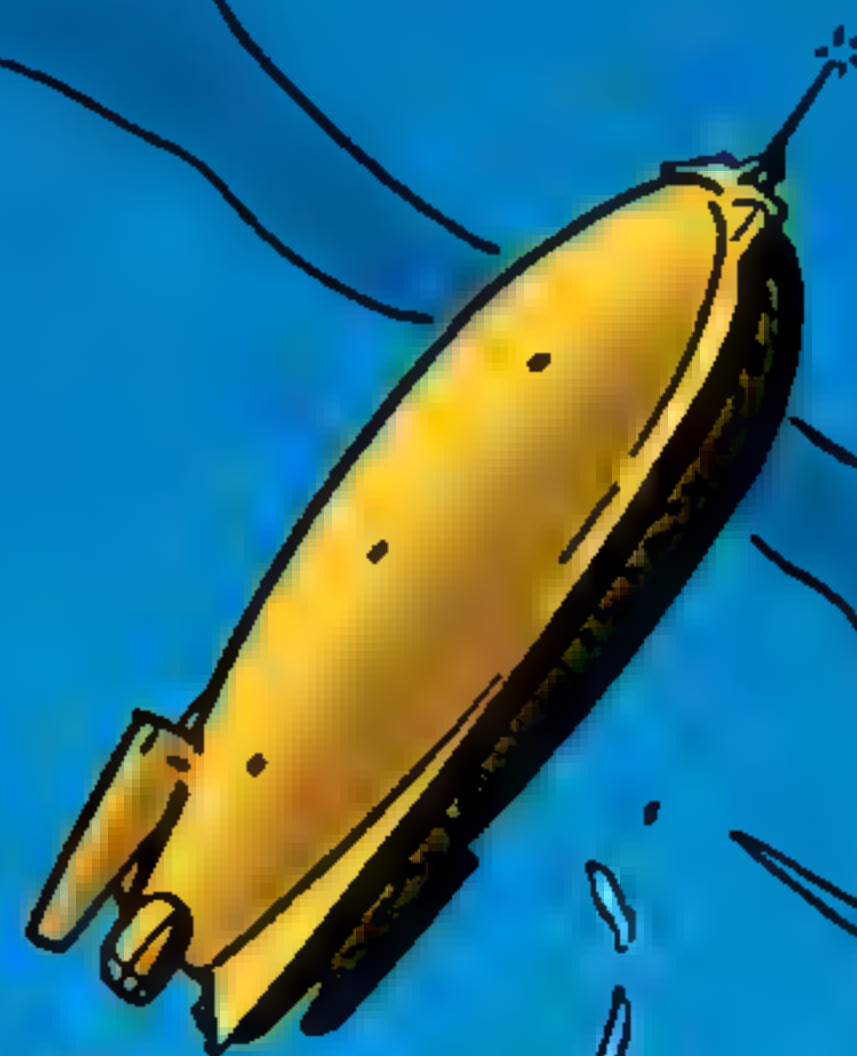
...PERHAPS
I'LL HAVE A
SON.

MAY GREAT RAO GUIDE
YOU ONWARD.

AND MAY
THE MANY GODS
OF MY WORLD
WATCH OVER
YOU...



"...AND YOUR
PLANET."



I KNOW,
I KNOW...

...WE *COULD*
HAVE TOLD HIM.

WE *COULD*
HAVE TOLD HIM
EVERYTHING.

BUT AS OUR
LAST
ADVENTURE
SHOWED US ALL
TOO WELL...

...SOMETIMES THE
FUTURE IS BETTER
NOT KNOWN.

IT'S *BEST* TO
SIMPLY LET A
PERSON LIVE
THEIR LIFE...

ONE
DAY.

... AND ACHIEVE WHAT-
EVER FATE DECREES
THEIR *DESTINY*!

The End

A THOUSAND CENTURIES
AGO THE AIR WAS
BRIGHT WITH FLOATING
HANTHA BLOSSOMS.

SWEET FRAGRANCE
DRIFTED ON MOST
EVERY CURRENT,
AND WITH IT
MINGLED SOUNDS
OF LIFE AND
LAUGHTER.

NOW THE AIR IS DESERT HOT,
AND IF THERE ARE ANY SCENTS
TO RIDE ITS CURLING BREEZES,
NO HUMAN NOSE IS EVER
PRESENT LONG ENOUGH TO TELL.

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HISTORY LESSON

INSIDE THE SOARING TOWER, ANCESTRAL
HOME OF THE FAMILY EL...

DARKNESS IS DISTURBED BY
LURID LIGHT BATTLE WAGES.

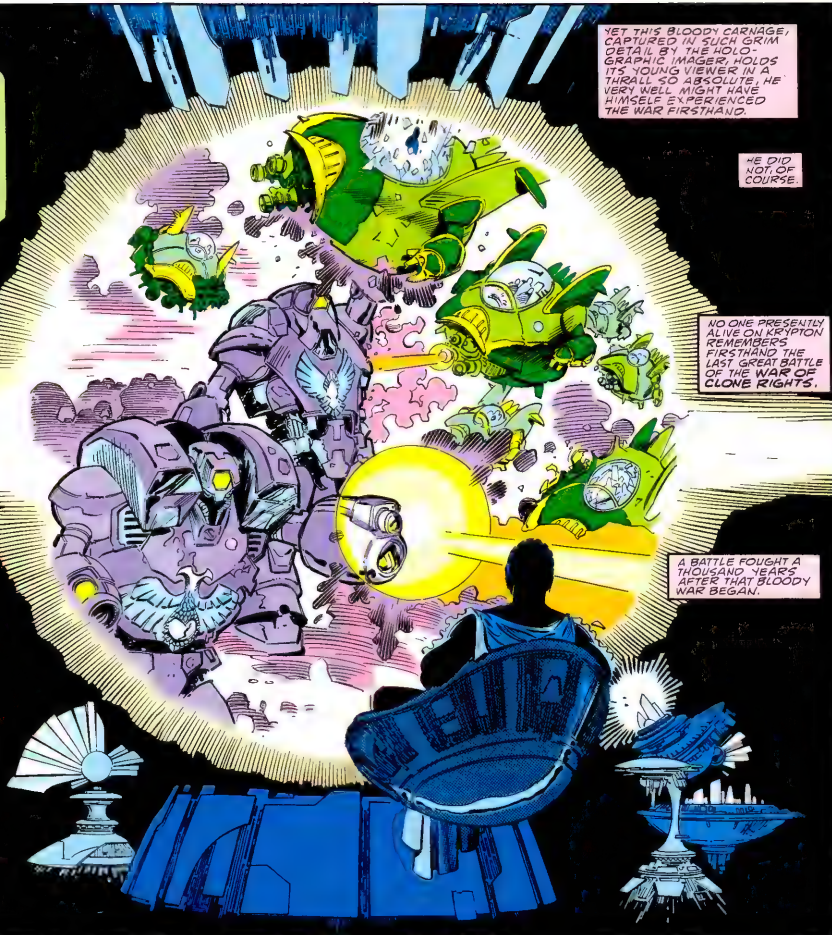
A BATTLE FOUGHT AND
WON A THOUSAND
CENTURIES PAST.

YET THIS BLOODY CARNAGE,
CAPTURED IN SUCH GRIM
DETAIL BY THE HOLO-
GRAPHIC IMAGER HOLDS
ITS YOUNG VIEWER IN A
THRALL SO ABSOLUTE, HE
VERY WELL MIGHT HAVE
HIMSELF EXPERIENCED
THE WAR FIRSTHAND.

HE DID
NOT OF
COURSE

NO ONE PRESENTLY
ALIVE ON KRYPTON
REMEMBERS
FIRSTHAND THE
LAST GREAT BATTLE
OF THE WAR OF
CLONE RIGHTS.

A BATTLE FOUGHT A
THOUSAND YEARS
AFTER THAT BLOODY
WAR BEGAN.



I AM...
CONCERNED,
KELEX.

THE YOUNG MASTER
SPENDS EVER-GREATER
AMOUNTS OF TIME STUDY-
ING THE HISTORY
IMAGERS...

SURELY SUCH PRE-
OCCUPATION WITH
THE LONG-DEAD
PAST IS NOT A
HEALTHY PURSUIT?

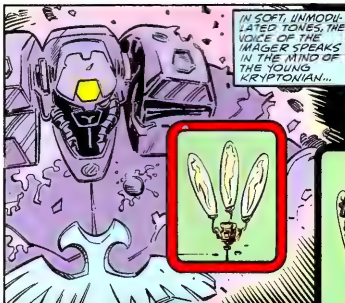
THE YOUNG MASTER
IS... UNLIKE OTHER
KRYPTONIANS,
NUMBER 3.

HIS...
HEART IS
GREAT.

HE FEELS THE SUFFERING OF
THOSE ANCIENT MASTERS AS
SURELY AS IF IT WERE HIS OWN.

UNUSUAL.
MOST
UNUSUAL.

ESPECIALLY
TO BE SO
ENGROSSED,
ON THIS OF
ALL DAYS.



IN SOFT, UNMODULATED TONES, THE VOICE OF THE IMAGER SPEAKS IN THE MIND OF THE YOUNG KRYPTONIAN...

...necessary at this point to review the causes of the War of Clone Rights. Students will recall the process of cloning had been perfected one hundred centuries before the first battle. For each Kryptonian was maintained a trio of clones in three distinct stages of physical development.

These clones were used as living organ banks, providing replacement parts for humans damaged by accident or aging. However, under the leadership of Sen-M there arose a protest movement demanding Citizen Rights for the mindless clones.



Over the years, although the generations of Protectors died, refusing Clone surgery, there were many who inherited their mantle. Many who chose the most violent paths to make their protests known.

Then, in the year 187,892 of the Fifth Age a woman called Nyra committed the greatest crime imaginable in the Kryptonian Society of the time.

Seeking a suitable mate for her son she had one of her clones removed from the Clone Banks and injected with her own modified K.A.A. This clone was then presented to society as a normal woman.

When Nyra's son, Ken-Z learned of his mother's deception he killed his fiancée and his mother both, and would have killed himself but for the actions of Uan-L.



Word of Nyra's crime, and her son's response, reached the protectors. A violent riot ensued.

the capitol city, Kandor, was destroyed by a nuclear device detonated by the most violent of the protest factions...

...a group of suicidal fanatics who called themselves "Black Zero." They maintained that only through the total destruction of human life on Krypton could proper retribution be made for the deaths of countless generations of clones.

A major resistance front was launched against Black Zero. A thousand heroes, brave and fearless, led by...



... Van-L...

THERE
IT IS.

THE
CITADEL
OF BLACK
ZERO!!

THERE IS
STILL TIME FOR
YOU TO TURN BACK,
DOCTOR. I AM
PLEASED
YOU CAME
WITH ME...

BUT WHAT
LIES AHEAD
WILL NOT BE...
PLEASANT.

I AM NOT
UNFAMILIAR
WITH THINGS
UNPLEASANT,
VAN-L.

BESIDES...IT
WOULD BE DIFFICULT
TO IMAGINE ANYTHING
MORE UNPLEASANT
THAN TREKKING
ACROSS POOR,
SHATTERING
KRYPTON IN
THIS LUMBERING
BEHEMOTH.



I WARNED
YOU THE JOURNEY
WOULD BE **HARD**,
DOCTOR.

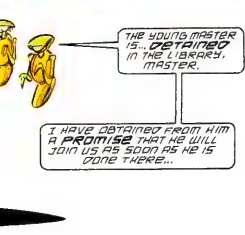
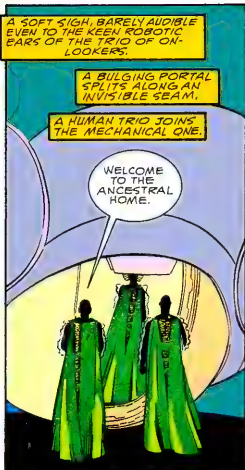
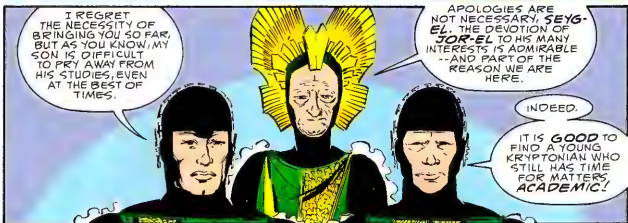
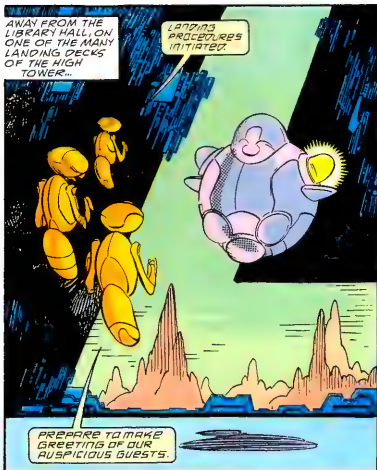
AS **HARD** AS
ALL **LIFE** HAS
BECOME, WITH
BLACK ZERO
RISEN AGAIN IN
STRENGTH.

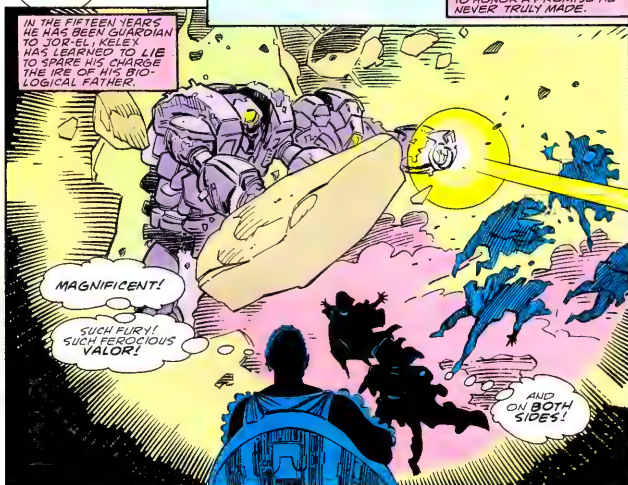
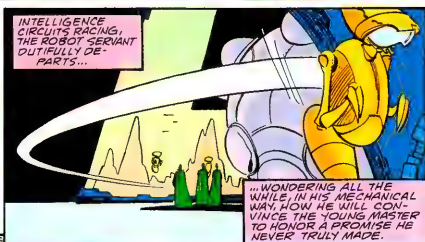
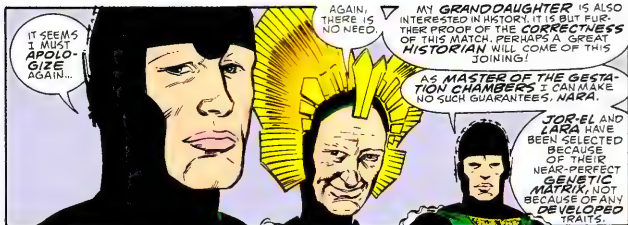
MAKE
NO MORE
SPEECHES,
VAN-L.

YOU HAVE
SUCCESSFULLY
RECRUITED ME
TO YOUR CAUSE.
AND PERHAPS I
FELT IT WAS TIME
FOR SOME...
PREVENTATIVE
MEDICINE.

IF WHAT
YOU SAY IS
TRUE...







"OH, WHAT AN AGE THIS WAS WHAT A TIME!"

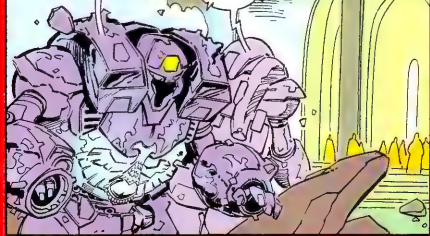
THEIR RESISTANCE CRUMBLES.

WE ARE THROUGH.

BUT-- VAN-L, LOOK!

NO WONDER THEIR RESISTANCE ENDED SO QUICKLY, SO TOTALLY.

THEY ARE ALL UNARMED!



CURSE THEM FOR SENSELESS MARTYRS!

WHAT CAUSE IS SERVED, WHAT POINT IS MADE, IN DYING?

THERE ARE OTHERS APPROACHING FROM THE LEFT THERE.

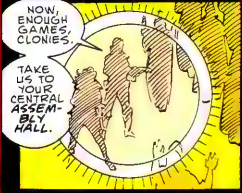


YES.

IT WILL TRACK AND MONITOR US UNTIL I SEND A DEACTIVATING SIGNAL.

NOW, ENOUGH GAMES, CLONIES.

TAKE US TO YOUR CENTRAL ASSEMBLY HALL.

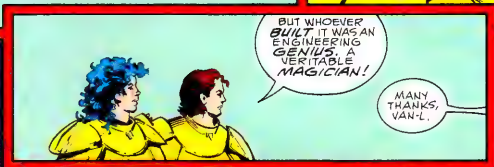
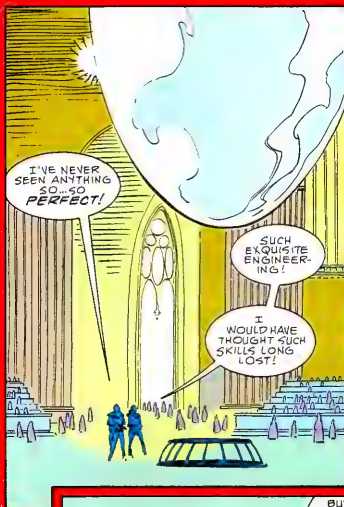


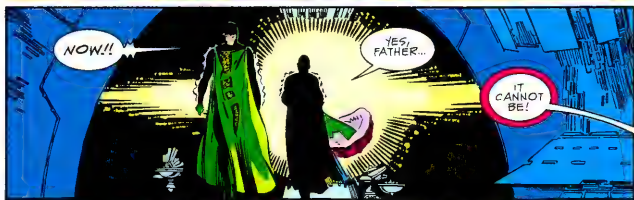
IT'S TIME THIS WAR WAS ENDED. ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NOW MOVE!!





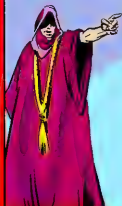




I DO NOT
KNOW YOUR
FACE...

THOUGH
PLAINLY
YOU KNOW
MINE.

WHAT A *PITY*,
THEN, THAT THERE
IS NO *TIME* TO
RECTIFY THIS
MATTER.



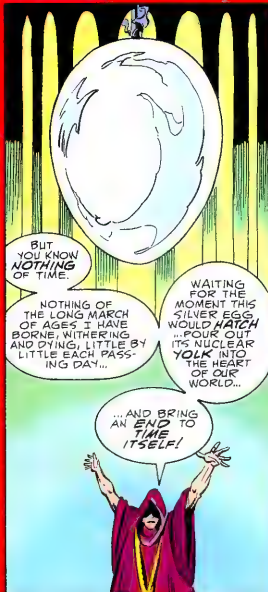
WHAT... DO YOU
MEAN, KAN-Z?

YOUR FORCES
ARE ROUTED,
DEFEATED. YOU
ARE OUR
PRISONER.

THERE
IS TIME
ENOUGH
NOW...
FOR
EVERY-
THING.



SO SAY
YOU, SON
OF RAN-L.



BUT
YOU KNOW
NOTHING
OF TIME.

NOTHING OF
THE LONG MARCH
OF AGES I HAVE
BORN, WITHERING
AND DYING, LITTLE BY
LITTLE EACH PASS-
ING DAY...

WAITING FOR THE
MOMENT THIS
SILVER EGG
WOULD *HATCH*
...POUR OUT
ITS NUCLEAR
YOLK INTO
THE HEART
OF OUR
WORLD...

...AND BRING
AN *END* TO
TIME
ITSELF!

YOU ARE...
INSANE.

EVEN
IN THE MIDST
OF *DEFEAT*,
YOU PRATTLE
ON.

YOU CLING
TO THE OLD
MADNESS.

THE TIME
FOR *MADNESS*
IS *ENDED*,
KAN-Z. THE
TIME HAS COME
AT LAST FOR
LIFE!

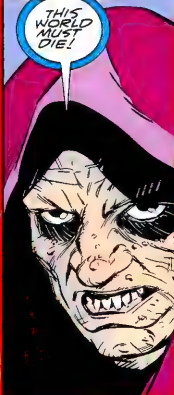


TELL THAT TO THE UN-
COUNTED *MILLIONS*,
MY LADY.

TELL THAT TO THE MIND-
LESS ONES WHO GAVE
THEMSELVES, PIECE BY
MISERABLE PIECE, SO
THAT A RACE OF
CANNIBALS
COULD *LIVE*!!

FOR THE SAKE
OF THE *MILLIONS*,
THAT THEIR *SOULS*
MIGHT AT LAST
FIND *PEACE*...

THIS
WORLD
MUST
DIE!



GREAT
RAO!

HOW MUCH
LONGER
MUST WE HEAR
THIS SAME,
SAD SONG?

KAN-Z, THE
ONES YOU
SEEK TO
PUNISH
ARE ALL
GONE.

THE
CLONE
BANKS
HAVE BEEN
ABANDONED.
THERE ARE
NEW WAYS NOW
TO STRETCH A
HUMAN LIFE.

WAYS
PERHAPS LESS...
EFFICIENT, BUT
MORE ACCEPTABLE...
MORE... HUMANE...

HE SPEAKS
THE TRUTH,
KAN-Z.

LOOK!

A ROBOT
ARM...

AND THIS
IS YOUR
SOLU-
TION?

TO SEE US
TURNED INTO
A RACE OF
CYBORGS?

NOT SO AESTHETICALLY
PLEASING AS A CLONE
GRAFT, PERHAPS...

BUT BETTER FAR THAN
THE MURDERS OF
THE MINOLESS.

OH, YES, KAN-Z.

I AGREE WITH
YOU. ONCE I EVEN
BELONGED TO
YOUR BLACK
ZERO.

SHE...
BELONGED
...?

FOR A
MOMENT...
IT WAS AS IF
I RECOG-
NIZED...

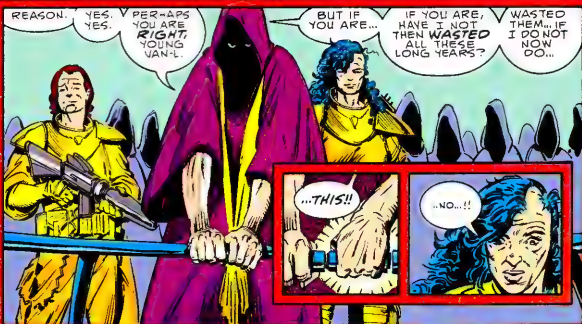
WELL,
KAN-Z?

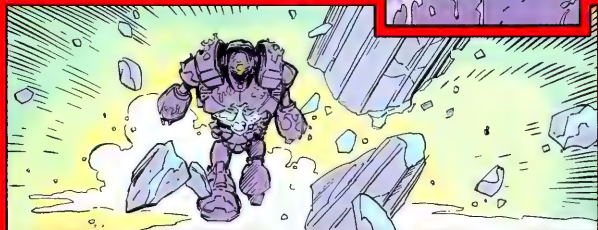
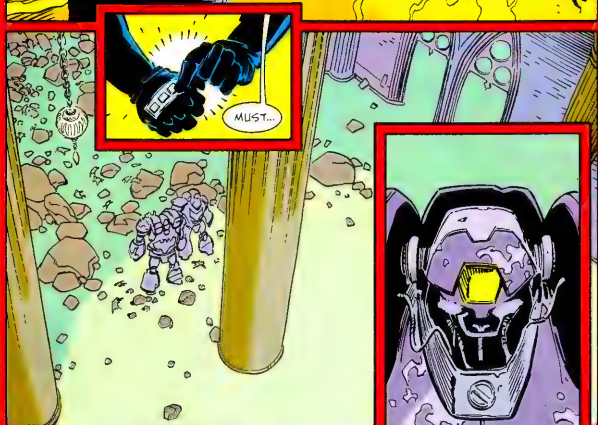
WILL YOU
LET THE
MADNESS
END?
HERE,
NOW.

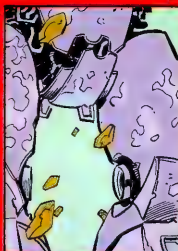
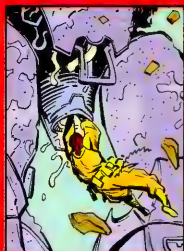
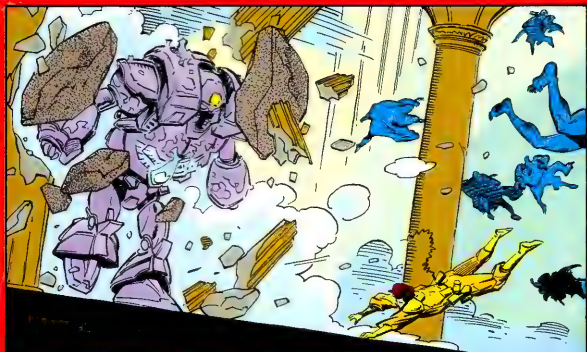
FOR-
EVER?

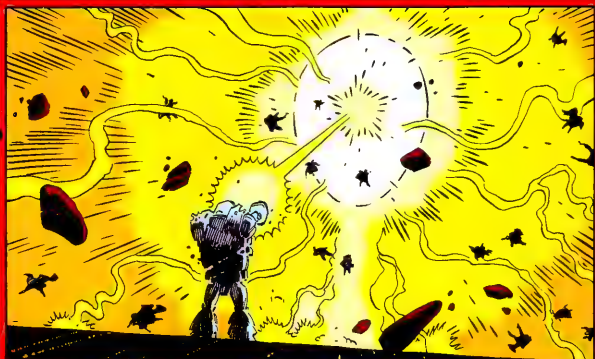
YOU ASK
MUCH, MY
LADY.

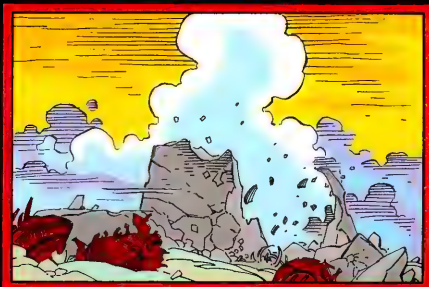
COME, KAN-Z. WE
WERE NEVER...
FRIENDS, BUT IN A
THOUSAND YEARS,
SURELY BOTH OF US
HAVE LEARNED A
LITTLE OF
REASON.

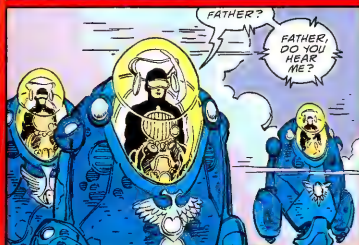
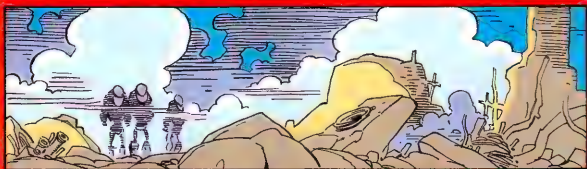


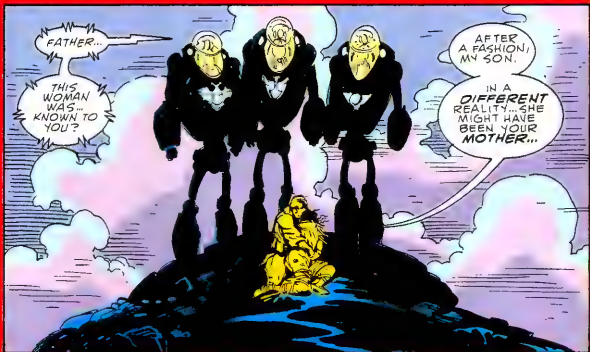
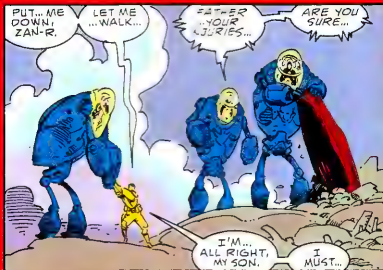


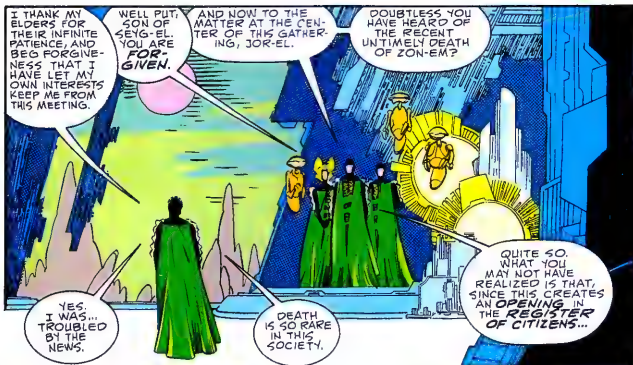














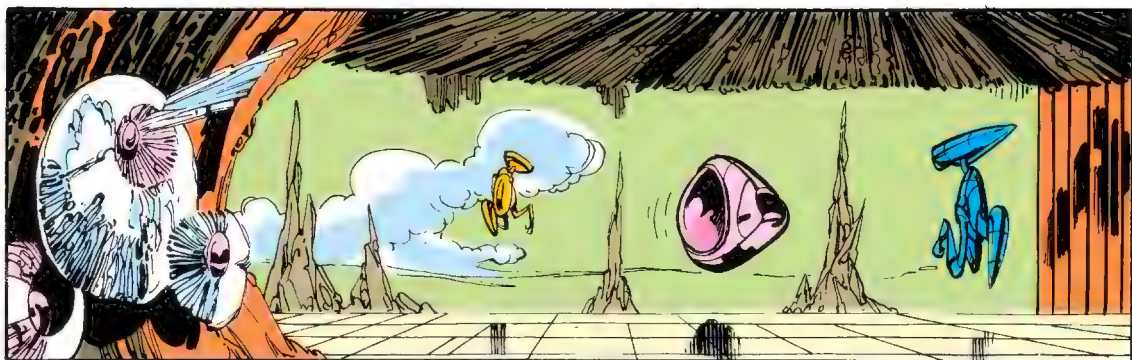
BOOK ONE

SUPERMAN

PROLOGUE:
**FROM OUT THE
GREEN
DAWN...**



6-2725



WELCOME HOME, MY LORD. I TRUST YOUR JOURNEY WAS A SUCCESSFUL ONE?

IT WAS, AND IT WAS NOT, KELEX. I HAVE LEARNED WHAT THERE IS TO LEARN. I ONLY WISH I HAD NOT.

WHERE IS THE CHILD?

FOLLOWING YOUR EARLIER INSTRUCTIONS, I HAVE PLACED THE MATRIX IN THE THIRD LEVEL LABORATORY, SIRE.

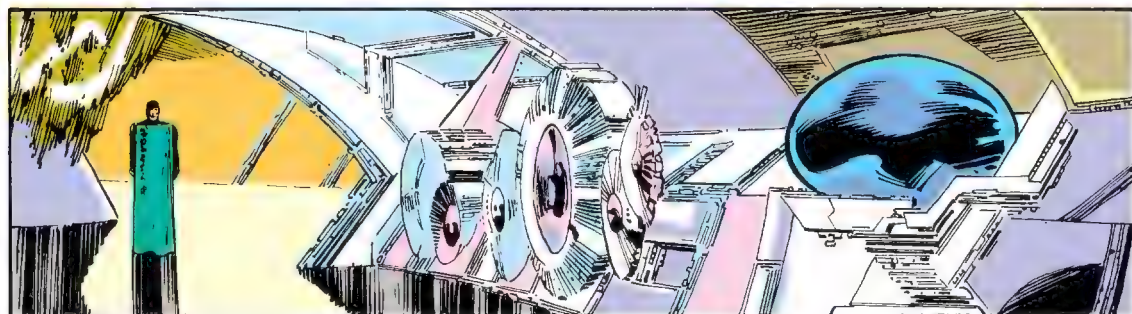
GOOD. I WILL GO STRAIGHT THERE.

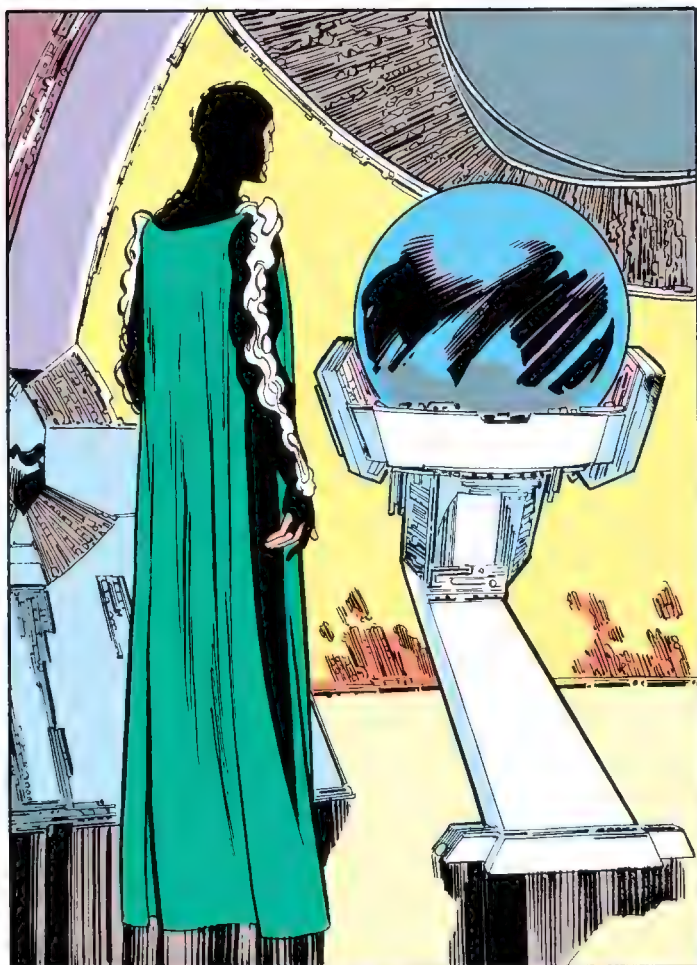
IF... WHEN THE LADY LARA CALLS, PLEASE GUIDE HER TO ME.

THE MASTER IS DEEPLY TROUBLED, KELEX. YOU HAVE SERVED HIM ALL HIS LIFE, MUCH LONGER THAN I. HAVE YOU DEDUCED THE ORIGIN OF HIS DISTRESS?

EVERYONE ON KRYPTON SEEMS DISTRESSED, KELOR.

BUT IT IS BEYOND THE RANGE OF MY PROGRAMMING TO COMPREHEND THE CAUSE.





MY...
...SON...

JOR-EL!!

THEN IT IS **TRUE!**
WHEN I HEARD...
WHEN I WAS TOLD,
I COULD NOT
BELIEVE IT!



BUT YOU REALLY DID IT!
YOU REALLY SENT ONE OF
YOUR SERVANTS TO REMOVE
THE MATRIX FROM THE
GESTATION CHAMBERS!

I DID. AM I NOT
ENTITLED TO DO
SO IF I WISH, LARA?
I AM THE CHILD'S FATHER.
BY KRYPTONIAN LAW I
HAVE THE **RIGHT** TO
REMOVE HIM.

YOU SPEAK OF
A LAW THAT HAS
NOT BEEN INVOKED
FOR **CENTURIES**,
JOR-EL.

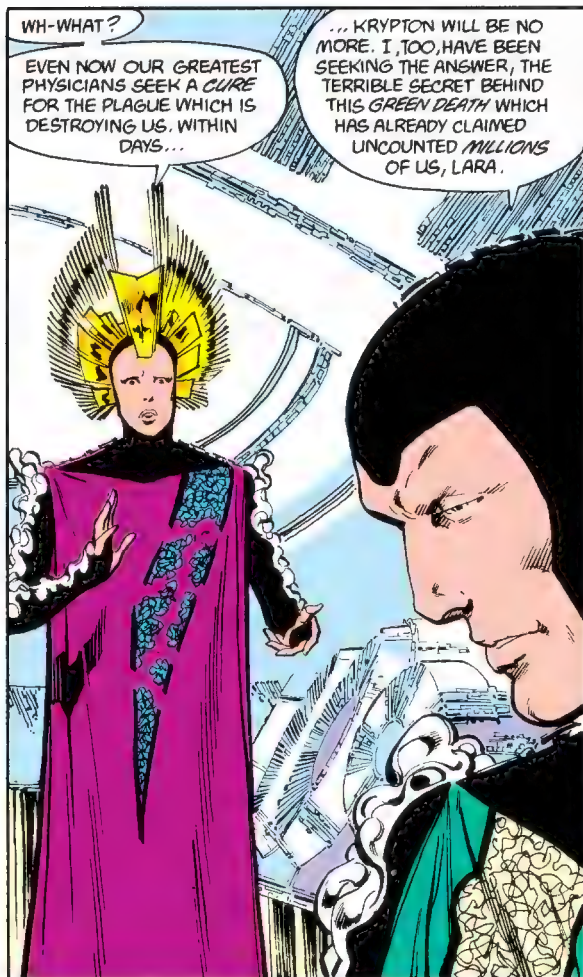
WHY DO YOU INVOKE IT
NOW? HAS THE TRAGEDY
THAT BESETS OUR WORLD
ROBBED YOU OF YOUR
SANITY? IS THIS WHY YOU
ENDANGER THE LIFE OF
OUR UNBORN CHILD?



"ENDANGER"?

WHAT I MEAN
TO DO WILL NOT ENDANGER
HIM, LARA. HE WILL
SURVIVE. LONG AFTER
ALL OF KRYPTON IS A
SHATTERED **RUIN**, OUR
SON WILL SURVIVE.





WH-WHAT?

EVEN NOW OUR GREATEST PHYSICIANS SEEK A CURE FOR THE PLAGUE WHICH IS DESTROYING US. WITHIN DAYS...

... KRYPTON WILL BE NO MORE. I, TOO, HAVE BEEN SEEKING THE ANSWER, THE TERRIBLE SECRET BEHIND THIS GREEN DEATH WHICH HAS ALREADY CLAIMED UNCOUNTED MILLIONS OF US, LARA.



NOT ONE HOUR AGO I RETURNED FROM A JOURNEY THAT HAD TAKEN ME ALL ACROSS THE FACE OF OUR WORLD, AND I HAVE DISCOVERED THE CAUSE OF OUR CALAMITY.

A CHAIN-REACTION WITHIN THE CORE OF KRYPTON HAS CAUSED VAST PRESSURES TO BUILD WITHIN THE PLANET'S CRUST. THOSE UNNATURAL PRESSURES ARE FUSING THE NATIVE ELEMENTS INTO A NEW METAL. A RADIO-ACTIVE METAL.

IT IS THAT RADIATION THAT IS KILLING US ALL, LARA.

AND AS IF THAT WERE NOT ENOUGH...



THAT SAME PRESSURE, AS IT BUILDS AND BUILDS WITHIN OUR WORLD, WILL SOON BE TOO MUCH FOR THE ROCKY MANTLE TO CONTAIN.

WITHIN A DAY, PERHAPS WITHIN AS LITTLE AS AN HOUR, KRYPTON WILL EXPLODE!!



N-NO!! THAT CANNOT BE! WE HAVE BEEN ABSOLUTE MASTERS OF THIS WORLD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS! IT DOES NOT RAIN, BUT THAT WE PERMIT IT! NOW YOU SAY THE WORLD WILL DESTROY US??

PERHAPS IT IS FITTING, LARA.



AS YOU SAY, WE CONTROL THE PLANET. WE HAVE FILLED EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY, CONQUERED AND HARNESSSED EVERY FORCE OF NATURE...

AND IN THE END, WHAT HAVE WE ACHIEVED? STERILITY. A COLD AND HEARTLESS SOCIETY, STRIPPED OF ALL HUMAN FEELING, ALL HUMAN PASSION AND LIFE.

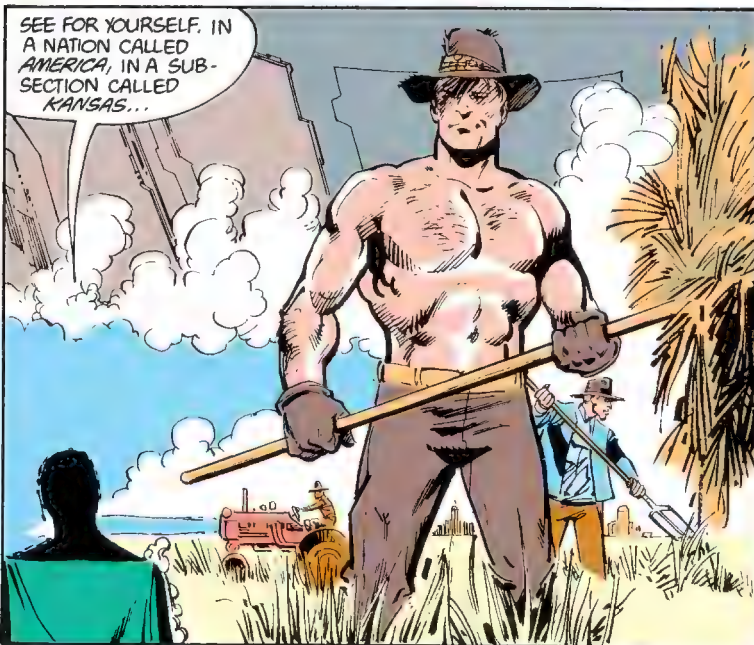
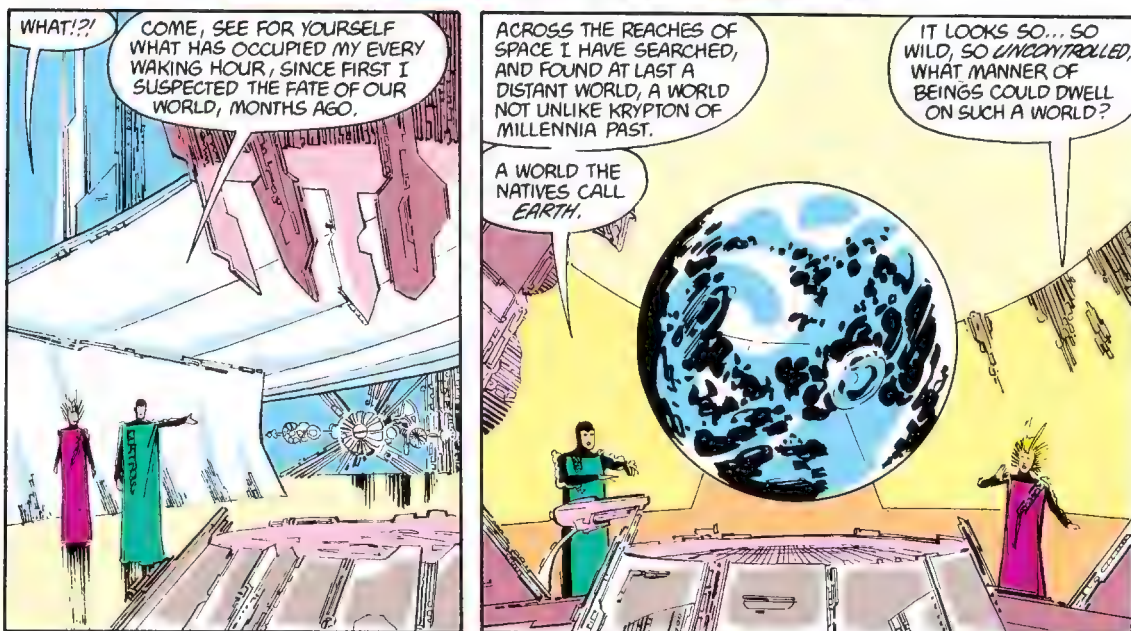
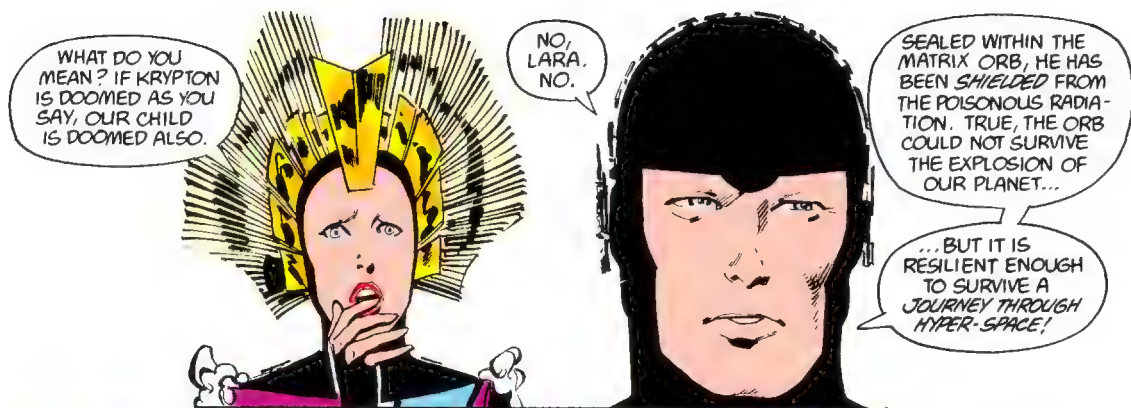


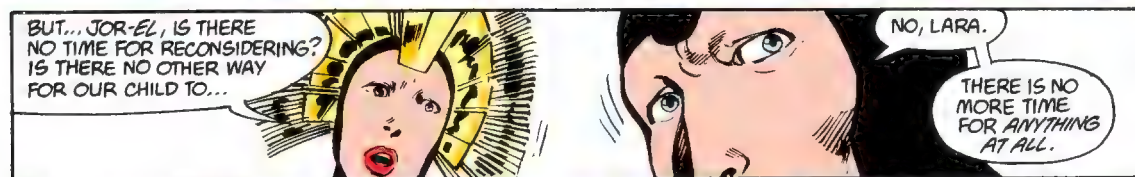
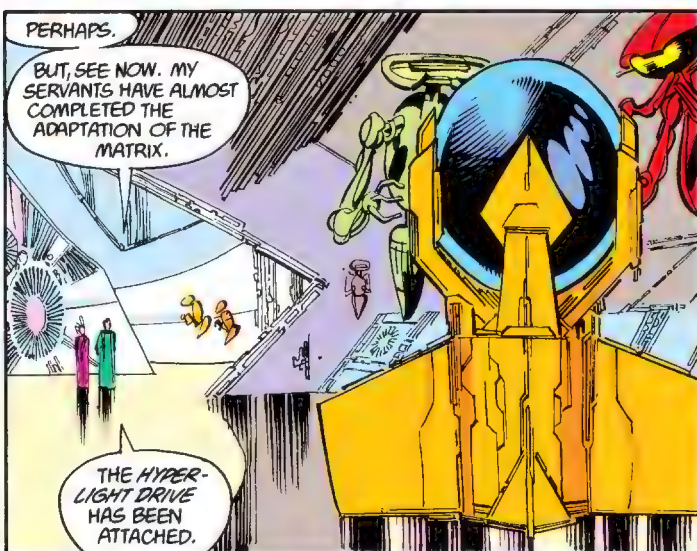
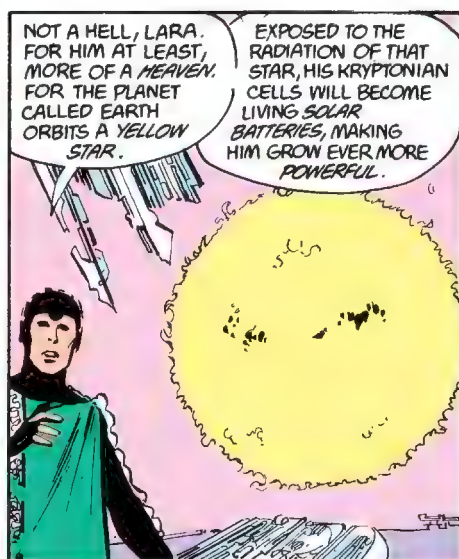
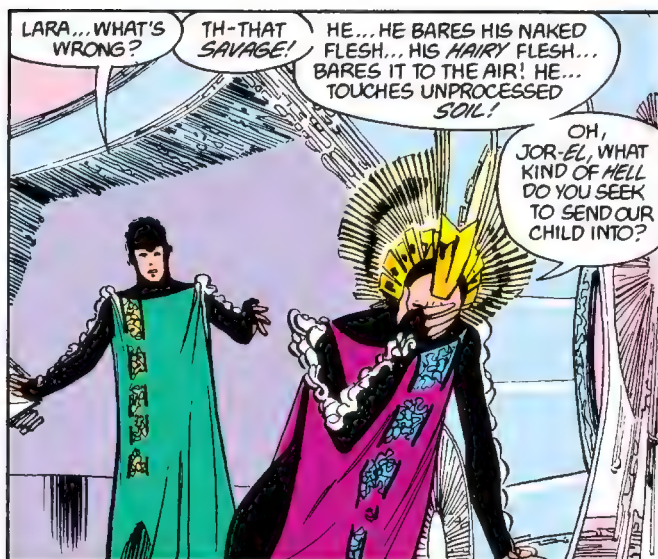
Y-YOU ... YOU SPEAK OBSCENITIES!

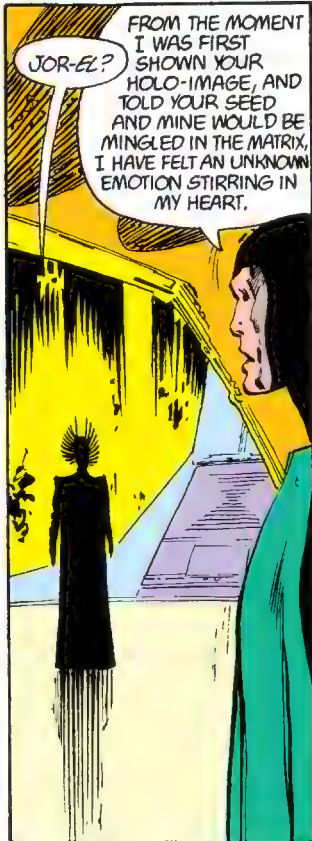
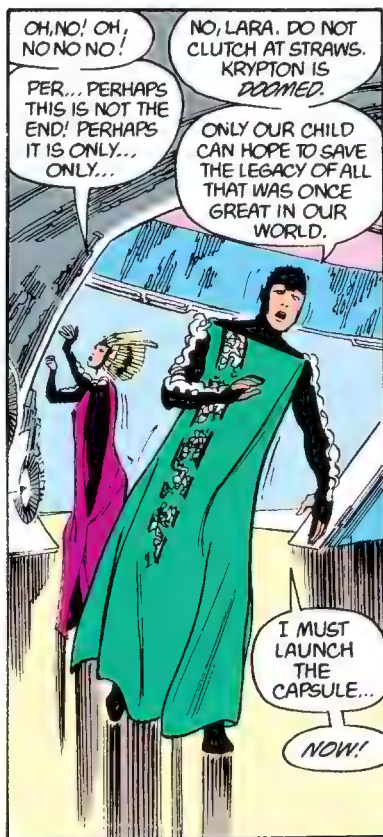
NO, LARA.

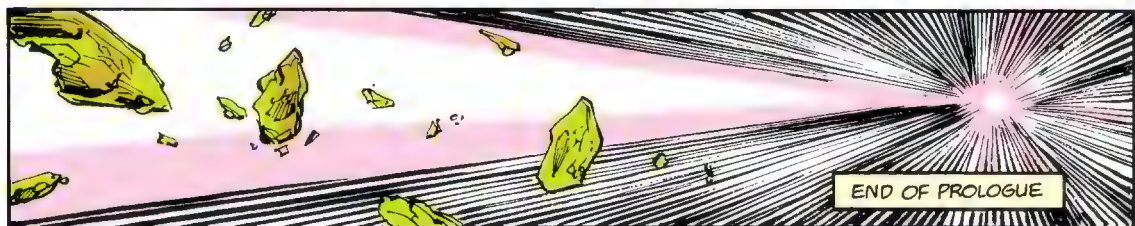
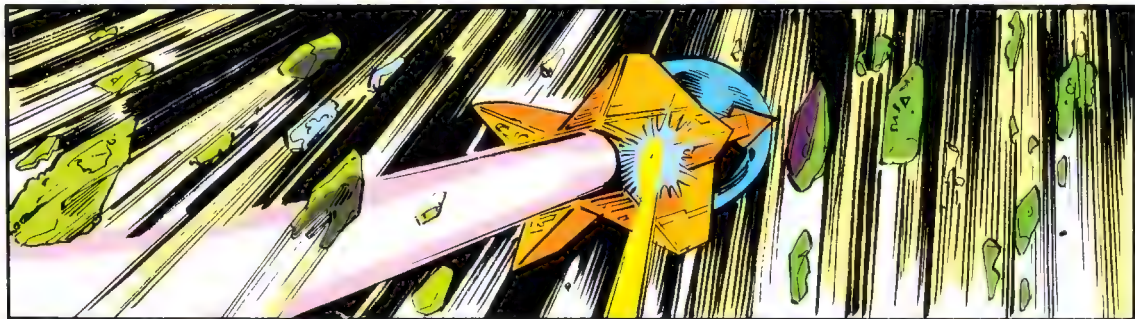
I SPEAK OF WHAT WAS A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

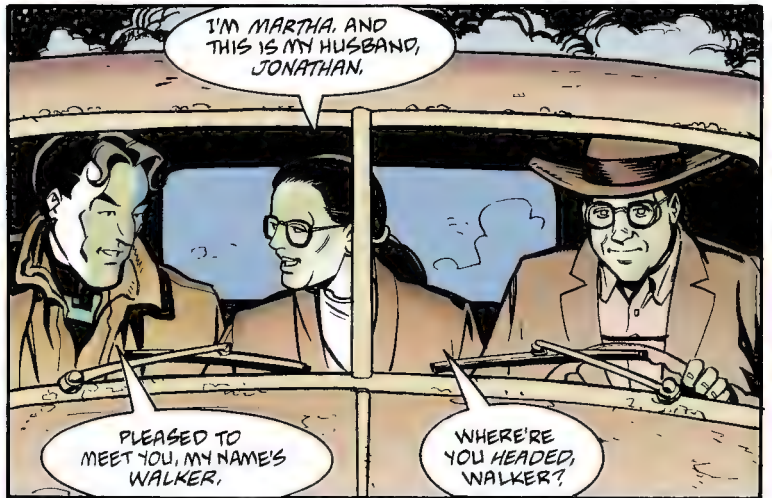
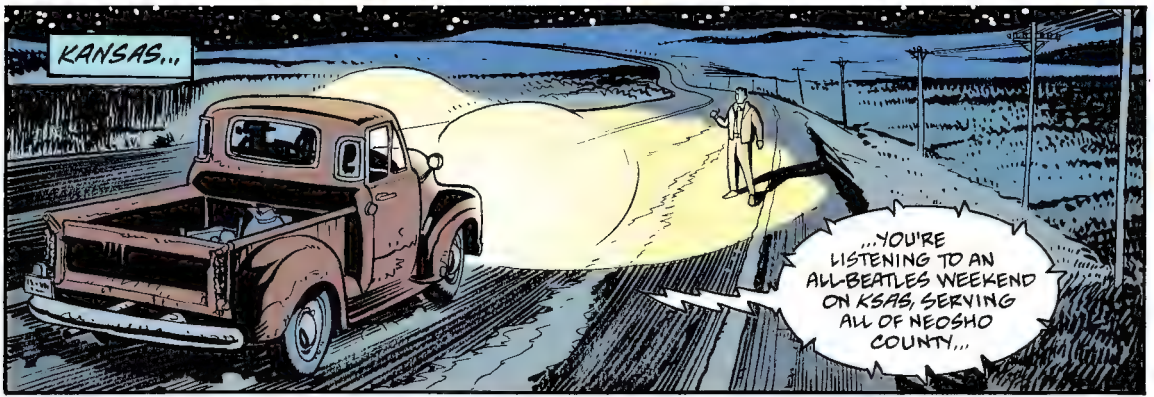
I SPEAK OF A FULLNESS OF LIFE WE HAVE DENIED OURSELVES... BUT WHICH I SHALL GIVE BACK TO OUR SON!

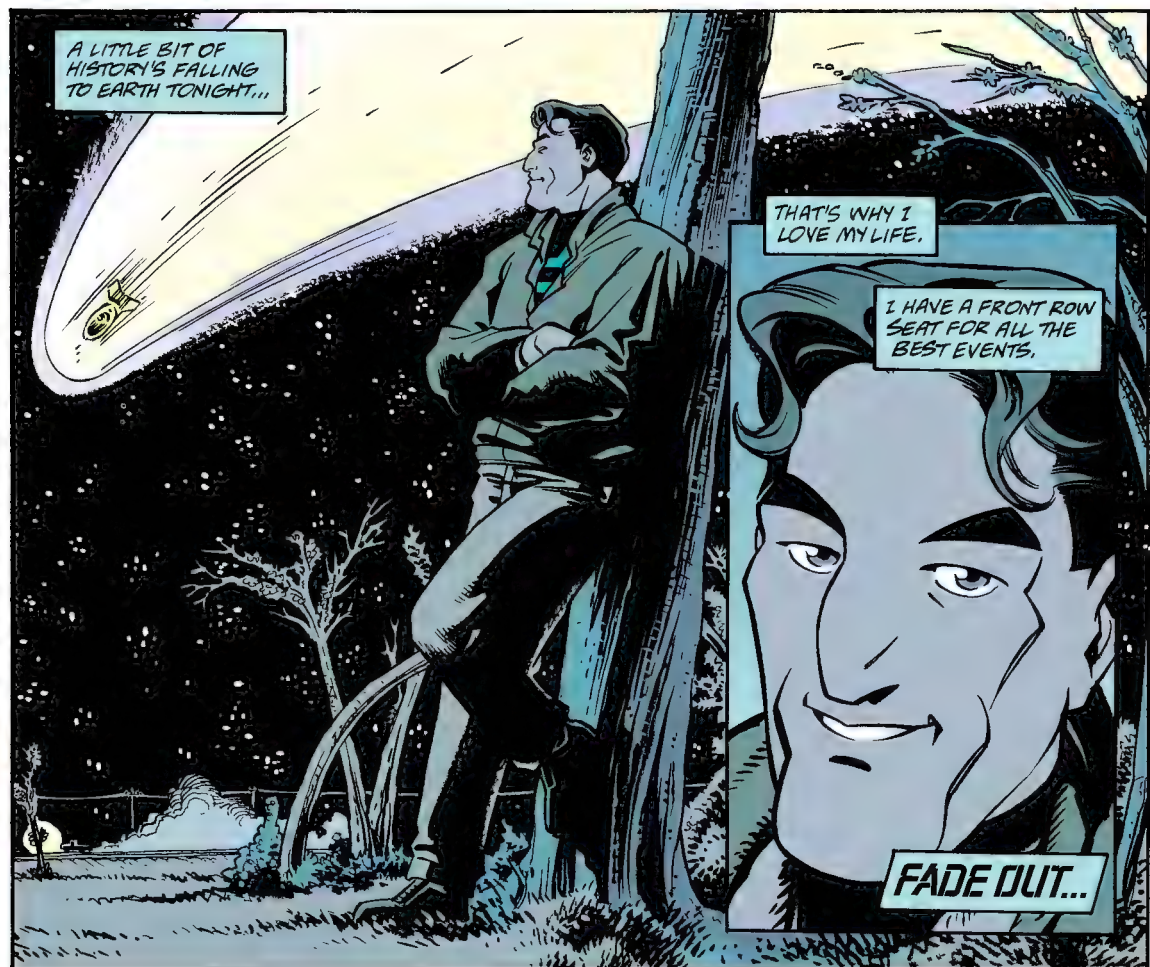
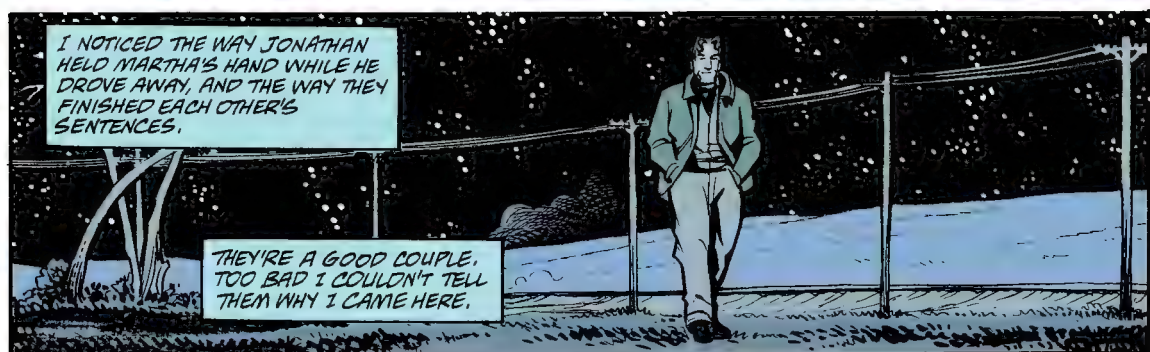
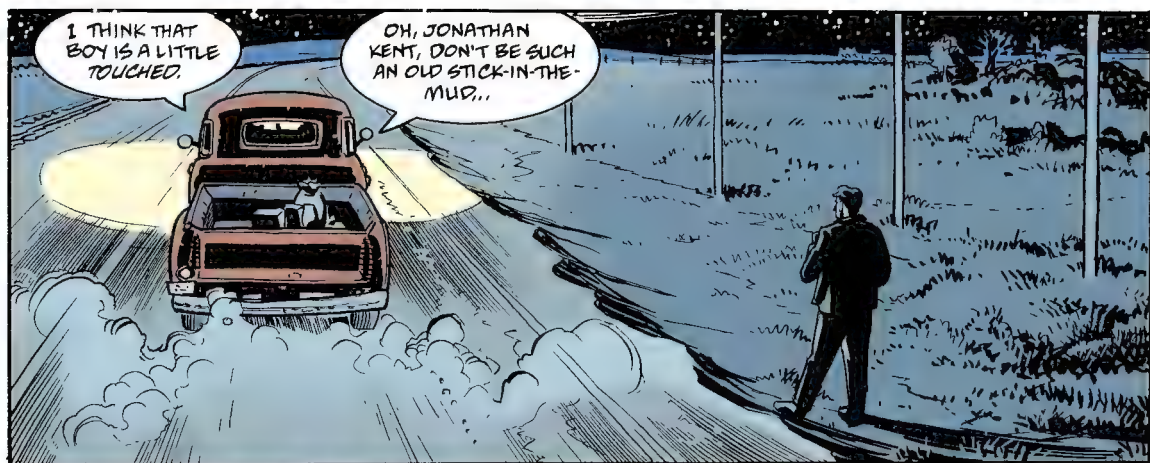












IN THOSE DAYS, THE EARTH AND ITS INHABITANTS WERE STILL RELATIVELY NEW TO ME.

MY OWN RACE ON THE PLANET YOU CALL MARS HAD BEEN WIPED OUT. I WAS TORN FROM MY PLANET AND BROUGHT TO EARTH, CAST AMONG A RACE OF GREAT PROMISE, BUT THAT FEARED ANYTHING DIFFERENT.

AND I WAS DIFFERENT.

I FEARED THEY WOULD DESTROY ME. I FEARED THEY WOULD DESTROY *THEMSELVES*. I COULD NOT BEAR THAT SO I USED MY SHAPE-CHANGING ABILITIES TO WALK AS ONE OF THEM AND TO PROTECT THEM AS WELL AS I WAS ABLE.

THAT BROUGHT ME TO KANSAS AHEAD OF A VAST AND TERRIBLE WINTER STORM AND FACED ME WITH THE PROSPECT OF SOMETHING YET MORE TERRIBLE-- IN THE FORM OF A CHILD.



REVELATIONS ONE

STRANGE VISITORS

JOHN
OSTRANDER
writer

TOM
MANDRAKE
artist

BILL
OAKLEY
letters

CARLA
FEENY
colors

JAMISON
color
separations

L.A.
WILLIAMS
assistant editor

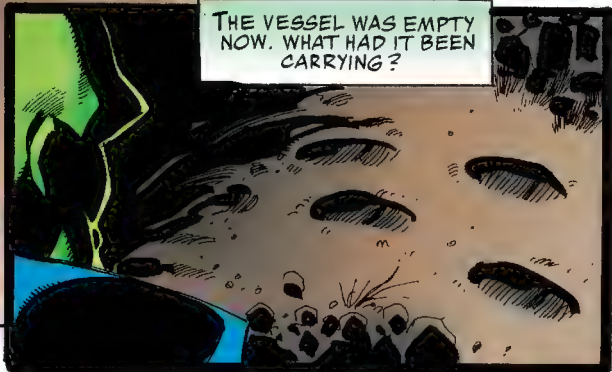
PETER
TOMASI
editor



I WAS AWARE OF THE CRAFT STREAKING THROUGH THE SKY AND TRACKED IT FINALLY HERE TO THIS KANSAS CORN-FIELD. IT WAS OBVIOUSLY ALIEN IN ORIGIN, BUT WHERE WAS IT FROM AND WHY WAS IT HERE?



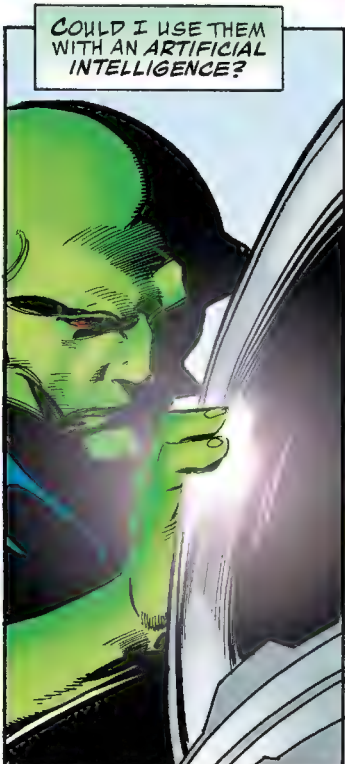
SOMEONE ELSE HAD ALREADY VISITED THE SITE. HUMANS AS BEST I COULD DETERMINE. BY PRE-ARRANGEMENT? BY ACCIDENT?



THE VESSEL WAS EMPTY NOW. WHAT HAD IT BEEN CARRYING?



THERE SEEMED TO BE A MACHINE INTELLIGENCE TO THE SPACECRAFT. MY TELEPATHIC ABILITIES USUALLY ONLY WORK WITH THOSE WHO HAVE SOME KIND OF SENTIENCE.



COULD I USE THEM WITH AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE?



CONTACT!



I EXPERIENCED A PLANET
COLD IN ITS PERFECTION; ITS
INHABITANTS ADVANCED BUT
CUT OFF FROM HUMAN TOUCH,
HUMAN FEELINGS. A PLANET
ABOUT TO DIE.

I EXPERIENCED A FATHER AND
A MOTHER--JOR-EL AND
LARA-- LAUNCHING THEIR UN-
BORN SON THAT HE, AND THROUGH
HIM, ALL HIS RACE, MIGHT
ESCAPE THE CONFLAGRATION.

I EXPERIENCED THE
DEATH OF THE PLANET
KRYPTON!

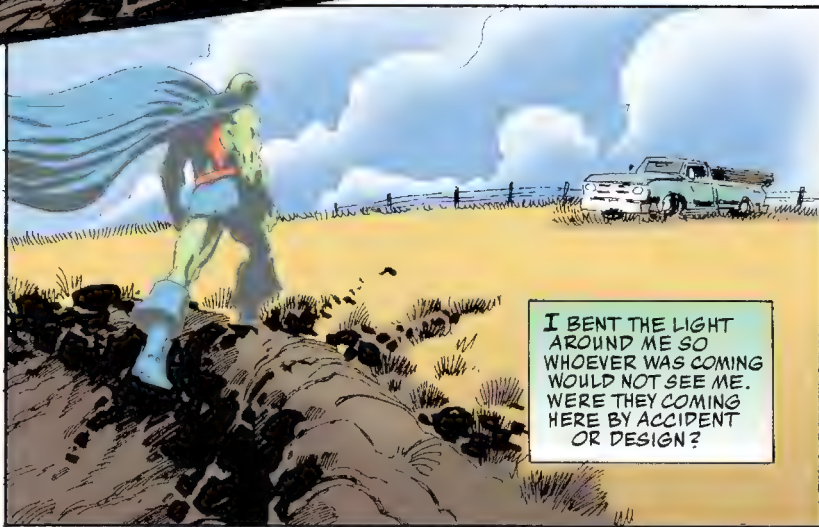


THE MATRIX CHAMBER REJECTED ME. I WAS NOT KRYPTONIAN.

THE PURPOSE THAT THE MATRIX CHAMBER SAW FOR THE BOY-- KAL-EL-- COMING TO EARTH? TO RE-CREATE KRYPTON. COLD, STERILE, DOOMED KRYPTON.



I SENSED THE TRUCK COMING BEFORE I HEARD IT.



A QUICK SCAN OF HIS MIND TOLD ME-- HE WAS ONE OF THOSE WHO HAD BEEN HERE EARLIER!



IT WAS HARD TO READ HIS MIND. HIS THOUGHTS WERE IN TURMOIL, STIRRED BY HIS EMOTIONS.

I UNDERSTOOD HIS NAME TO BE JONATHAN KENT, AND HE WAS THE FARMER WHO OWNED THIS LAND.



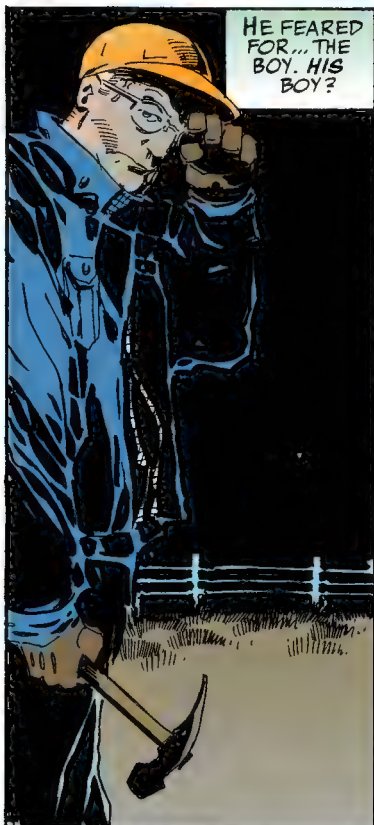
HE HAD SEEN THE SPACECRAFT LAND. THE MEETING WAS ACCIDENTAL.



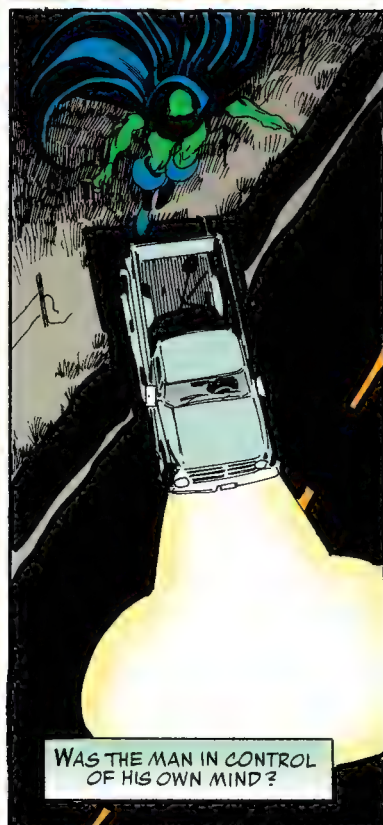
NOW HIS FEAR WAS LIVID. HE FEARED THE CRAFT BEING DISCOVERED.



HE FEARED FOR... THE BOY. HIS BOY?



THOUGHTS ARE NOT ALWAYS LINEAR NOR ALWAYS VERBAL. I PICKED UP IMAGES WHICH I HAD TROUBLE UNDERSTANDING. THIS MUCH WAS CLEAR-- HE DID NOT WANT THE SPACECRAFT DISCOVERED.

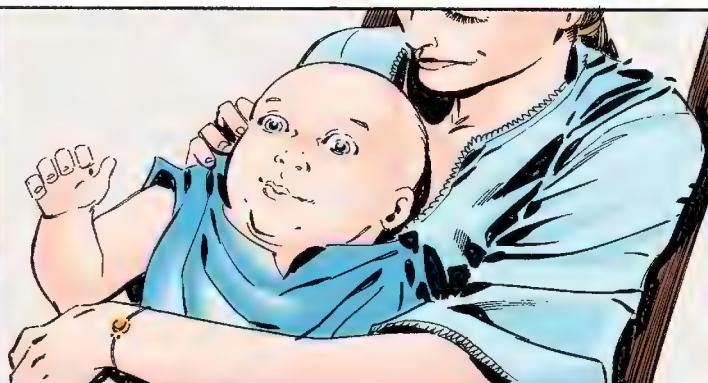
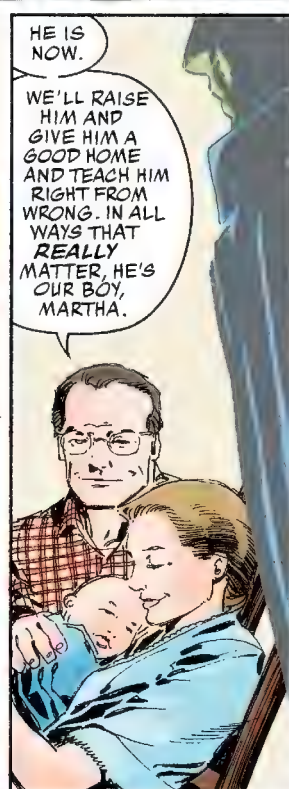
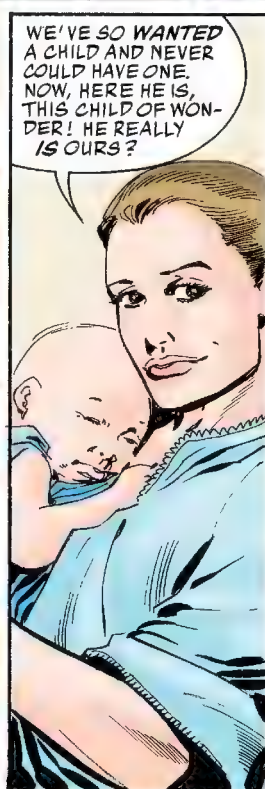


WAS THE MAN IN CONTROL OF HIS OWN MIND?

IT WAS DARK AND BEGINNING TO SNOW BY THE TIME THIS MAN, THIS JONATHAN KENT, RETURNED HOME TO HIS... HIS WIFE. YES, MARTHA.

AND THEIR SON.

CLARK.



I LEFT HIM THERE,
BUT I WAS TROUBLED
IN MIND AND HEART.

THE KENTS WERE GOOD HUMANS,
BUT THE CHILD WAS ALIEN. WHO
KNEW WHAT POWERS AND ABILITIES
HE WOULD MANIFEST AS HE GREW
OLDER?

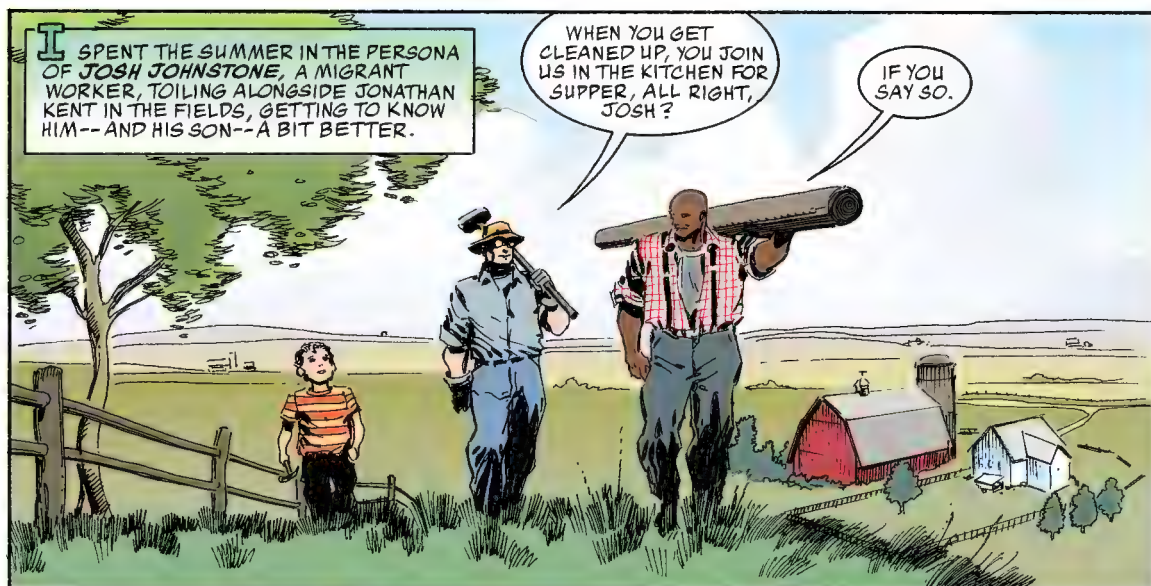
I WOULD NOT ALLOW EARTH
TO BECOME ANOTHER
KRYPTON.

HOW MUCH OF
HIS KRYPTONIAN
HERITAGE
WAS ALREADY
PART OF HIS
MAKEUP?

I DECIDED TO BIDE MY
TIME AND WATCH LITTLE
KAL-EL--LITTLE CLARK
KENT-- AS HE GREW.

LET HIM MANIFEST
HIMSELF AND THEN
I WOULD DO WHAT
MUST BE DONE.

THE NEXT SEVERAL YEARS
WERE BUSY, ESPECIALLY MY
TIME AS THE BRONZE
WRAITH, FIGHTING ALONG-
SIDE THE JUSTICE
EXPERIENCE. IT WOULD BE
EIGHT YEARS BEFORE I
RETURNED TO KANSAS.



I SPENT THE SUMMER IN THE PERSONA OF JOSH JOHNSTONE, A MIGRANT WORKER, TOILING ALONGSIDE JONATHAN KENT IN THE FIELDS, GETTING TO KNOW HIM--AND HIS SON--A BIT BETTER.

WHEN YOU GET CLEANED UP, YOU JOIN US IN THE KITCHEN FOR SUPPER, ALL RIGHT, JOSH?

IF YOU SAY SO.



JUST WANTED TO THANK Y'ALL, MRS. KENT. NOT EVERYBODY LETS ME EAT WITH 'EM.



NAME'S MARTHA. WAY JONATHAN AND I FIGURE, IF YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH TO WORK WITH US, YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT WITH US.



BIG DIPPER AN' THEN THERE'S THE LI'L DIPPER, AN' THAT OVER THERE, THAT'S THE PLANET MARS...



I WANNA SEE THEM ALL! DON'T TELL MY PA, BUT I'M GOING TO BE AN ASTRONAUT WHEN I GROW UP AND GO OUT INTA SPACE!

I WANT TO LIVE OUT IN THE STARS! THEY JUST CALL TO ME! THEY CALL TO YOU, JOSH?

YEAH, SOMETIMES THEY DO... KAL.

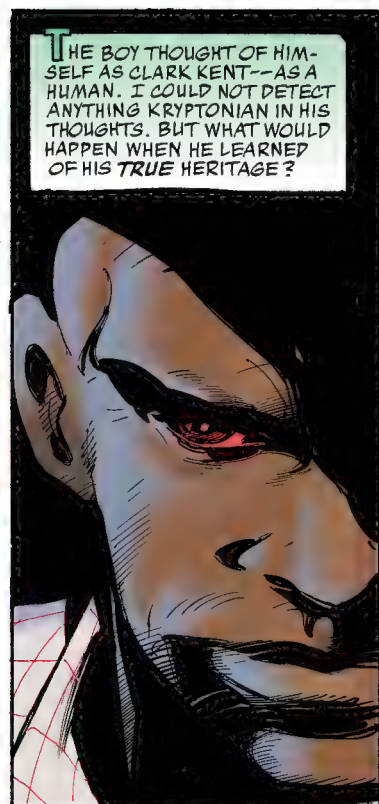


"CAL"? WHAT YOU CALL ME CAL FOR, JOSH? MY NAME IS CLARK!

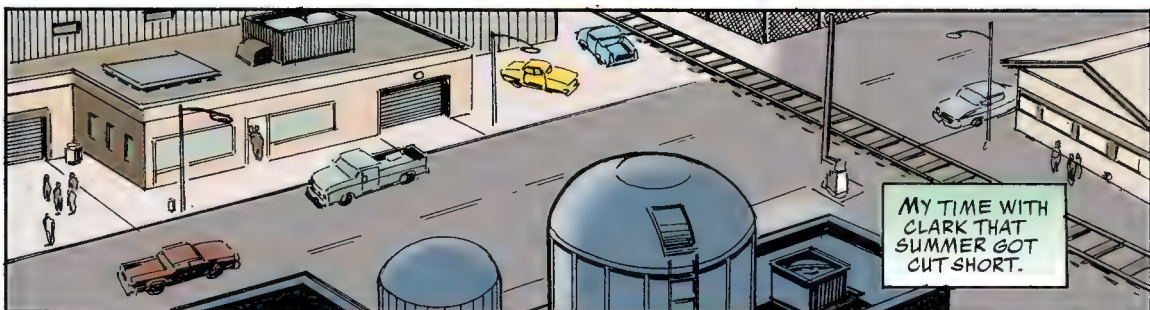


OH, I KNEW A BOY LIKE YOU NAMED "CAL." MUSTA GOT YOU BOTH MIXED UP IN MY HEAD IS ALL. NO OFFENSE.

NAH, IT'S OKAY.



THE BOY THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS CLARK KENT--AS A HUMAN. I COULD NOT DETECT ANYTHING KRYPTONIAN IN HIS THOUGHTS. BUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN HE LEARNED OF HIS **TRUE** HERITAGE?



MY TIME WITH CLARK THAT SUMMER GOT CUT SHORT.

IN THOSE YEARS, THERE WAS STILL A GREAT DEAL OF **RACIAL TENSION** IN THE AREA. THE WHOLE KANSAS-MISSOURI AREA, ACCORDING TO THE EARTH HISTORIES I HAVE READ, WAS A HOTBED OF TENSION EVEN **BEFORE** THE CIVIL WAR.

MAYBE IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT IT WOULD SWIRL AROUND THE KENTS.



HEY, NIGRA!



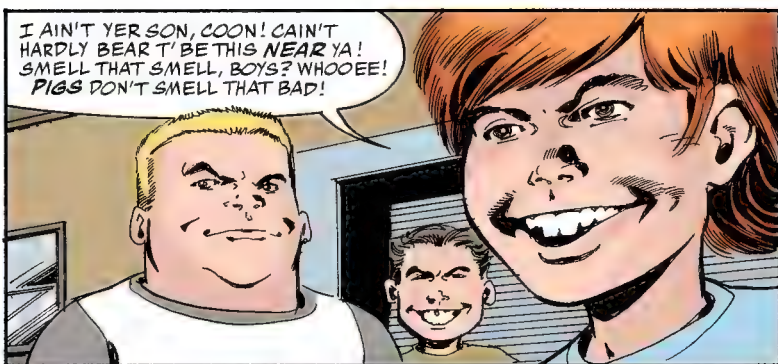
SOMETHING THE MATTER, SON?

I KNEW THE BOY... BUDDY REID.

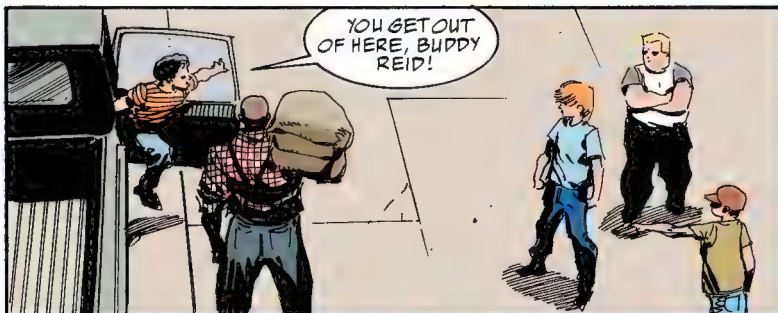
HIS THOUGHTS WERE MAGGOTY LITTLE THINGS, HALF FORMED AND INHERITED FROM HIS FATHER, LUTHER, ALONG WITH HIS FATHER'S DEPLORABLE SOCIAL VIEWS.



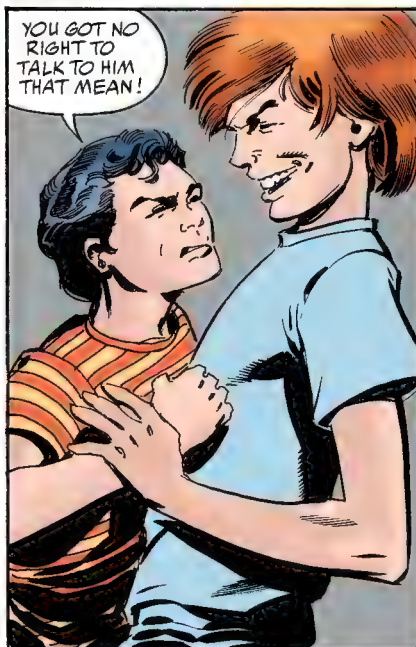
HE HAD THE SAME KIND OF COURAGE AS HIS FATHER-- BRAVE SO LONG AS HE HAD OTHERS OF HIS ILK WITH HIM.



I AIN'T YER SON, COON! CAIN'T HARDLY BEAR T' BE THIS NEAR YA! SMELL THAT SMELL, BOYS? WHOEEE! PIGS DON'T SMELL THAT BAD!



YOU GET OUT OF HERE, BUDDY REID!

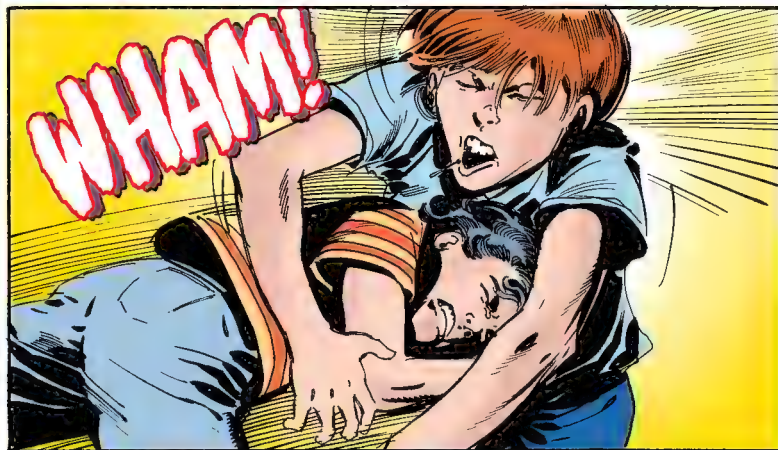


YOU GOT NO RIGHT TO TALK TO HIM THAT MEAN!

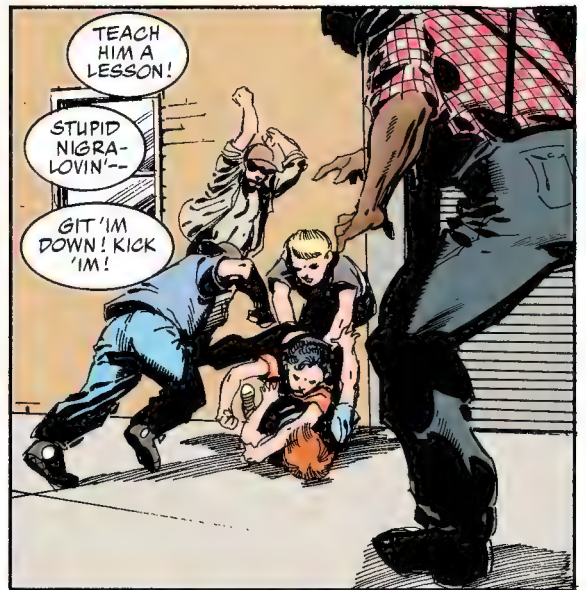


TALK TO HIM ANY WAY I PLEASE... NIGRA-LOVER!

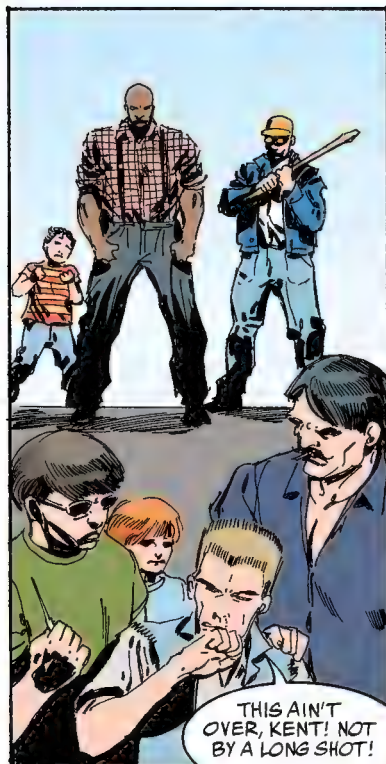
WHUMP!



WHAM!









I SAW SOMETHING IN HIS EYES-- A BURNING DESIRE IN HIM TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT. I PRAYED THAT WAS A GOOD THING.

HOW FAR WOULD HE GO TO "MAKE THINGS RIGHT"? MANY WRONGS ARE COMMITTED THAT WAY. I RESOLVED TO KEEP A CLOSE WATCH.

MY PLANS GOT DERAILED. DR. TRAPPS, THE ULTIMATE FOE OF THE JUSTICE EXPERIENCE, LAUNCHED HIS VENDETTA AND I WAS THE FIRST ONE CAUGHT.

HIS ATTACK LEFT ME WITHOUT A MEMORY, WITHOUT EVEN KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT I TRULY WAS. FOR TWO YEARS, I WANDERED THE STREETS OF AMERICA, HOMELESS, DISPOSSESSED.

IN TIME THE KNOWLEDGE OF WHO I WAS-- WHAT I WAS-- RETURNED TO ME AND I WAS ABLE TO ASSIST THE JUSTICE SOCIETY IN CAPTURING DR. TRAPPS.

BUT BY THEN, ALL MY COMRADES IN THE JUSTICE EXPERIENCE-- THE ACROBAT, SONGBIRD, MR. ACTION, THE MINX, AND OTHERS-- WERE ALL DEAD, KILLED BY TRAPPS. I VOWED NEVER TO PLAY THIS PART AGAIN.



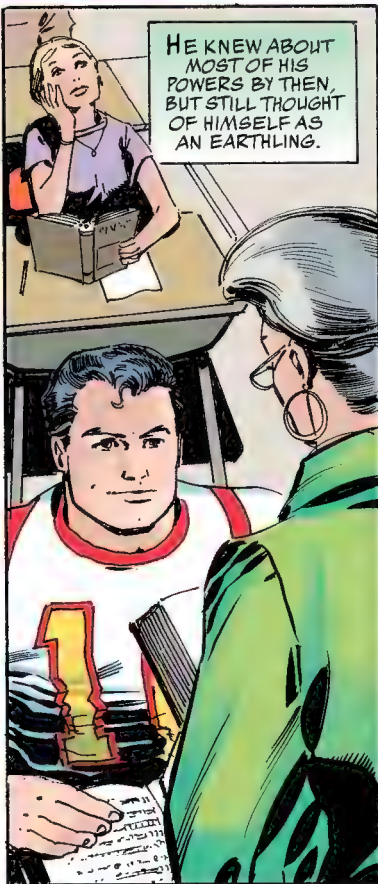
INSTEAD, I BECAME MANY PEOPLE, ADDING TO THE JOHN JONES PERSONA I ALREADY HAD. I TOLD MYSELF IT WAS TO EXPERIENCE THE VARIETY OF HUMAN -- AND SOMETIMES NOT SO HUMAN -- LIVES ON THIS PLANET.

THE TRUTH IS -- THE DEATH OF THE JUSTICE EXPERIENCE OPENED WOUNDS I THOUGHT HAD HEALED. HAVING MANY LIVES KEPT ME FROM GETTING TOO CLOSE TO ANY ONE.

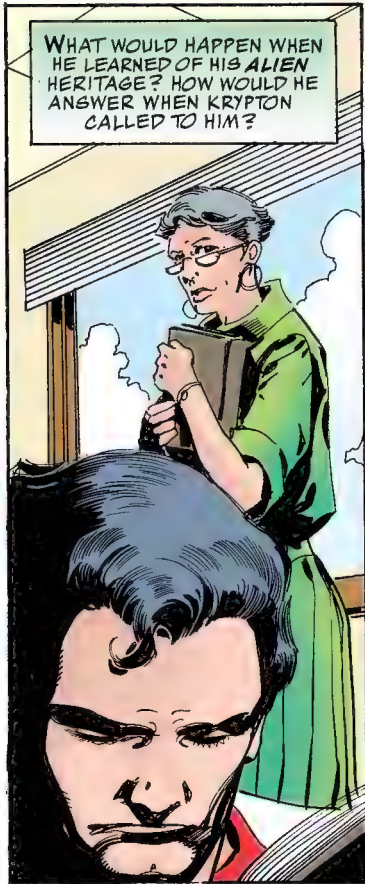
STILL, I FOUND WAYS TO RETURN TO SMALLVILLE AND THE KRYPTONIAN. FOR ONE YEAR, I ASSUMED THE ROLE OF HIS HIGH SCHOOL CIVICS TEACHER, MRS. KLINGMAN.



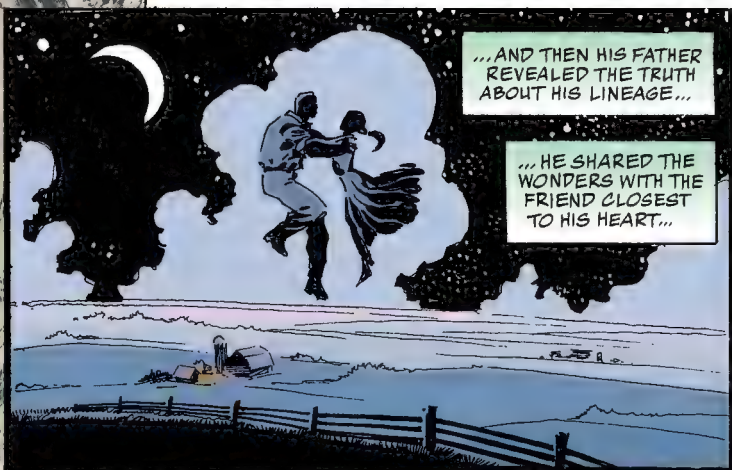
HE KNEW ABOUT MOST OF HIS POWERS BY THEN, BUT STILL THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS AN EARTHLING.



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN HE LEARNED OF HIS ALIEN HERITAGE? HOW WOULD HE ANSWER WHEN KRYPTON CALLED TO HIM?

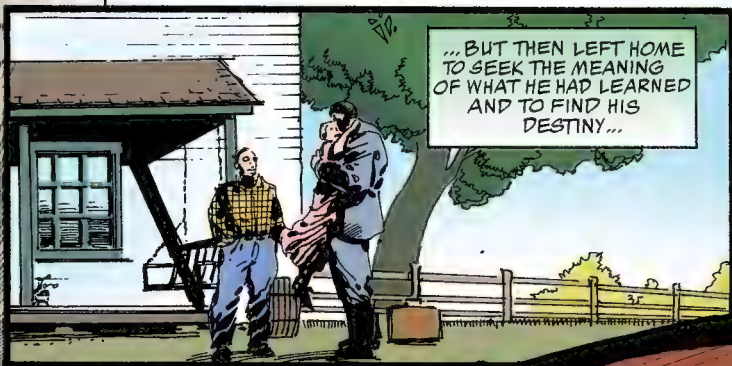


HE WAS A SENIOR IN HIGH SCHOOL WHEN THAT HAPPENED. CIRCUMSTANCES REVEALED THE EXTENT OF HIS ABILITIES...



...AND THEN HIS FATHER REVEALED THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS LINEAGE...

...HE SHARED THE WONDERS WITH THE FRIEND CLOSEST TO HIS HEART...



...BUT THEN LEFT HOME TO SEEK THE MEANING OF WHAT HE HAD LEARNED AND TO FIND HIS DESTINY...



...WHILE I BATTLED FAR FROM EARTH ITSELF AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD DEVOUR IT.

SMALL EVIL

SMALLVILLE...

"SMALL" LIKE
A RODENT...

LIKE A TINY LITTLE RAT CRAWLIN'
IN AN' OUTTA A SKULL ROTTIN' IN
A DITCH ON THE SIDE A' SOME
FORGOTTEN FARM ROAD...

"VILLE" LIKE
IN E-VIL...

LIKE SOMETHIN' ROTTEN
HAPPENIN' IN SOME PODUNK
BACKWATER BURG.

SOMETHIN'
SMALL...

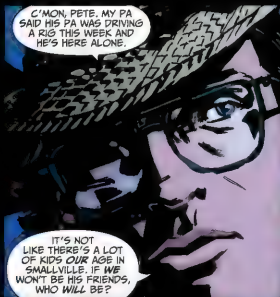
SOMETHIN'
EVIL...

TAP
TAP
TAP

WELL,
I DON'T KNOW
THAT HE'S EVIL,
LANA.

HE IS EVIL.
HE'S CRASHING
OUR DANCE AND
THAT'S JUST
EVIL.

HE'S A PEST
IS WHAT HE IS, AND
WE'RE STUCK BABY-
SITTING HIM JUST
'CAUSE HE'S "THE
NEW KID."



C'MON, PETE. MY PA SAID HIS PA WAS DRIVING A RIG THIS WEEK AND HE'S HERE ALONE.

IT'S NOT LIKE THERE'S A LOT OF KIDS OUR AGE IN SMALLVILLE. IF WE WON'T BE HIS FRIENDS, WHO WILL BE?



HELLO...?

TYLER...? YOU READY?



DEAD IN A PILE, BLOOD AN' BONES AN' BRAINS ON THE FLOOR LIKE A THICK STEW.



ONLY NOT DEAD...

M-M-MANTI-CORRR... THE-THE-MANTICORE...

M-M-MY DAD SAID NOT TA GO TO THE FIELD... IT WAS T-THERE...



THIS IS MOUSE BLOOD.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT? HOW DO YOU ALWAYS KNOW STUFF LIKE THAT?



HAI GOTCHA! YOU GUYS READY TA GO?!

PLAYIN' DEAD... SMALL... EVIL... SMALLVILLE.

FUN'N' GAMES. BIG LAUGHS AT SOMEONE ELSE'S PAIN.

HALLOWEEN
SILENCE... MOON
LIKE A SICKLE...

COLDER THAN IT
OUGHTTA BE...

HEY, GUYS...?
M-MAYBE WE SHOULD
GO ANOTHER WAY SO
WE DON'T GET--

WOULD YOU
SHUT UP BEFORE
I BOX YOUR--

SOMETHIN' IN
THE DITCH.

CLARK...
WHAT'S...
THAT...?

OKAY,
OKAY, I HAVEN'T
ACTUALLY SEEN THE
MANTICORE--

BUT MY
DAD DID. RIGHT
THERE IN THAT
FIELD.

IT'S THE MANTICORE! IT EATS
MERE MORTALS--SPITS OUT
THEIR BONES! IT'S--

IT'S
ANOTHER ONE
OF YOUR STUPID
PRANKS. YOU'RE
A TARD.

NO I'M
NOT! MY DAD TOLD
ME ABOUT IT BEFORE
HE LEFT!

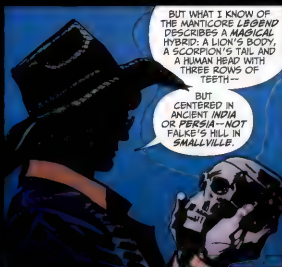
STAY OUTTA THE
SOUTH FIELD, SOUTH
FIELD'S SOUR.

BLOOD AND BONES.
HOWLING DRONES...

DEATH
FOUR SCORE.
MANTICORE.

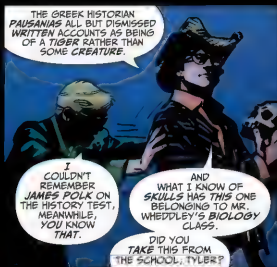
THERE'S
NO SUCH THING AS
A MANTICORE, RIGHT
CLARK?

WELL, THERE'S
DEFINITELY MORE TO THIS
WORLD THAN MEETS THE EYE, LANA...



BUT WHAT I KNOW OF THE MANTICORE LEGEND DESCRIBES A MAGICAL HYBRID: A LION'S BODY, A SCORPION'S TAIL AND A HUMAN HEAD WITH THREE ROWS OF TEETH--

BUT CENTERED IN ANCIENT INDIA OR PERSIA--NOT FALKE'S HILL IN SMALLVILLE.



THE GREEK HISTORIAN PAUSANIAS ALL BUT DISMISSED WRITTEN ACCOUNTS AS BEING OF A TIGER RATHER THAN SOME CREATURE.

I COULDN'T REMEMBER JAMES POLK ON THE HISTORY TEST, MEANWHILE, YOU KNOW THAT.

AND WHAT I KNOW OF SKULLS HAS THIS ONE BELONGING TO MR. WHEDDLEY'S BIOLOGY CLASS.

DID YOU TAKE THIS FROM THE SCHOOL, TYLER?



I DIDN'T STEAL IT, OKAY? I JUST... BORROWED IT.

YOU GUYS ARE LAME! THIS WAS COOL! ALL OF IT! THE COW REMAINS, THE SKULL, THE--



YOU KILLED A RAT TO WEAR ITS BLOOD. THAT'S JUST--

EVIL.

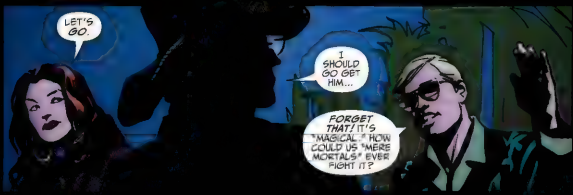
EVIL .. SMALL ..



SMALLVILLE

FORGET YOU GUYS! WHO NEEDS YOUR STUPID BARN DANCE ANYWAY?

I'M GOING PRANKING ON MY OWN. HAPPY FRICKING HALLOWEEN, NERDS.



LET'S GO.

I SHOULD GO GET HIM...

FORGET THAT! IT'S "MAGICAL." HOW COULD US "MERE MORTALS" EVER FIGHT IT?



FRIENDS WALKED NORTH, BOY DRAGGED SOUTH...



SUPERMAN

CHAPTER ONE: **THE SECRET**

... AND THIS SMALLVILLE CROWD IS GOING ABSOLUTELY WILD AS NUMBER 15 RACES DOWN THE FIELD FOR HIS TENTH TOUCHDOWN!

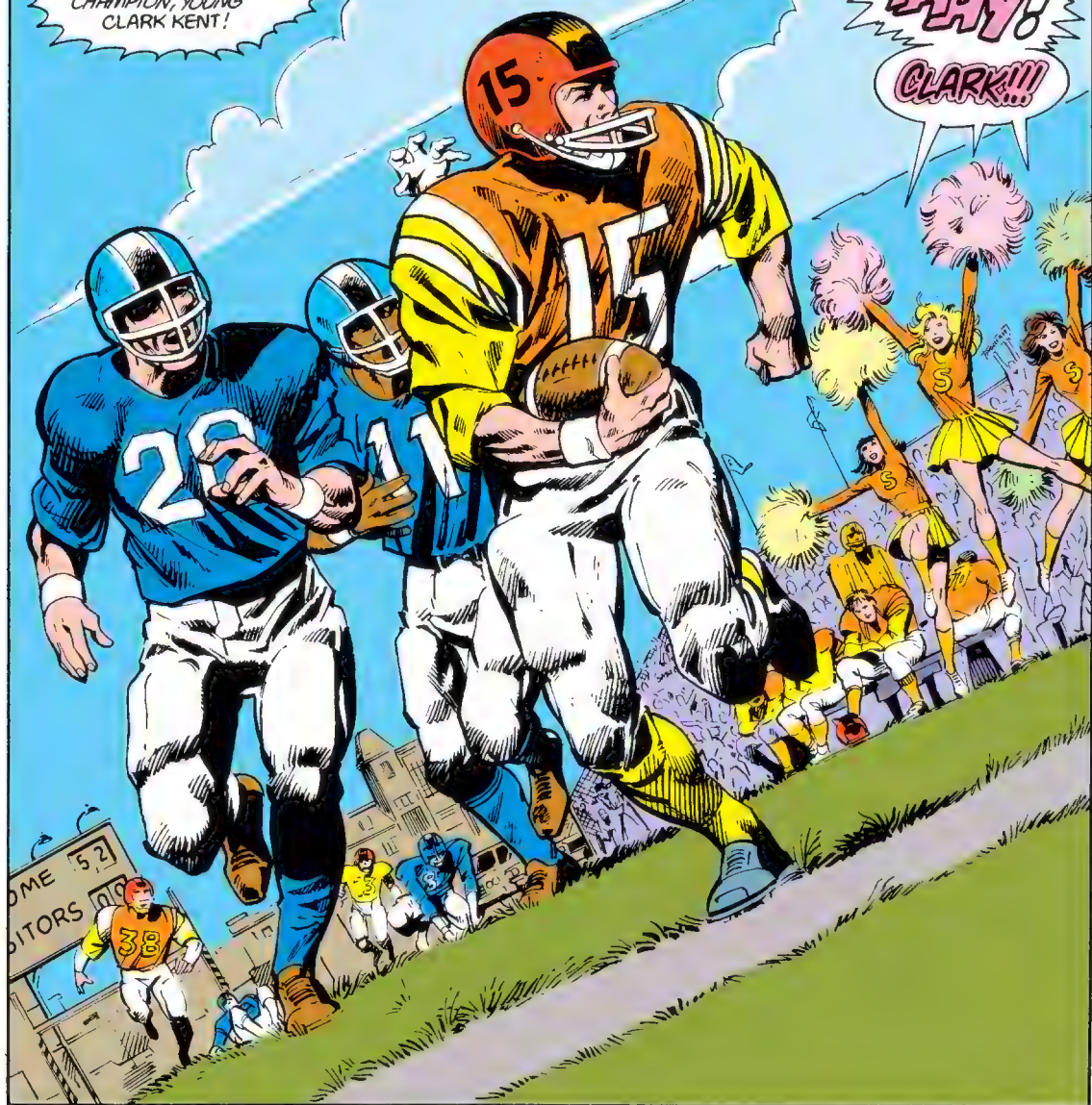
SMALLVILLE HIGH HAS JUST NEVER SEEN A FOOTBALL PLAYER LIKE THIS AMAZING, ALL-ROUND CHAMPION, YOUNG CLARK KENT!

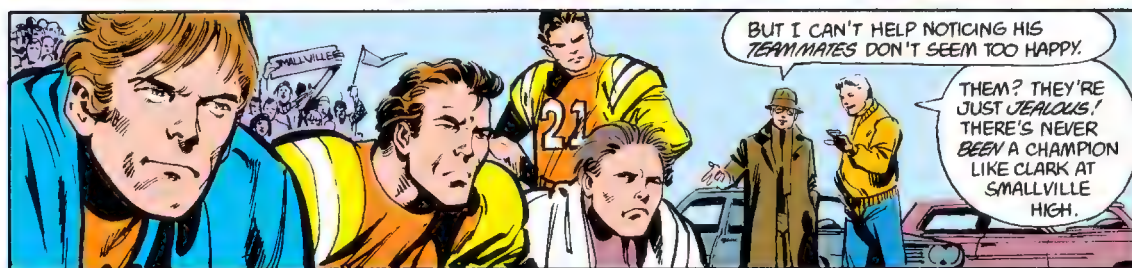
GO! GO! GO!
CLARK, GO!

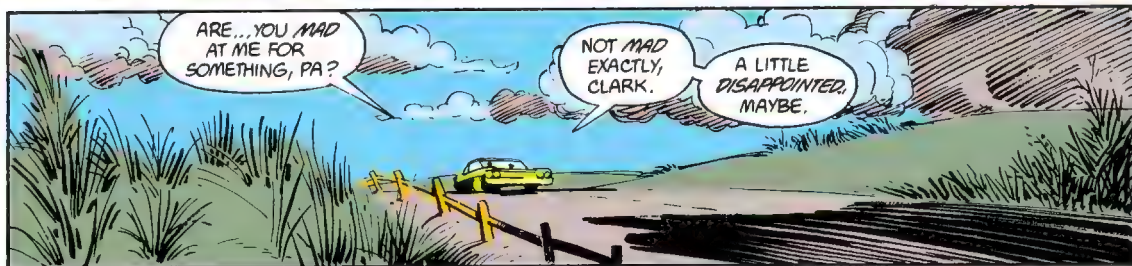
GO! GO! GO!
CLARK, GO!

YAY!

CLARK!!!





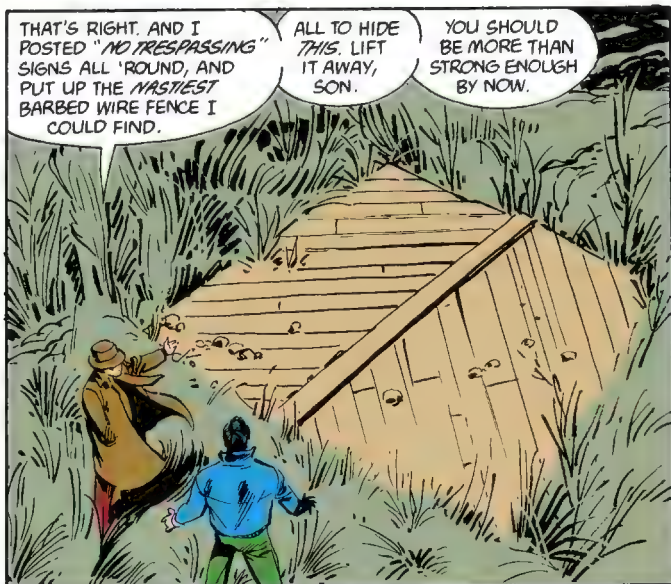




WE'RE GOING *BACK IN TIME*, SON. IT'S BEEN *EIGHTEEN YEARS* SINCE YOUR MA AND ME LAST CAME TO THIS FIELD.

I'VE LET IT LAY FALLOW EVER SINCE.

THIS... THIS IS THE FIELD YOU TOLD ME NEVER TO PLAY IN, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID.



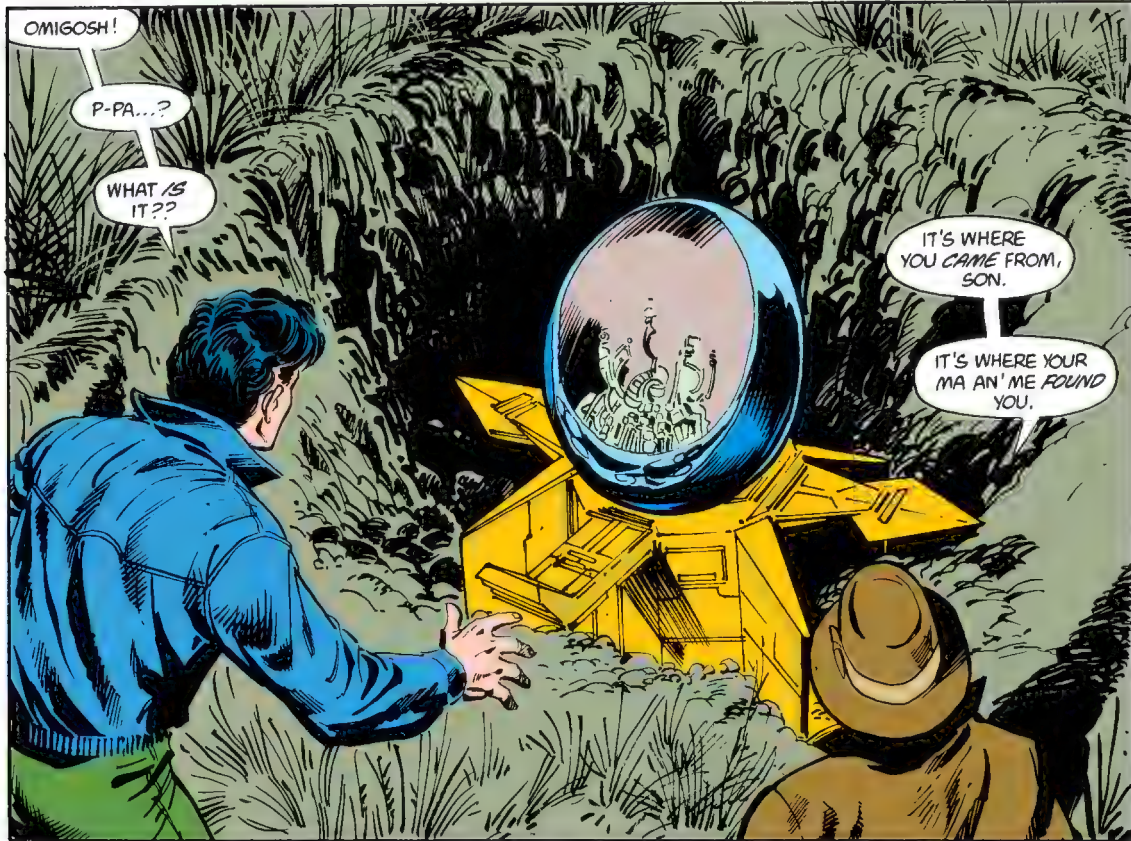
THAT'S RIGHT. AND I POSTED "*NO TRESPASSING*" SIGNS ALL 'ROUND, AND PUT UP THE *WASTIEST* BARBED WIRE FENCE I COULD FIND.

ALL TO HIDE *THIS*. LIFT IT AWAY, SON.

YOU SHOULD BE MORE THAN STRONG ENOUGH BY NOW.



BUT, PA, WHAT...?



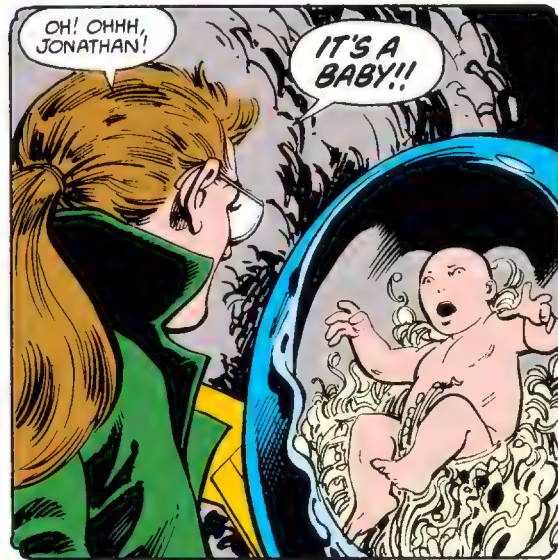
OMIGOSH!

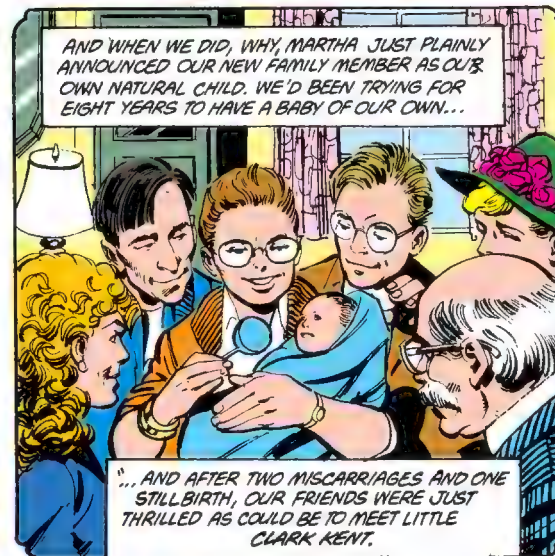
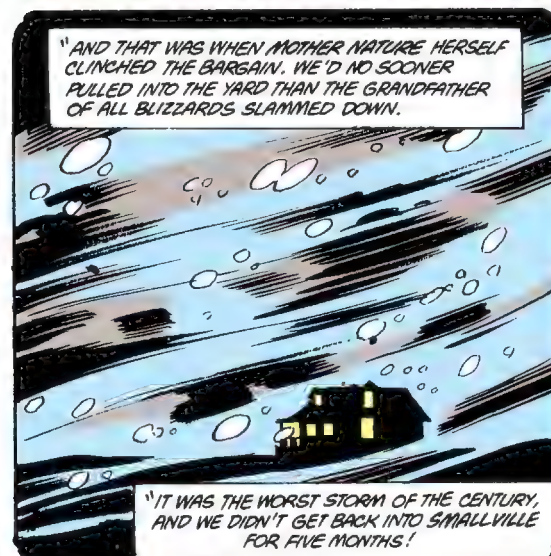
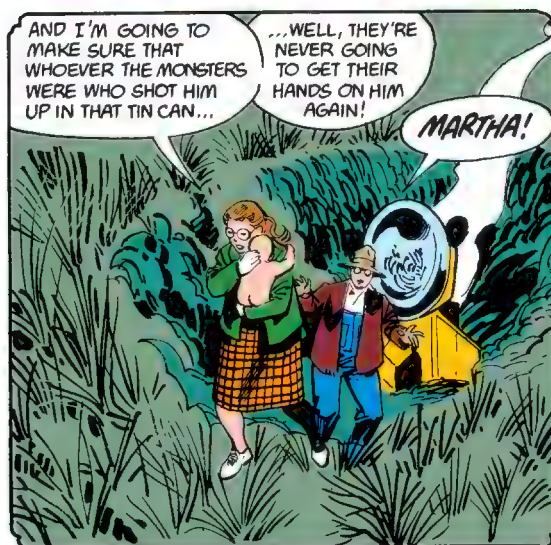
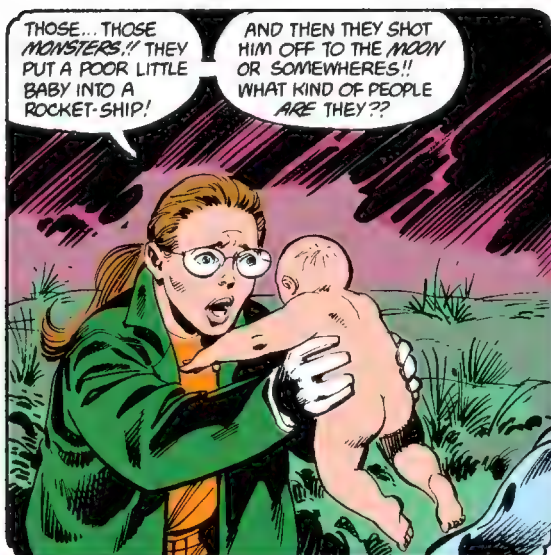
P-PA...?

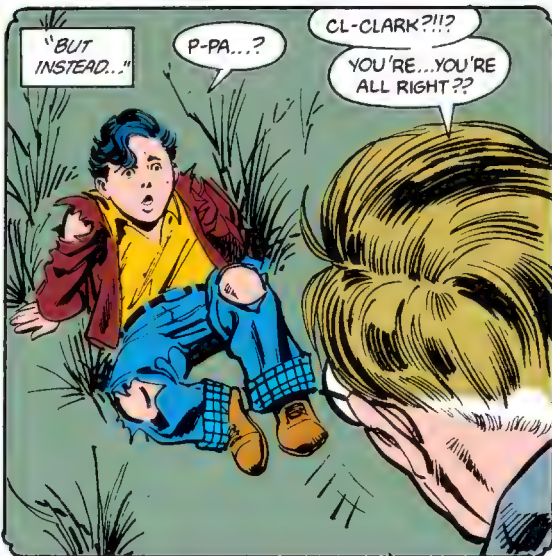
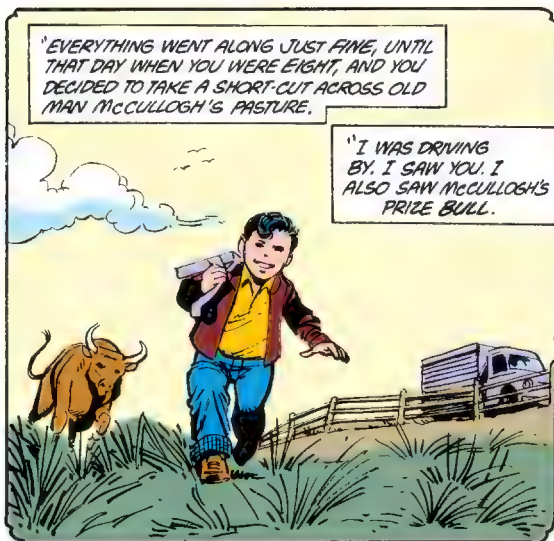
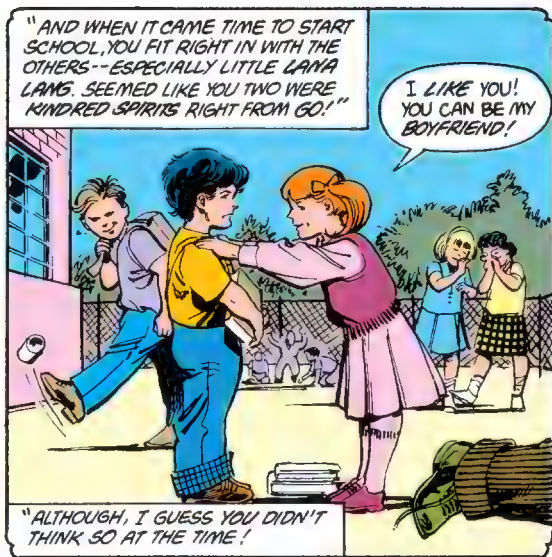
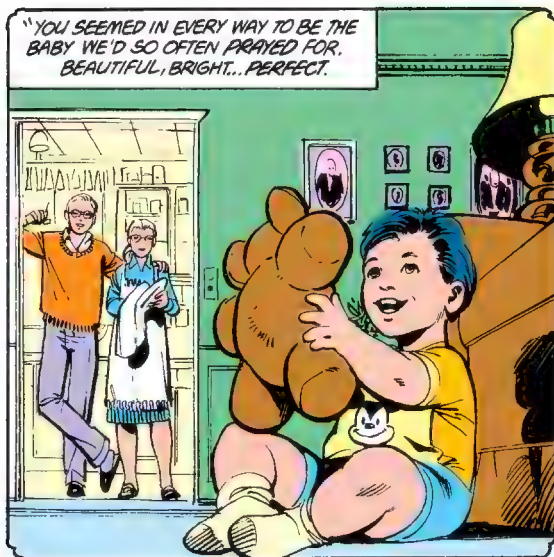
WHAT IS IT??

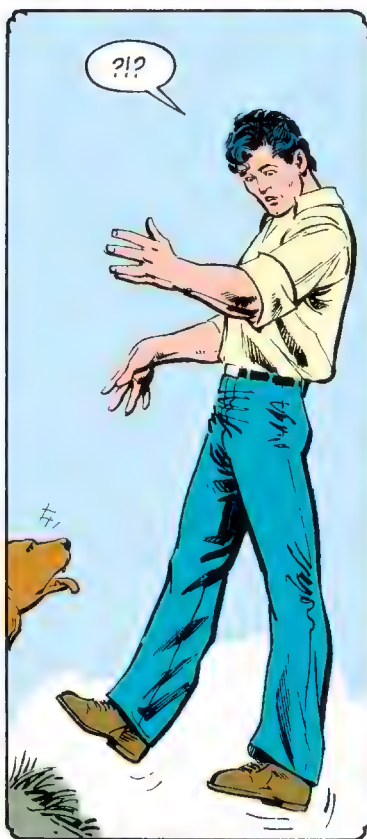
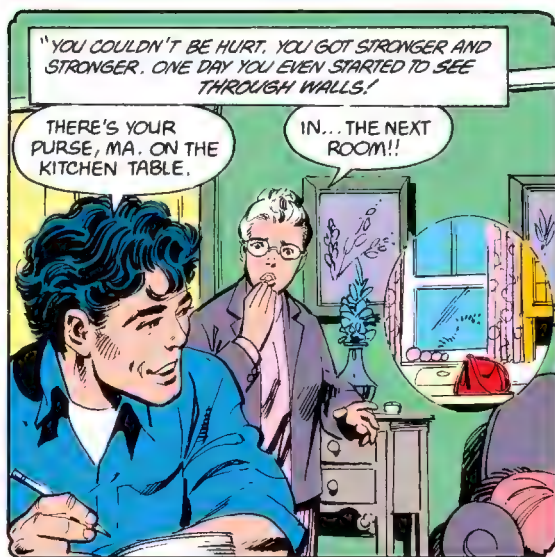
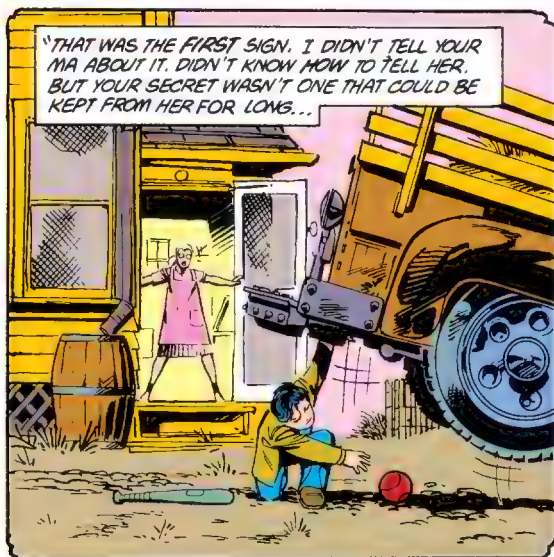
IT'S WHERE YOU *CAME FROM*, SON.

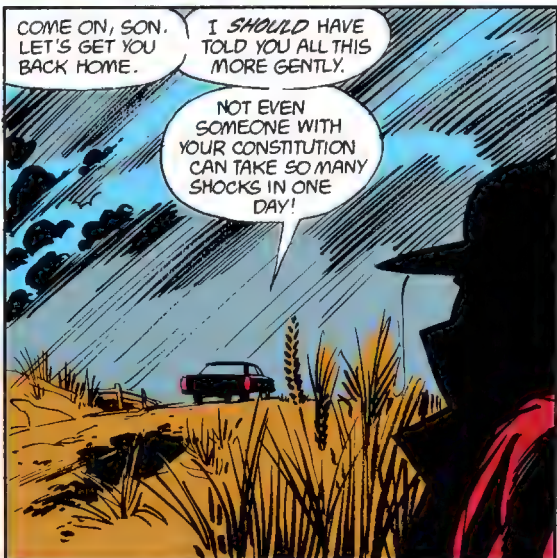
IT'S WHERE YOUR MA AN' ME *FOUND* YOU.

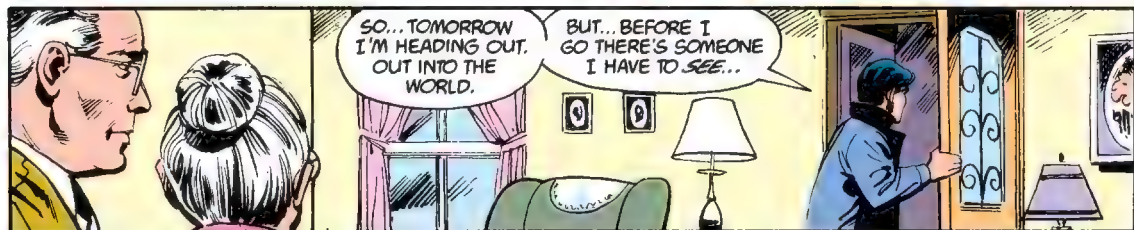
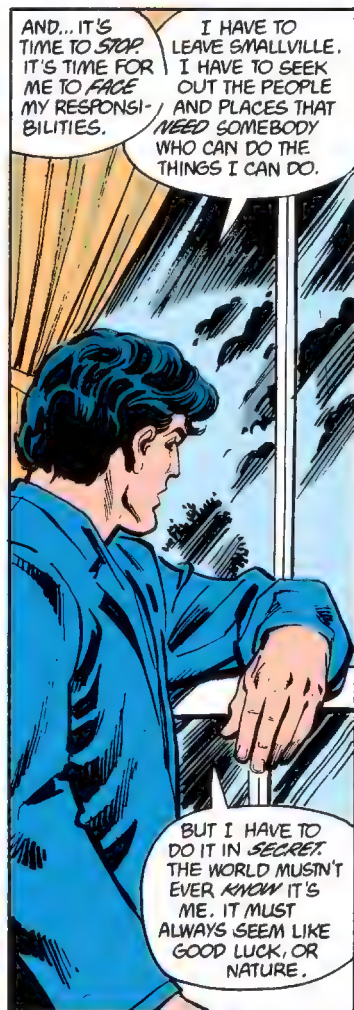
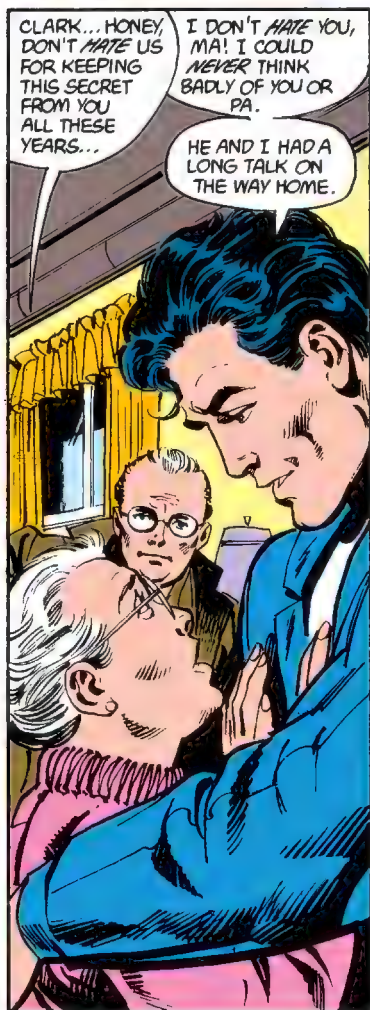










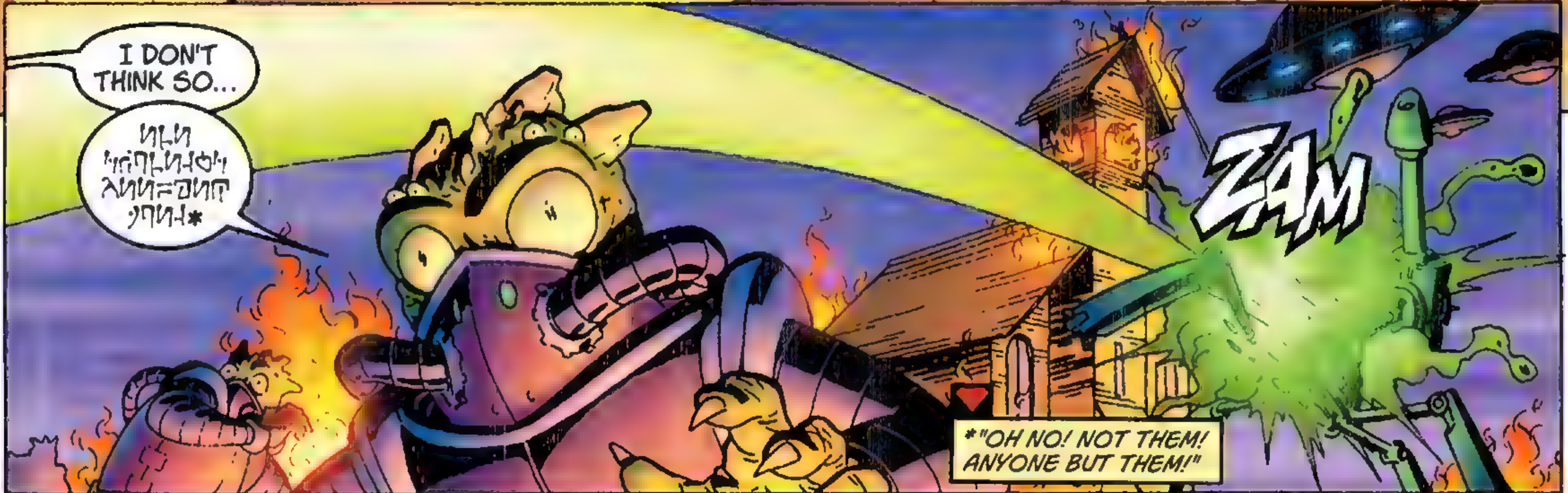




EEEEEEEEEE!

וואו, ע
הינאסל גע
לענדי*

♦ **"DESTROY EVERYTHING!"**



I DON'T
THINK SO...

וואו
הינאסל גע
לענדי*

ZAM

♦ **"OH NO! NOT THEM!
ANYONE BUT THEM!"**





INVADERS FROM SPACE

CHUCK KIM
WRITER
KANO
ARTIST
MOOSE
BAUMANN
COLORS
COMICRAFT
LETTERS
TOM PALMER JR.
ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDDIE BERGANZA
EDITOR

SUPERMAN
CREATED BY
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

 SMALLVILLE:
12 YEARS AGO...

GET OFF OUR
PLANET
YOU STINKIN'
ALIENS!

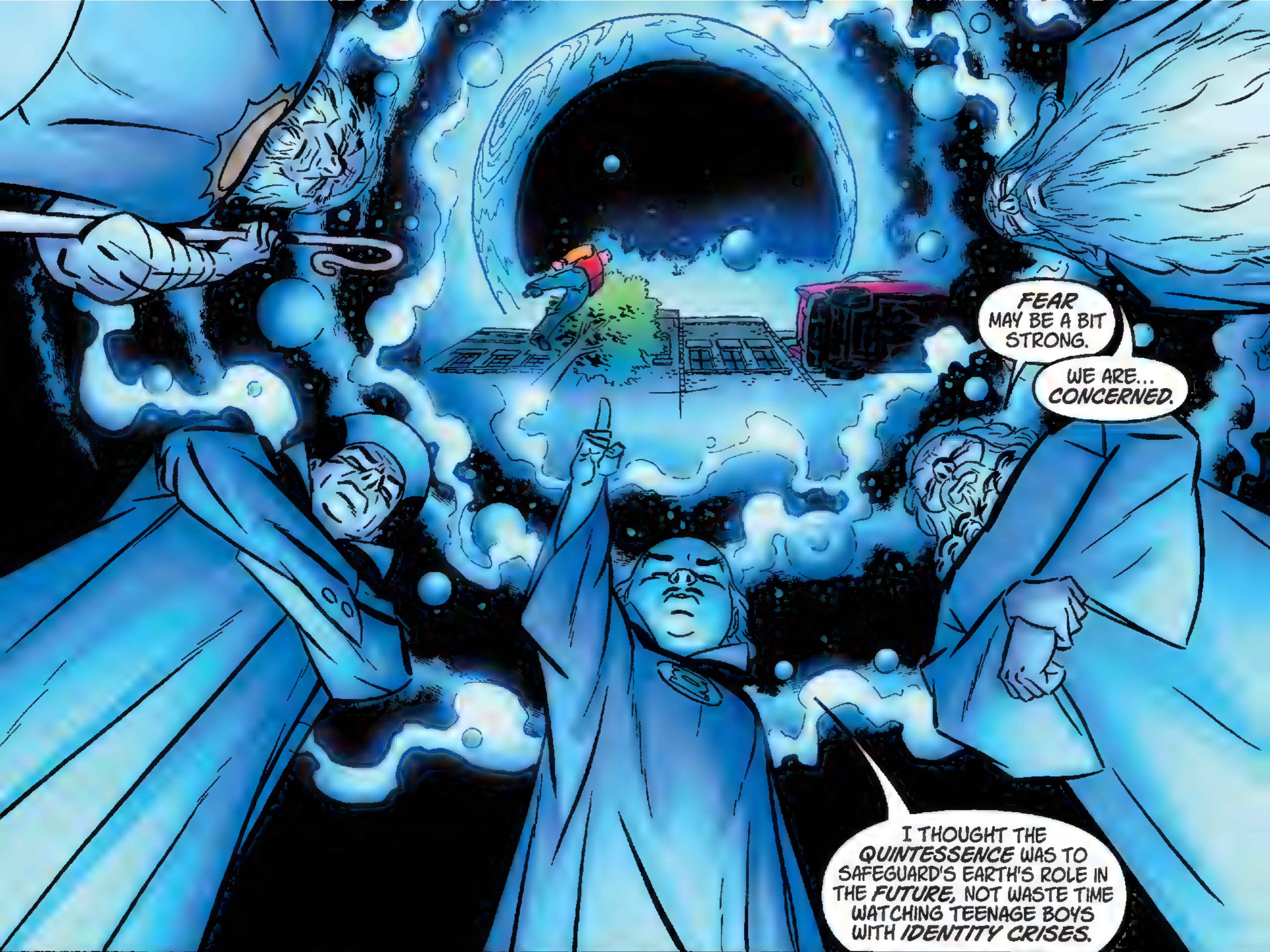
CLARK?

LANA'S THE ONLY PERSON
BESIDES MY PARENTS WHO
KNOWS I'M AN ALIEN.

I ALWAYS WONDERED
WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

BUT NOW I KNOW
WHAT EVERYONE
ELSE WOULD THINK.

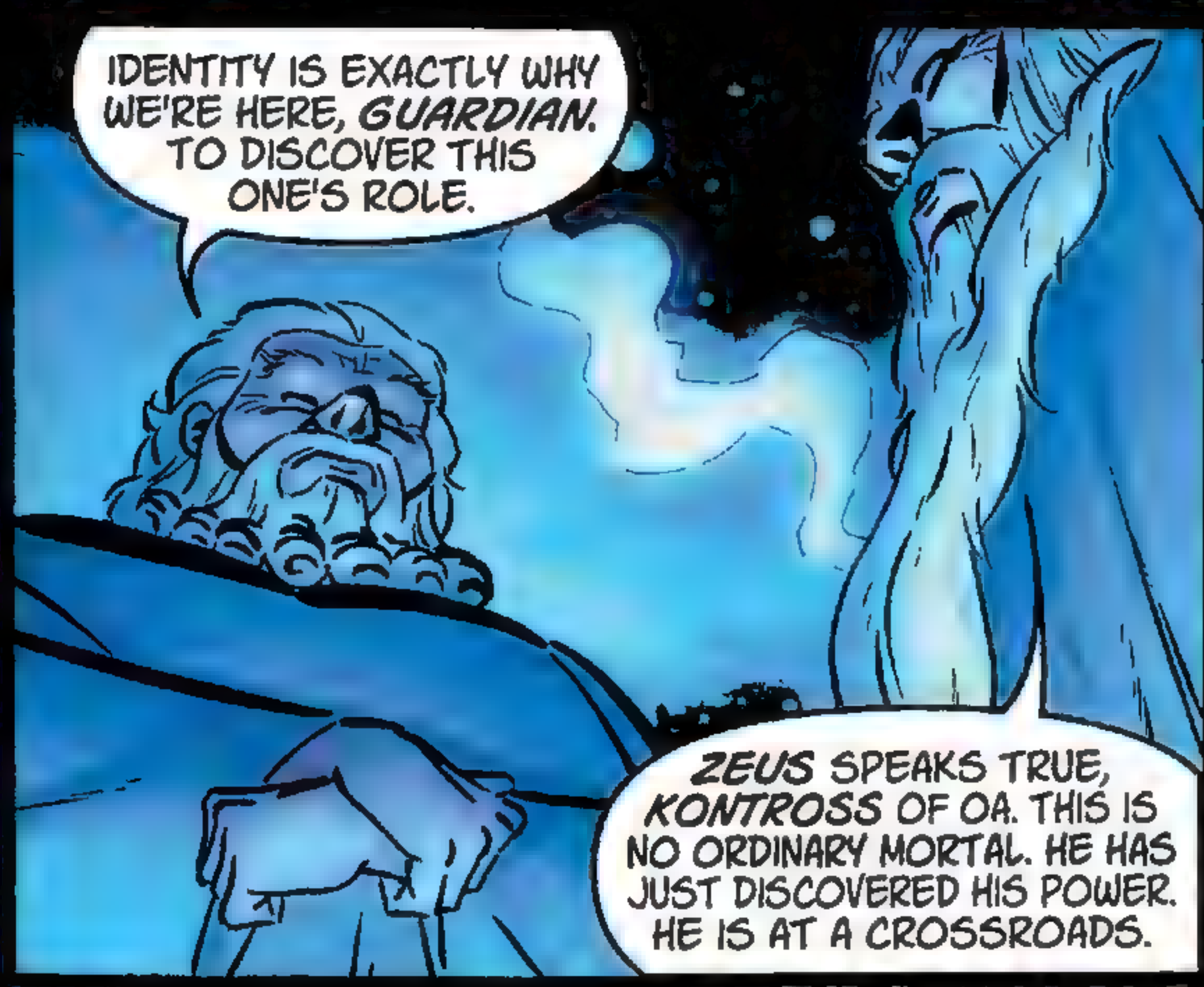




FEAR
MAY BE A BIT
STRONG.

WE ARE...
CONCERNED.

I THOUGHT THE
QUINTESSENCE WAS TO
SAFEGUARD EARTH'S ROLE IN
THE FUTURE, NOT WASTE TIME
WATCHING TEENAGE BOYS
WITH IDENTITY CRISES.



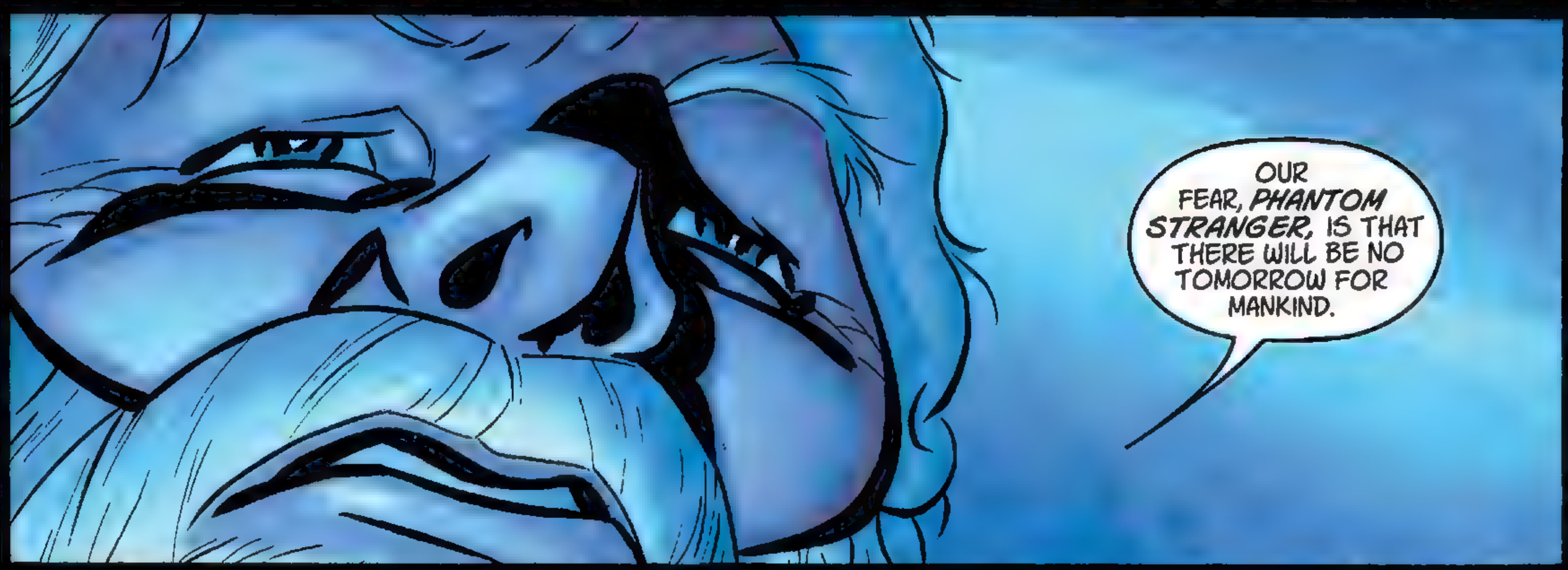
IDENTITY IS EXACTLY WHY
WE'RE HERE, *GUARDIAN*.
TO DISCOVER THIS
ONE'S ROLE.

ZEUS SPEAKS TRUE,
KONTROSS OF OA. THIS IS
NO ORDINARY MORTAL. HE HAS
JUST DISCOVERED HIS POWER.
HE IS AT A CROSSROADS.



HE IS DESTINED
TO BRING ABOUT THE
NEW AGE OF HERO.

THE CYCLE TURNS,
WIZARD SHAZAM AND
ZEUS, AS EVER. WE WERE
YESTERDAY'S LEGENDS.
HE IS TOMORROW'S.

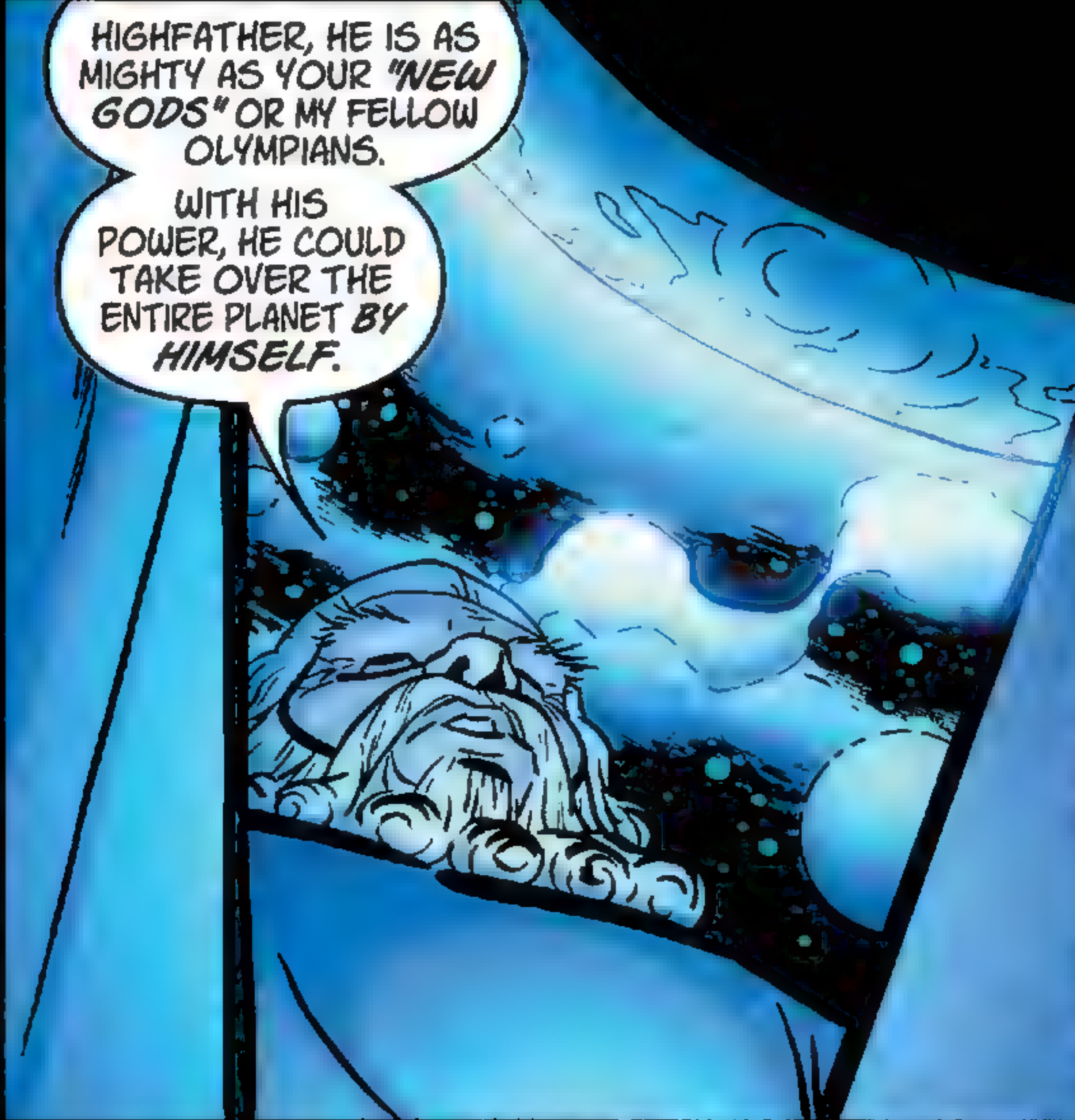


OUR
FEAR, *PHANTOM
STRANGER*, IS THAT
THERE WILL BE NO
TOMORROW FOR
MANKIND.



HE IS THE LAST SURVIVING KRYPTONIAN, AND, UNDER EARTH'S SUN, THE MOST POWERFUL BEING ON THE PLANET.

WE HAVE GODLY AWARENESS TO TEMPER OUR POWER, NOT HOMESPUN FARMER WISDOM.



HIGHFATHER, HE IS AS MIGHTY AS YOUR "NEW GODS" OR MY FELLOW OLYMPIANS.

WITH HIS POWER, HE COULD TAKE OVER THE ENTIRE PLANET BY HIMSELF.



AH, MORE VISIONS FROM YOUR DRUNKEN ORACLES, ZEUS?

THE LAST ONE WAS THAT AN EARTH-BORN GREEN LANTERN WOULD DESTROY OA AND KILL ME.

YOU'RE WASTING OUR TIME.



INDEED. IN ONE VISION OF THE FUTURE, HE RAISES AN ARMY OF MEN AND WOMEN LIKE HIMSELF. THE HUMANS WILL FEAR HIM AND HIS ILK.

HE WILL CAUSE THE DEATH OF MY NEXT CHAMPION.



ENOUGH. WE WILL STUDY THIS ONE, SEE IF THE ALIEN CAN WIELD HIS POWER JUSTLY.

IF NOT, THE RACE OF KRYPTON SHALL BE MADE *EXTINCT* IN THIS UNIVERSE.



I *KNOW* IT WAS A MOVIE, MA, BUT IT FELT LIKE THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT *ME*.

NOW CLARK, LAST TIME I CHECKED, YOU WEREN'T TRYING TO TAKE OVER THE EARTH.

IF YOU WERE, YOUR PA AND I WOULD *CERTAINLY* BE DISAPPOINTED IN YOU.



OH, COME ON. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

I'M *DIFFERENT*. WHAT IF THEY HATE ME BECAUSE I'M *DIFFERENT*?



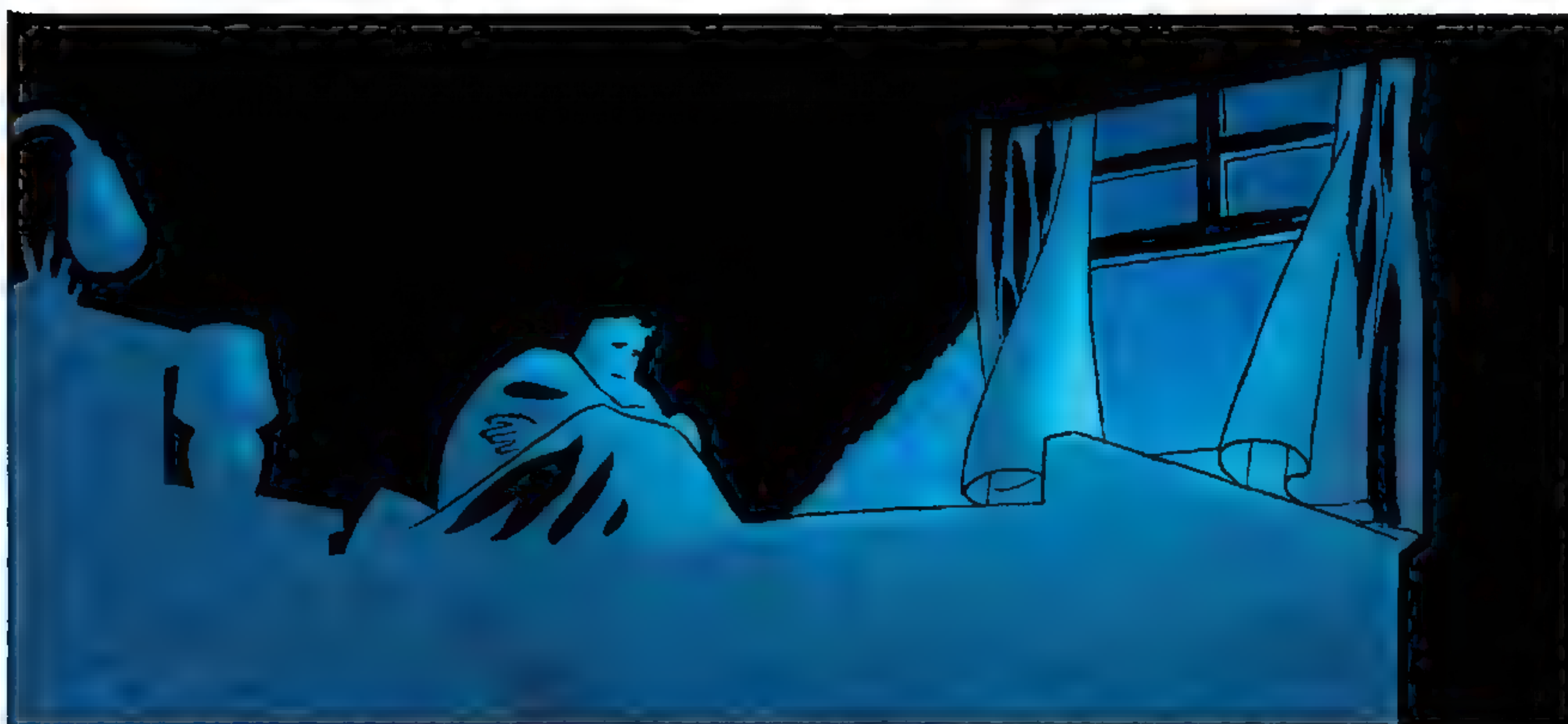
I CAN SEE THROUGH *WALLS*.

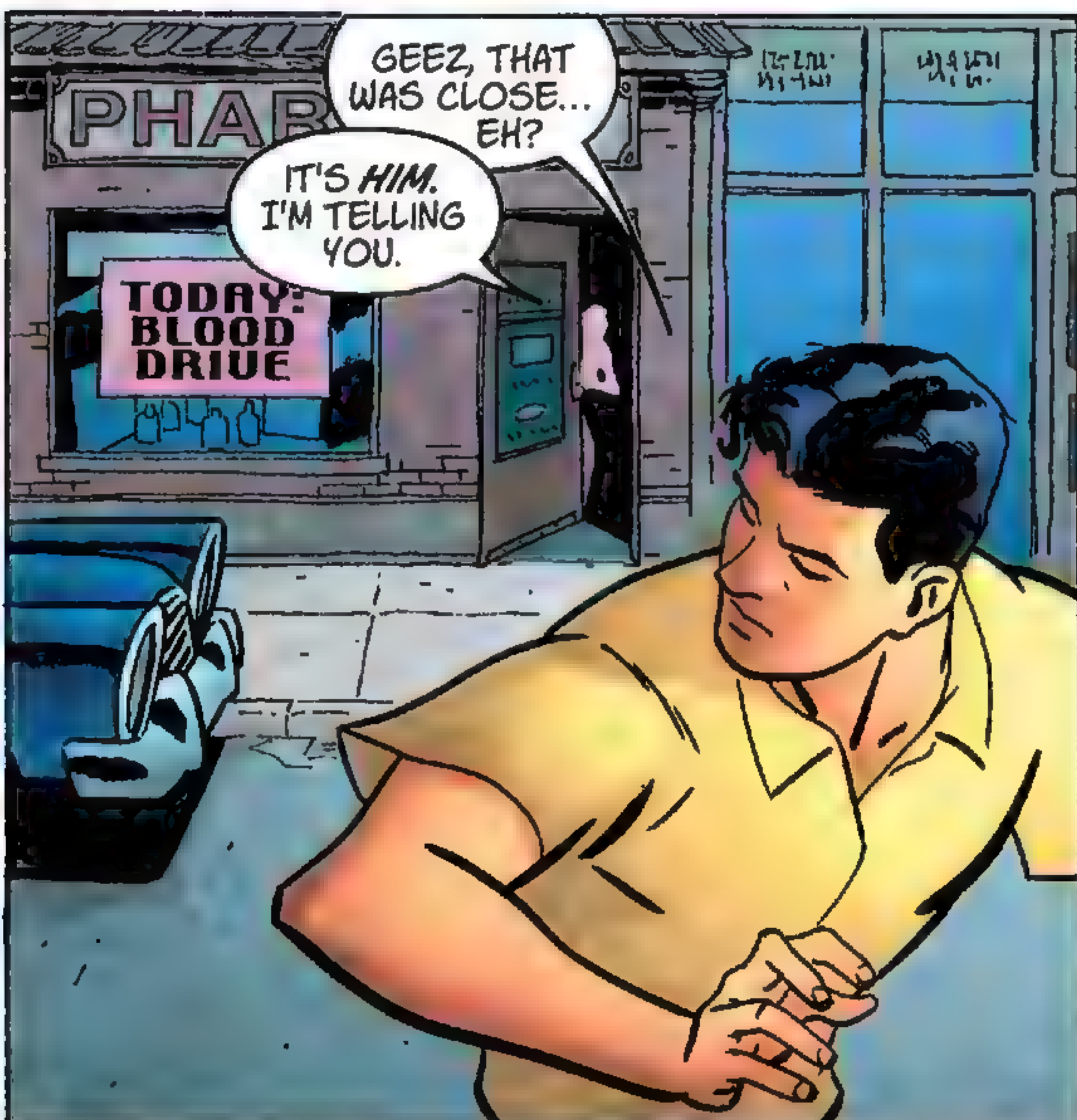
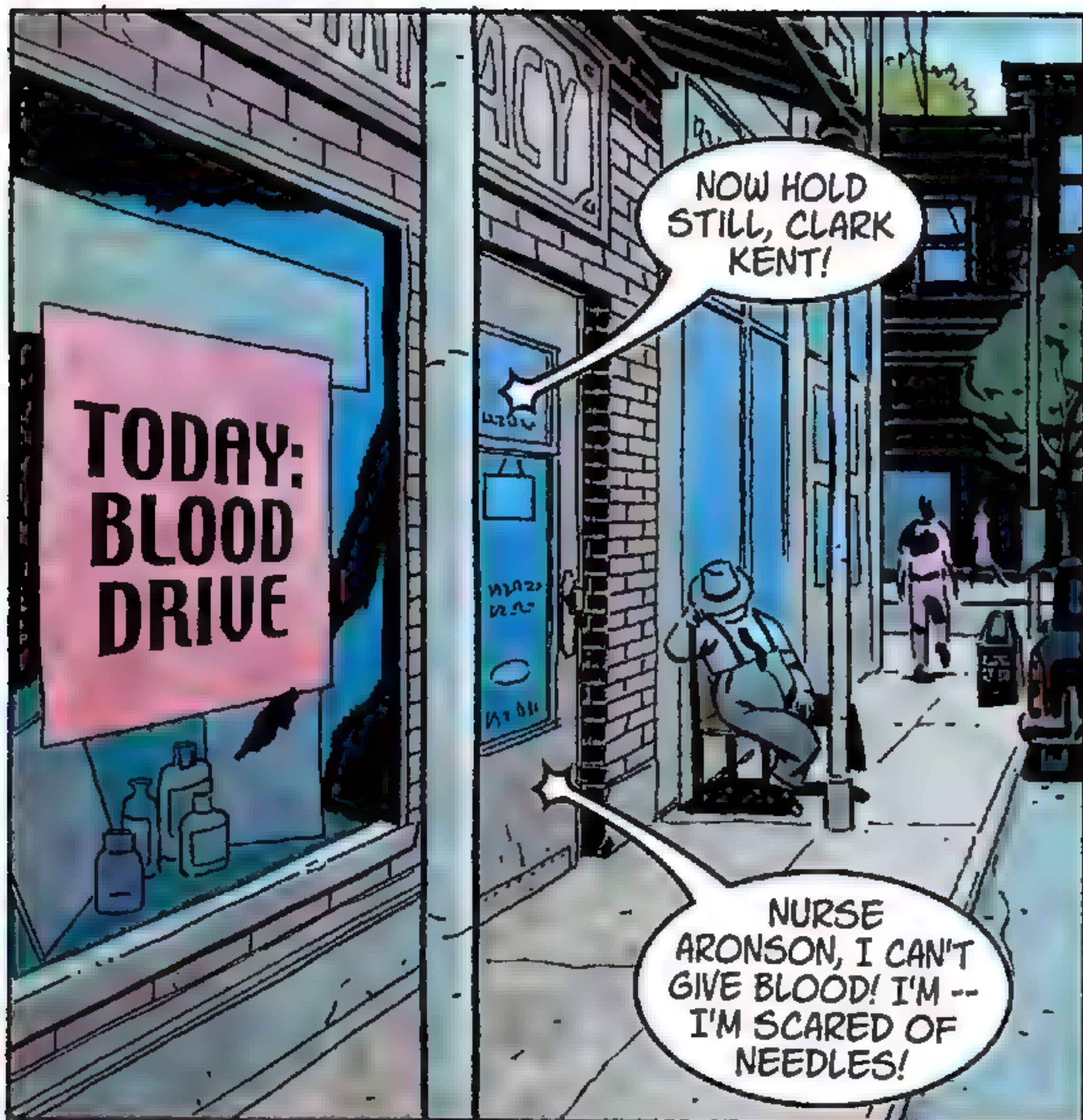
THE OTHER NIGHT, I HEARD YOU AND PA TALKING IN THE BARN. MA, I WAS IN MY *ROOM*!

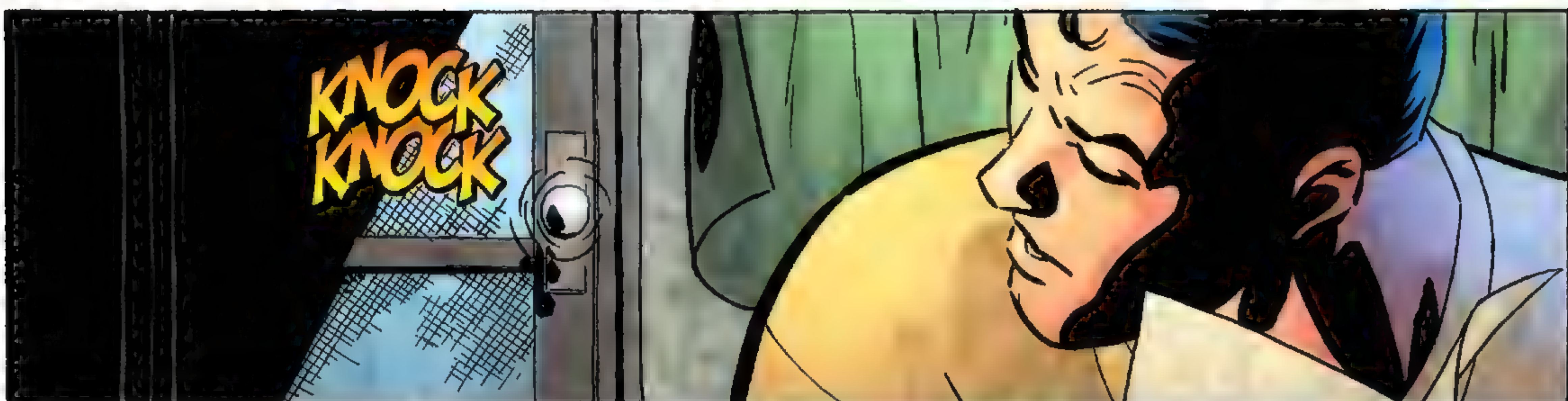
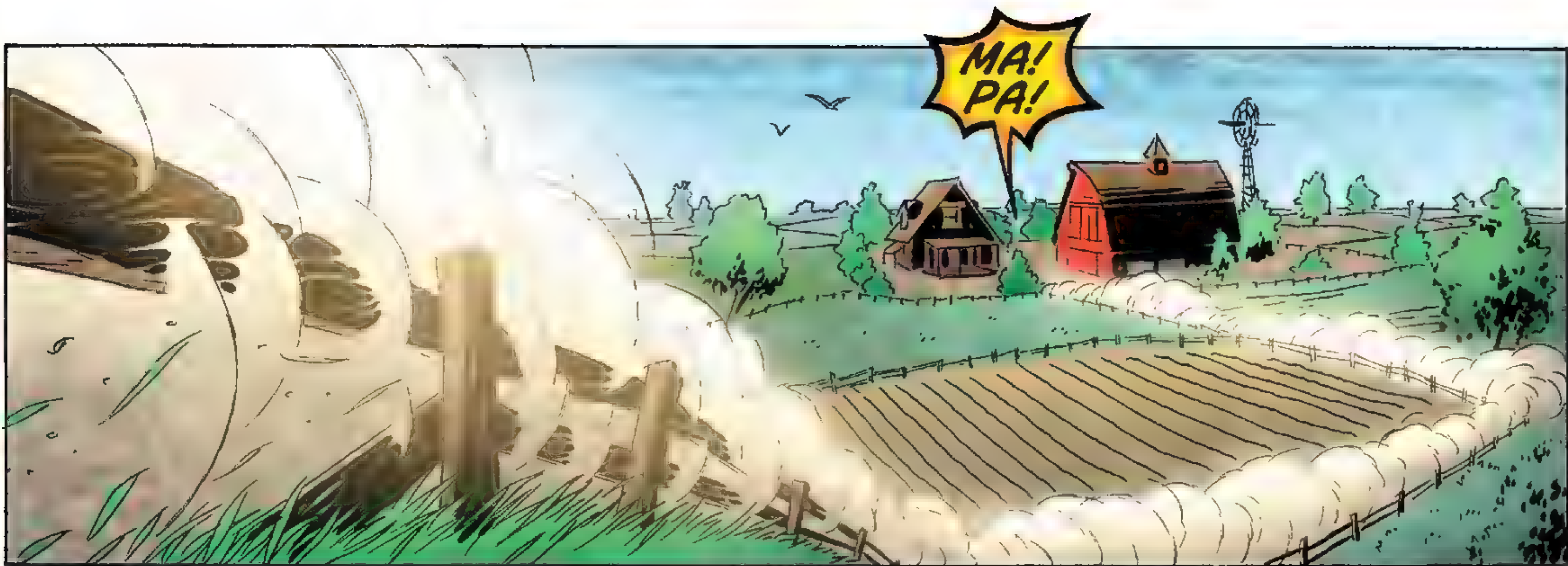


SON, YOU WERE MADE FOR THINGS BIGGER THAN THIS FARM, BIGGER THAN *SMALLVILLE*.

BE TRUE TO WHAT YOU KNOW AND EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST FINE.







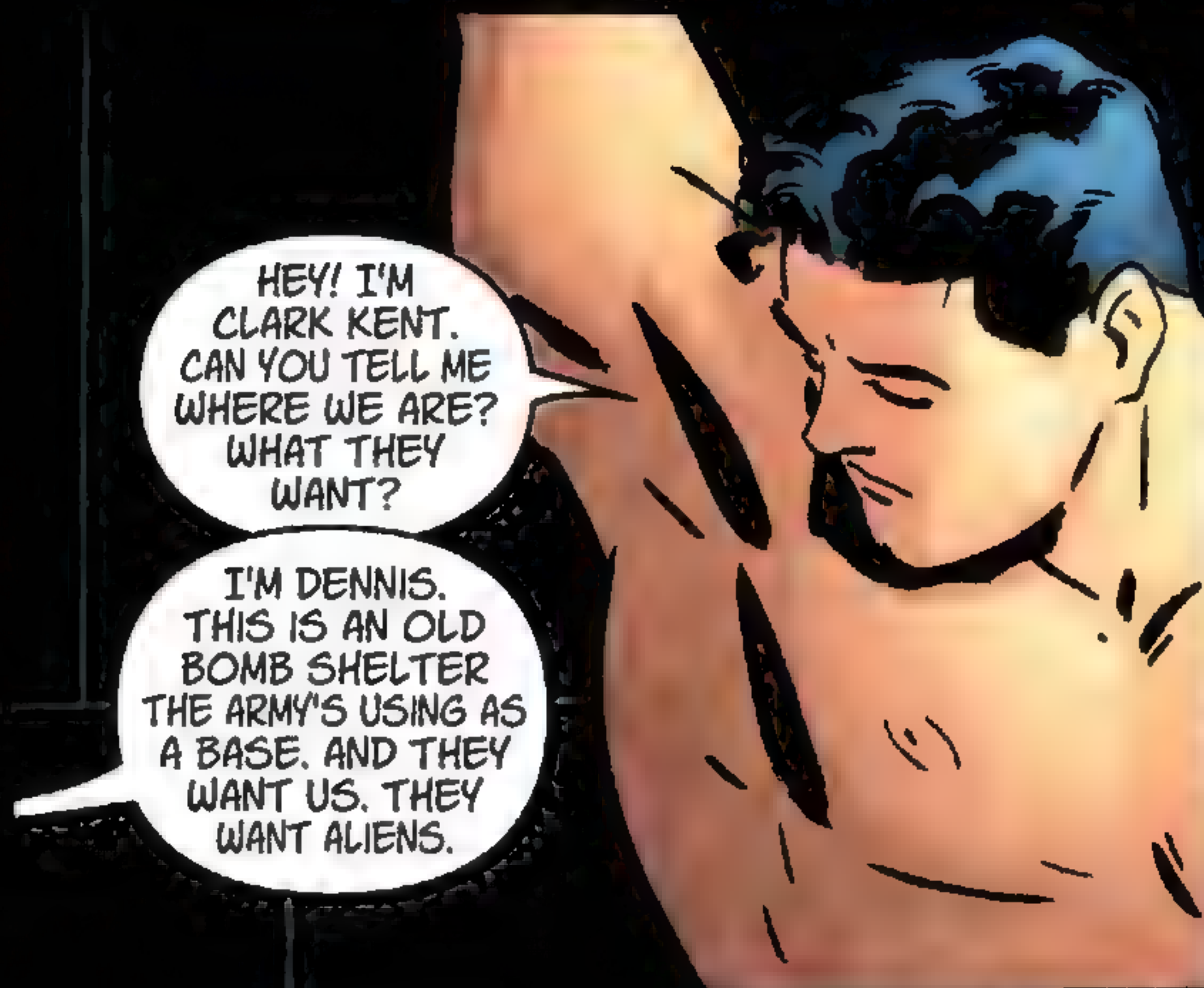






BUT...
I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING!

THEY
WON'T ANSWER
YOU.



HEY! I'M
CLARK KENT.
CAN YOU TELL ME
WHERE WE ARE?
WHAT THEY
WANT?

I'M DENNIS.
THIS IS AN OLD
BOMB SHELTER
THE ARMY'S USING AS
A BASE. AND THEY
WANT US. THEY
WANT ALIENS.

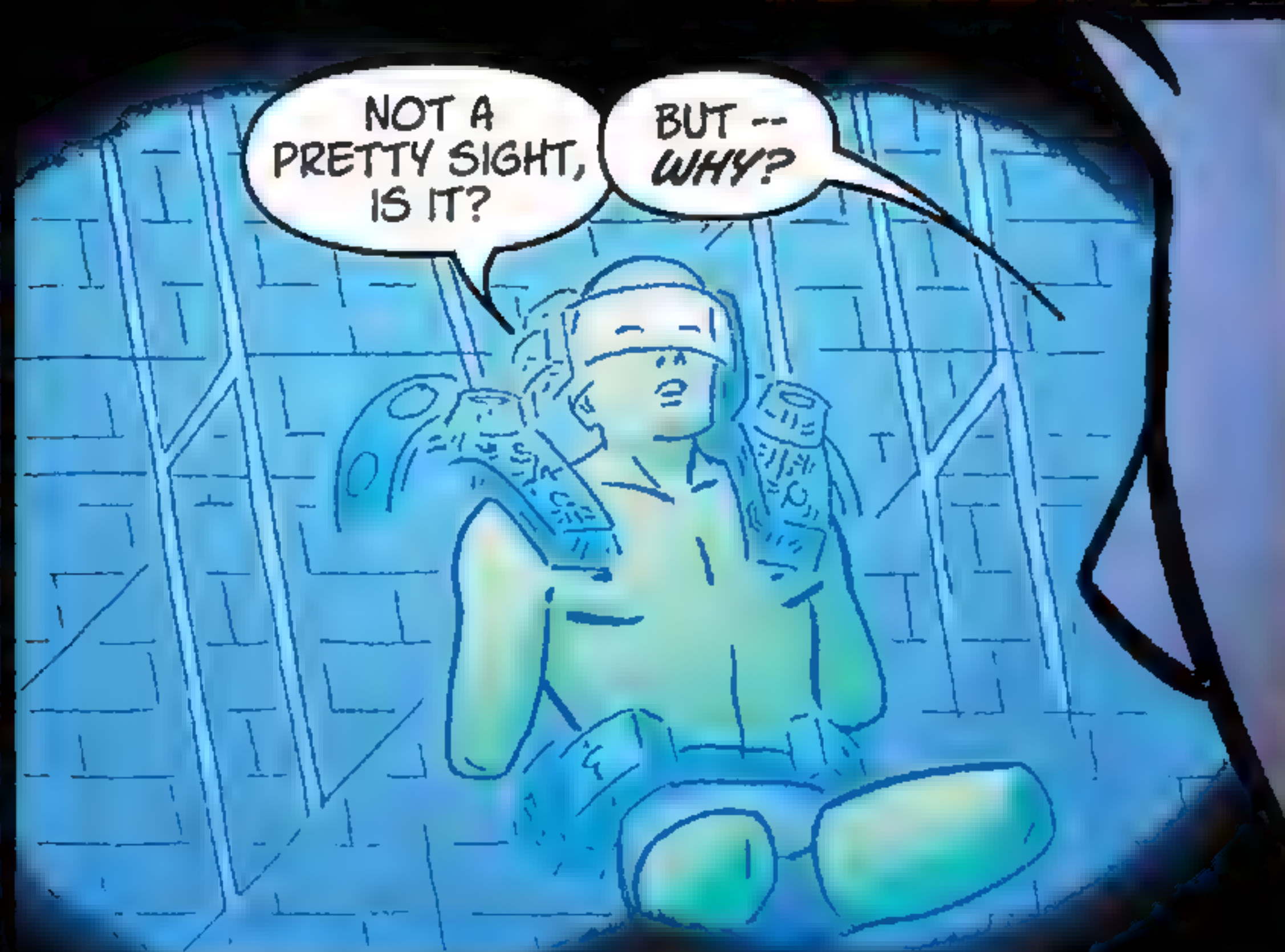


CAN WE ESCAPE?
GET OUT OF
HERE?

I DON'T THINK SO.
THEY'VE DONE
SOMETHING TO
ME. I USED TO BE
STRONG. REAL
STRONG. NOW I CAN'T
EVEN LIFT A
FINGER.

HOLD ON,
LET ME TRY
SOMETHING. I CAN
SEE THROUGH WALLS,
IF I CONCENTRATE.
I --

OH, MY
GOD!



NOT A
PRETTY SIGHT,
IS IT?

BUT --
WHY?



WHY?
BECAUSE THEY
DON'T WANT ME TO
ATTACK, FLEE, OR WIPE
MY NOSE WITHOUT
THEIR SAY-SO.

I'M
AFRAID YOU'RE
NEXT.

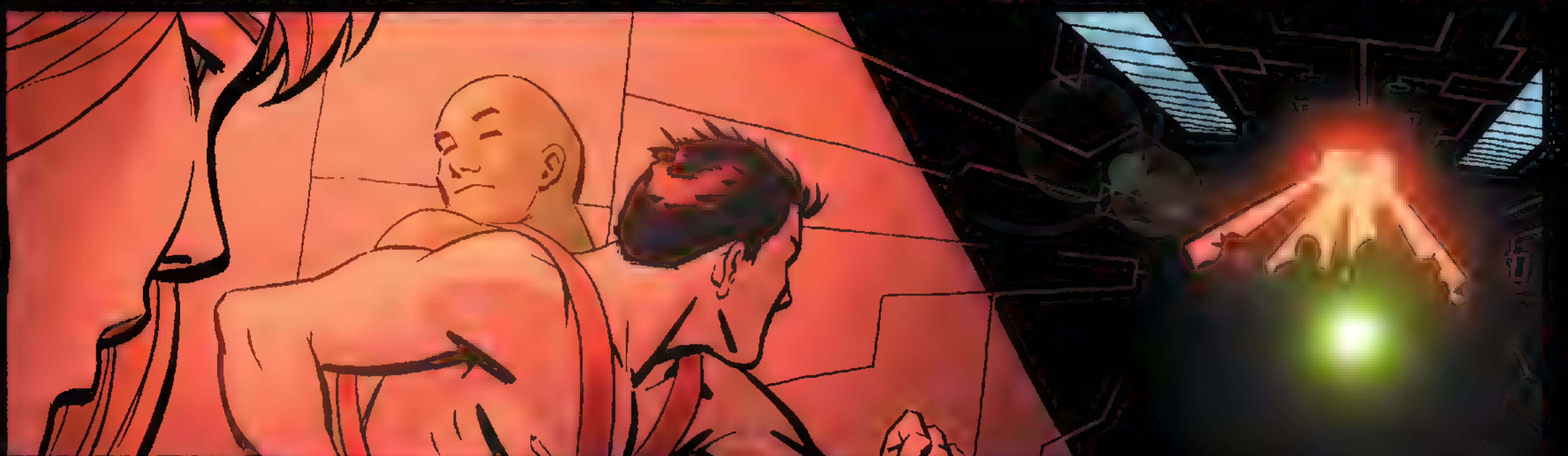
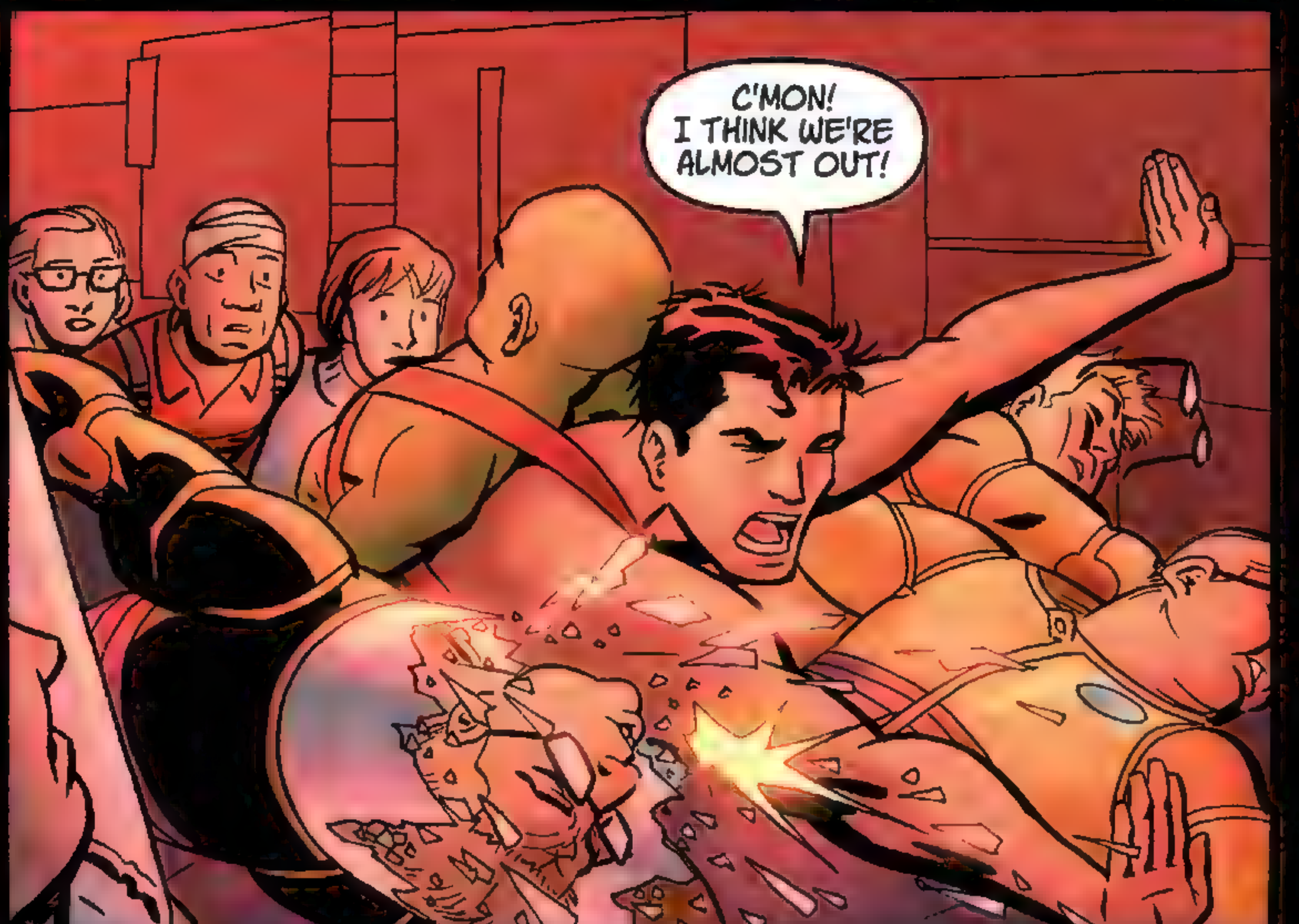
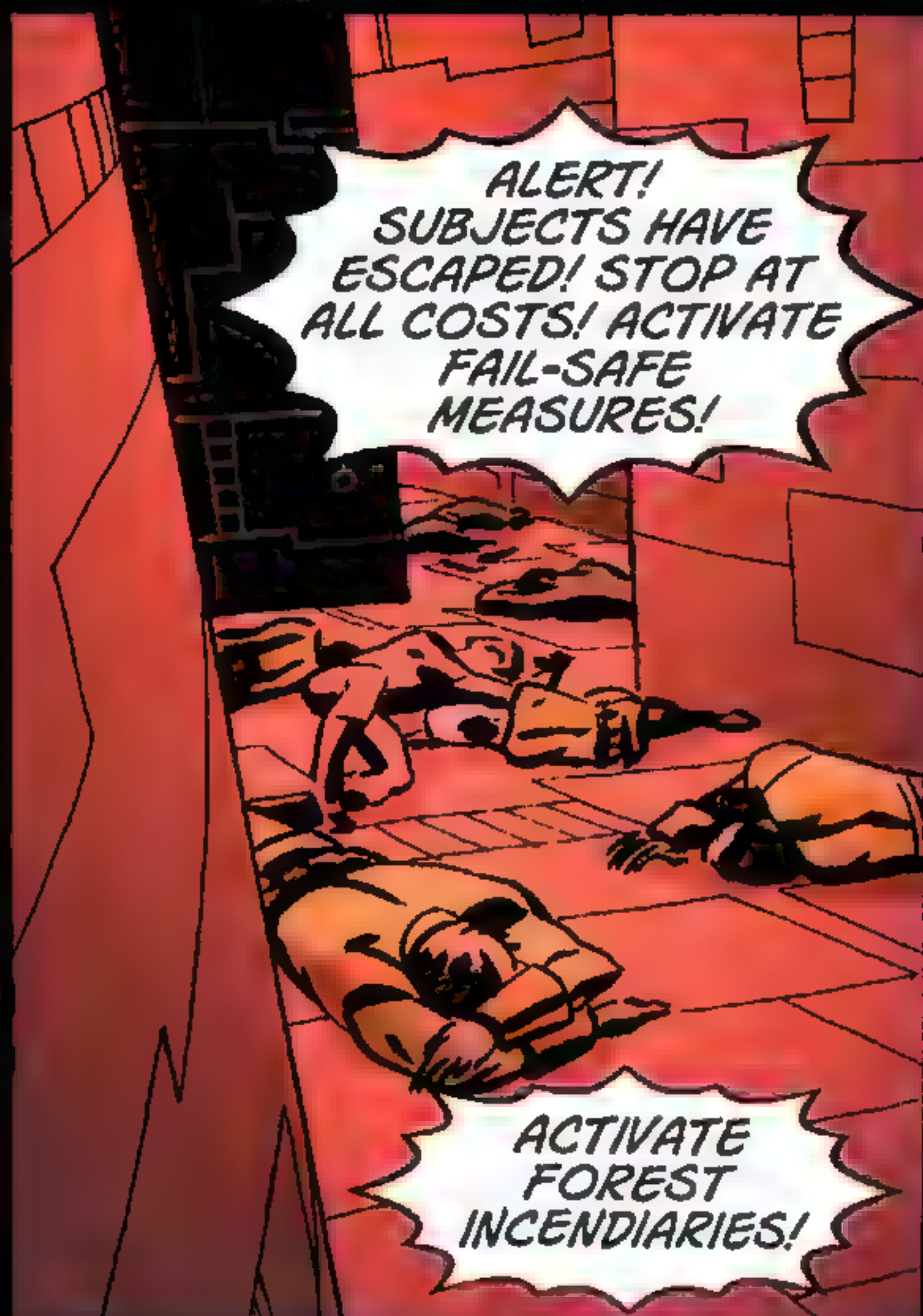


MR. KENT?
YOU'RE COMING
WITH US. WE'LL
NEED TO RUN
A FEW TESTS
ON YOU.



NO! YOU
WON'T DO
THAT TO
ME!

WAIT --
ACK!



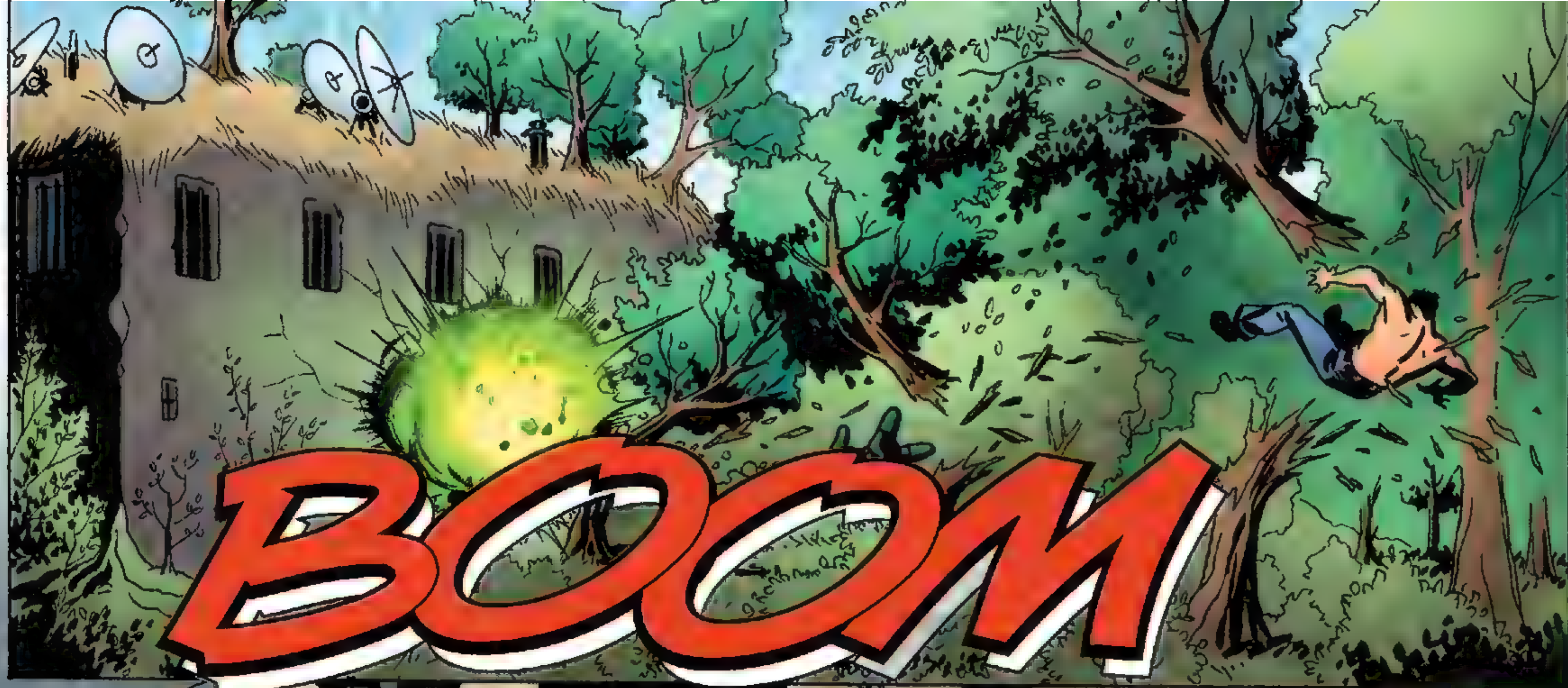


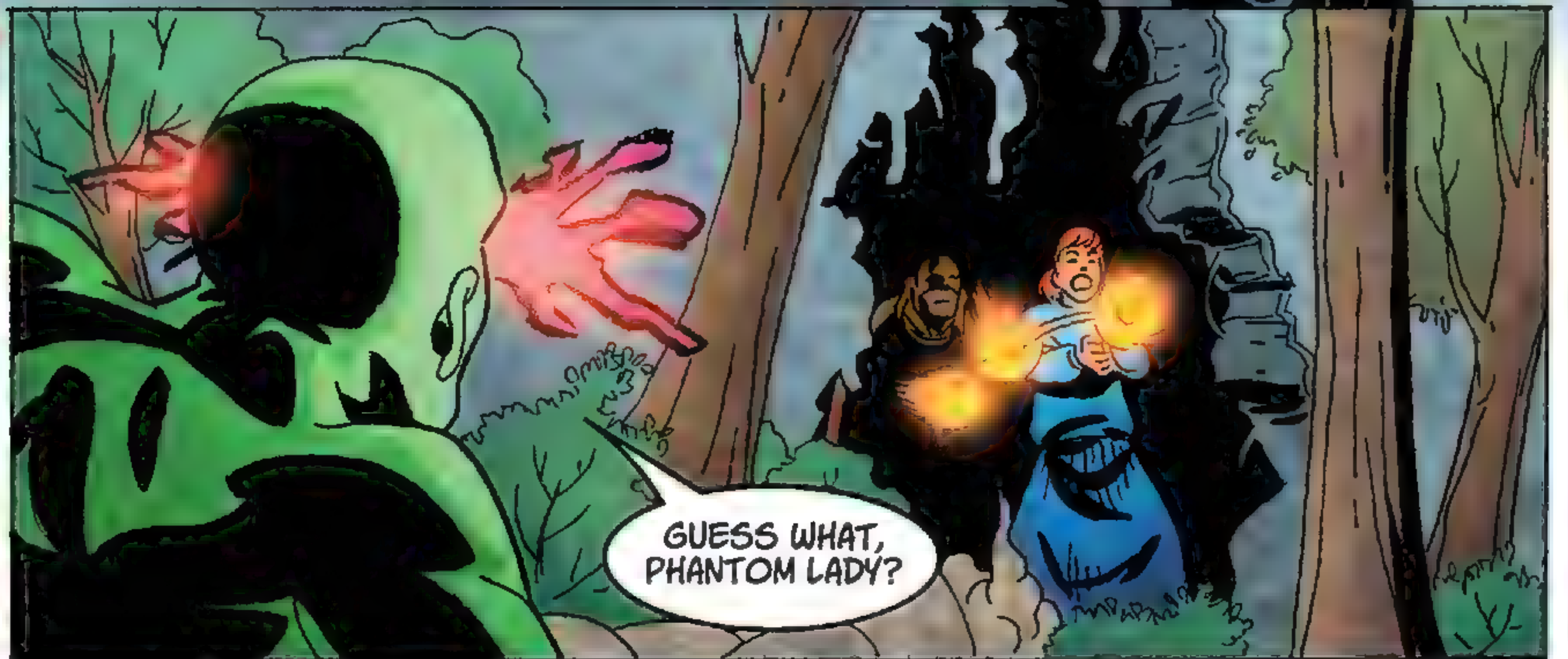
NO.
YOU'RE
NOT.

GREEN LANTERN. WONDER WOMAN.
DOCTOR FATE. THE ATOM. THE FLASH.
HOURMAN. PHANTOM LADY.
HEROES ONE AND ALL.

THIS IS WORSE
THAN THE MOVIE.

BECAUSE NOW
THEY'RE AFTER
ME.

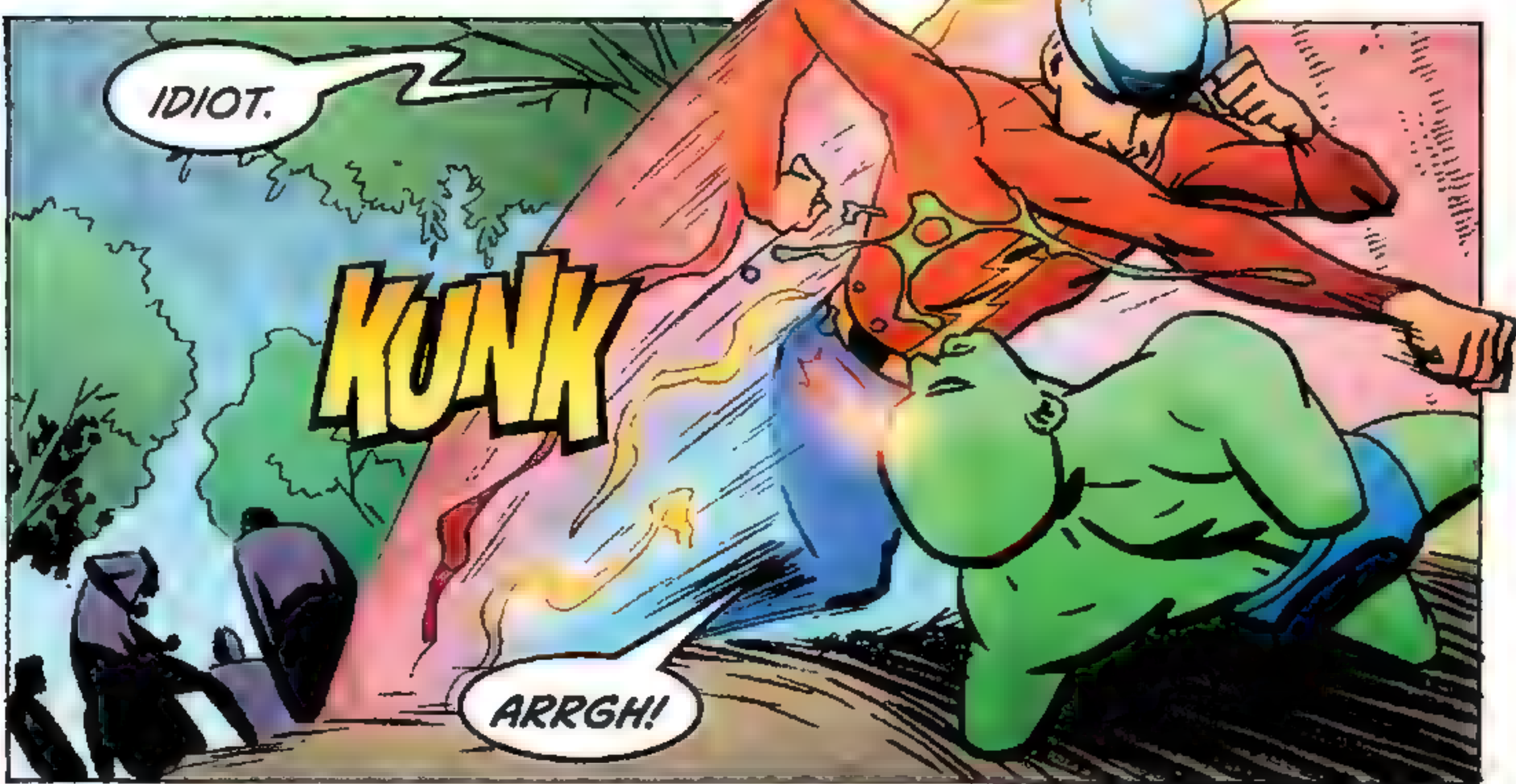








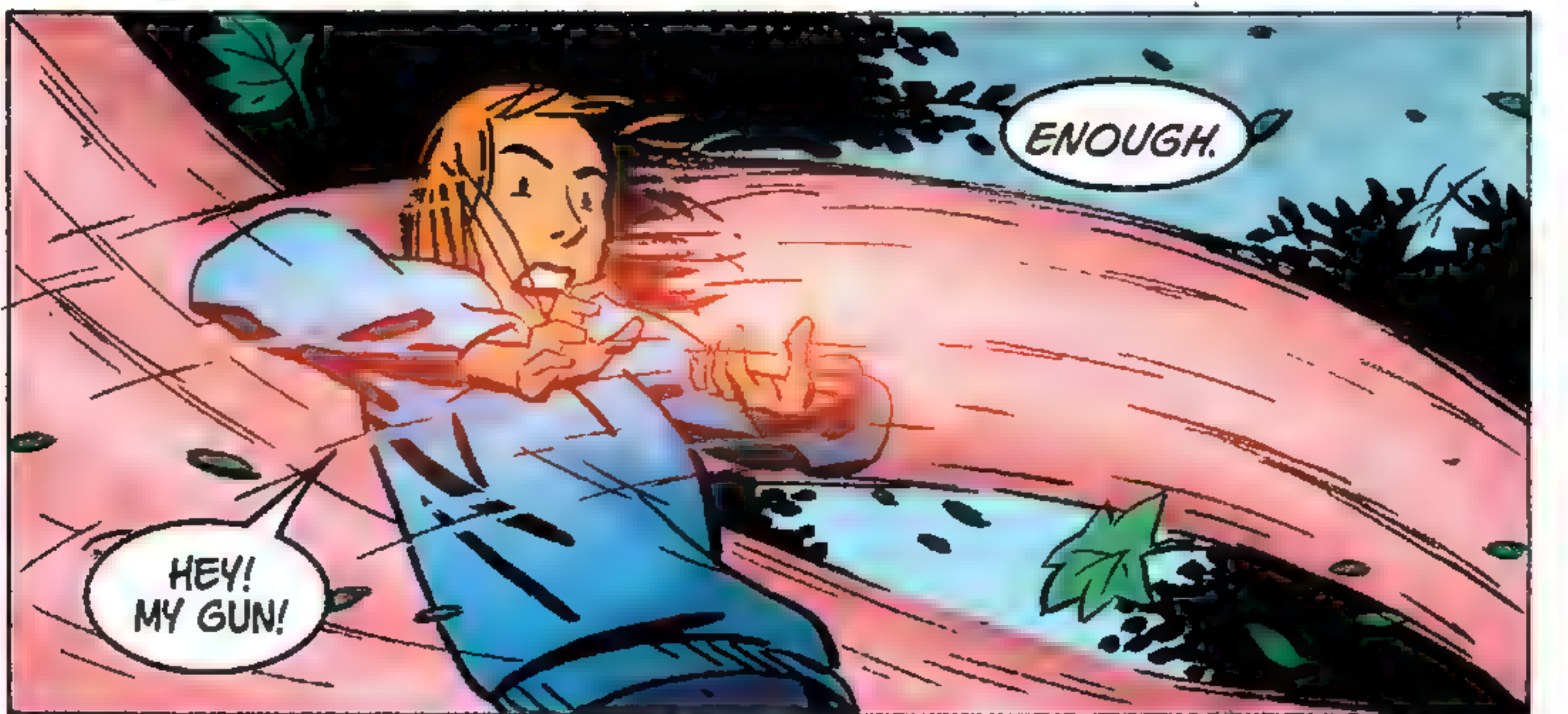
STAY
BEHIND ME. I
THINK I CAN HOLD
THEM BACK.



IDIOT.

KUNK

ARRGH!



ENOUGH.

HEY!
MY GUN!



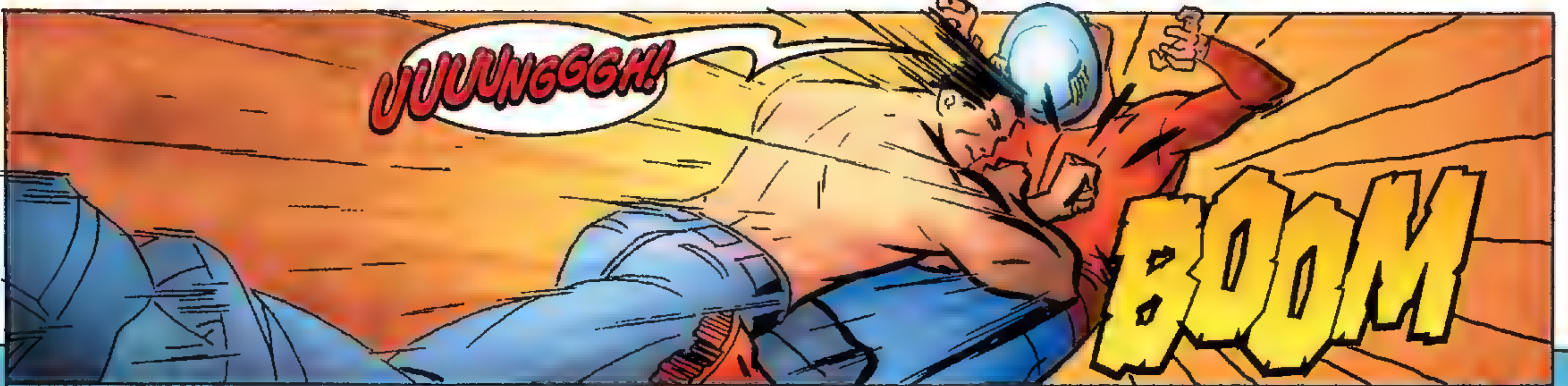
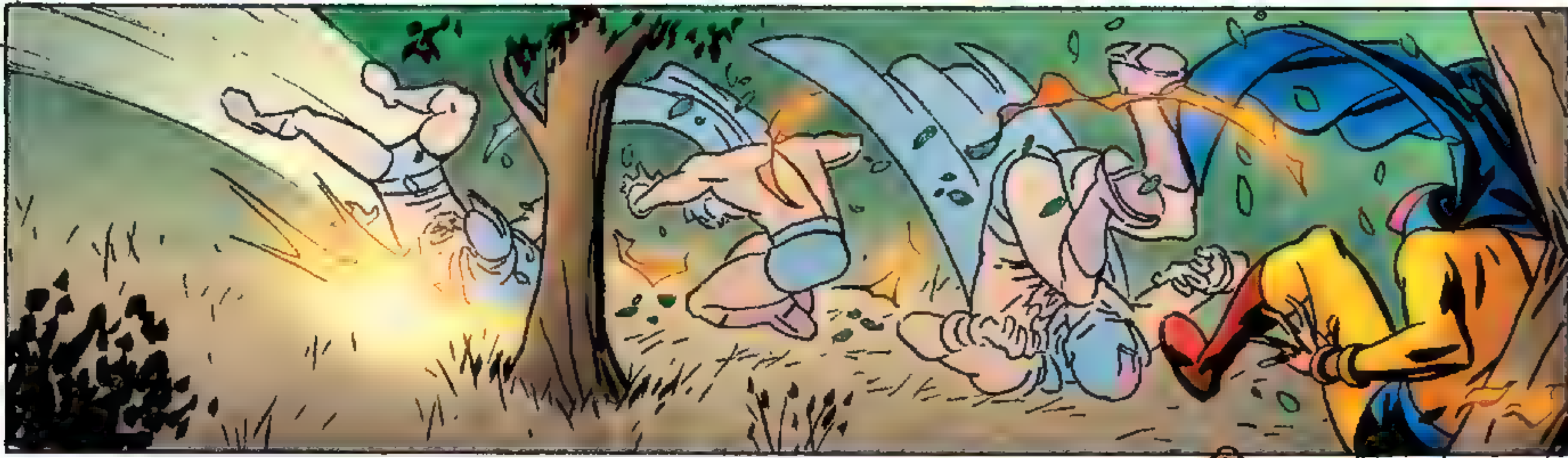
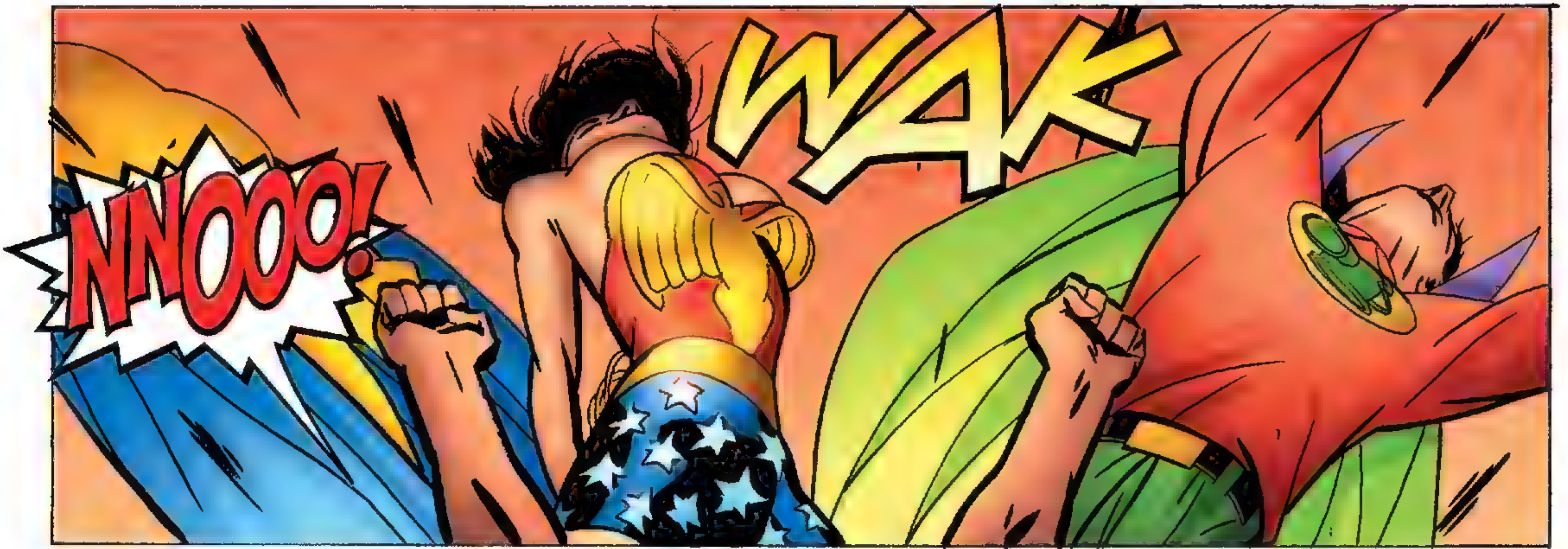
WE'VE TRIED TO
BE PATIENT.

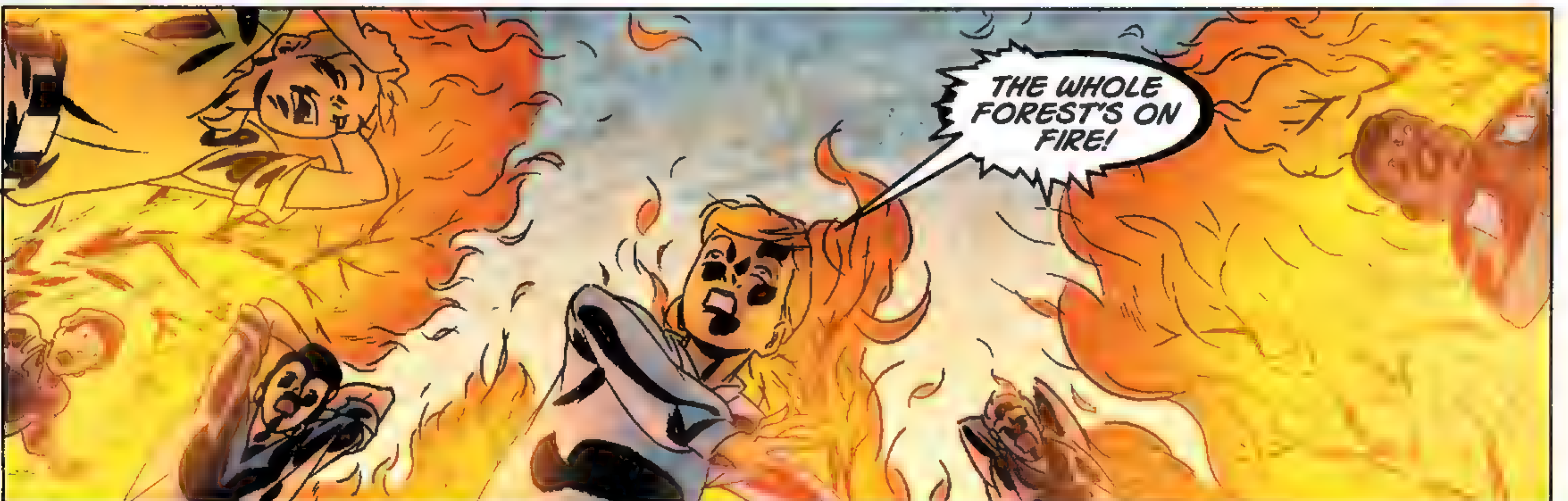
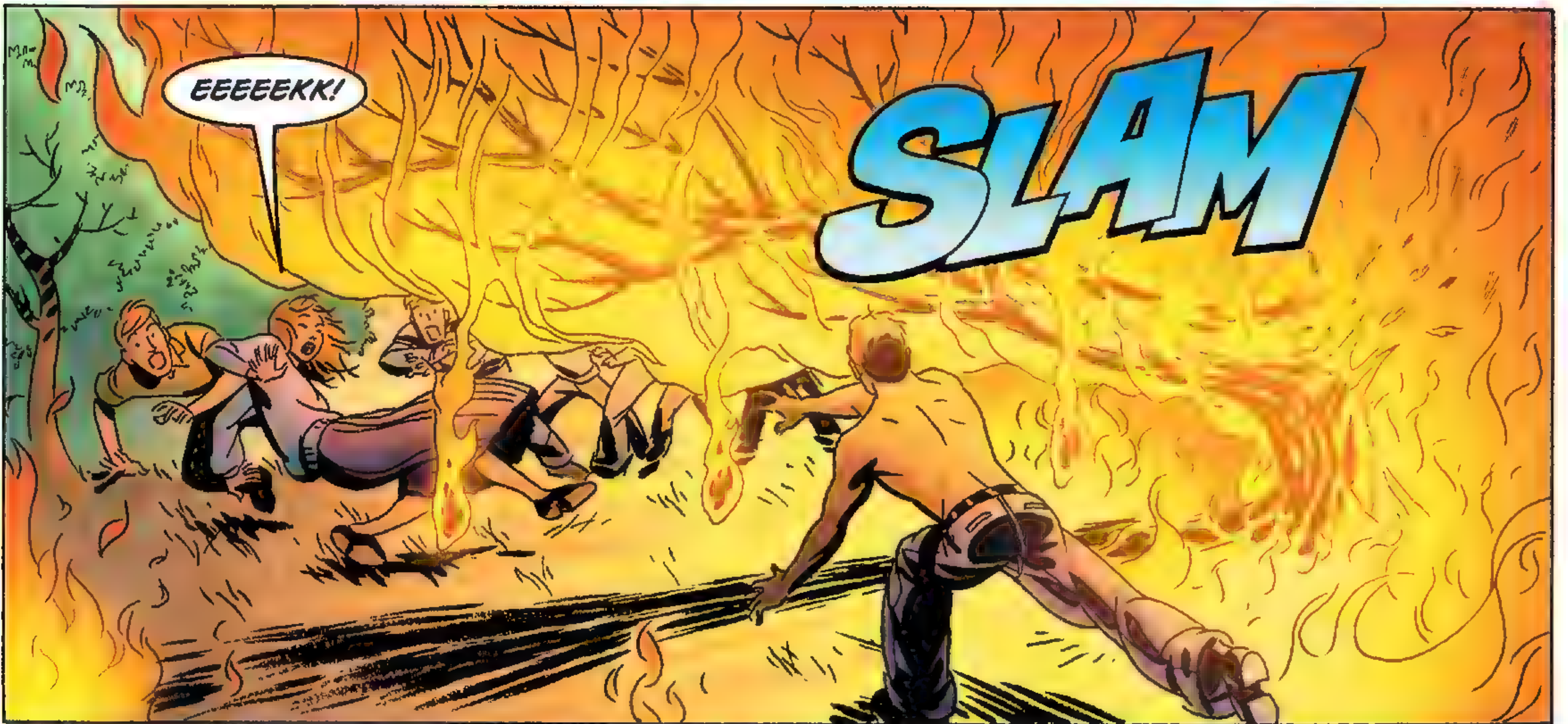


IF YOU'RE HELPING THAT
ALIEN, YOU'RE AS BAD
AS HE IS.



NO.

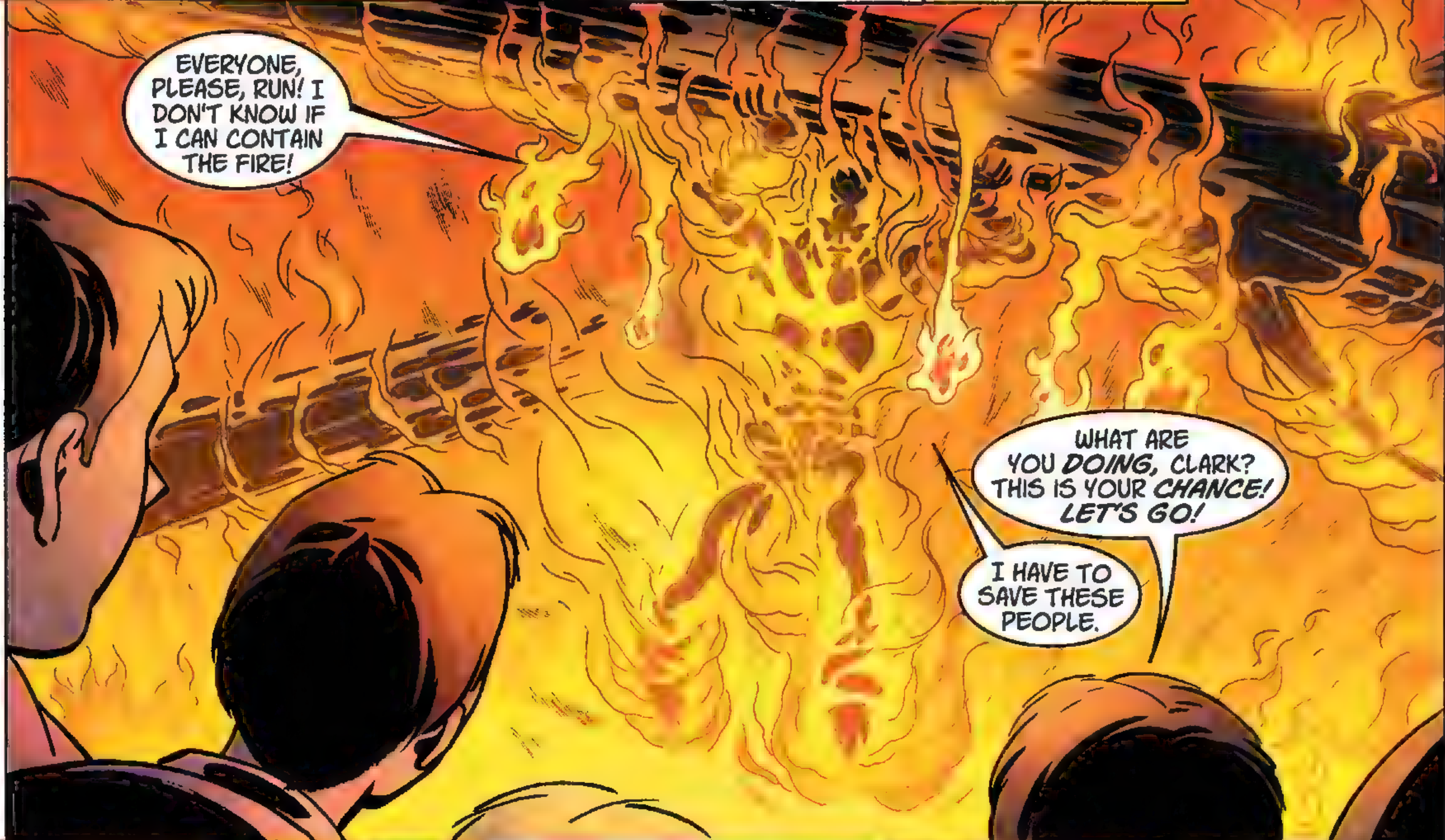






CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

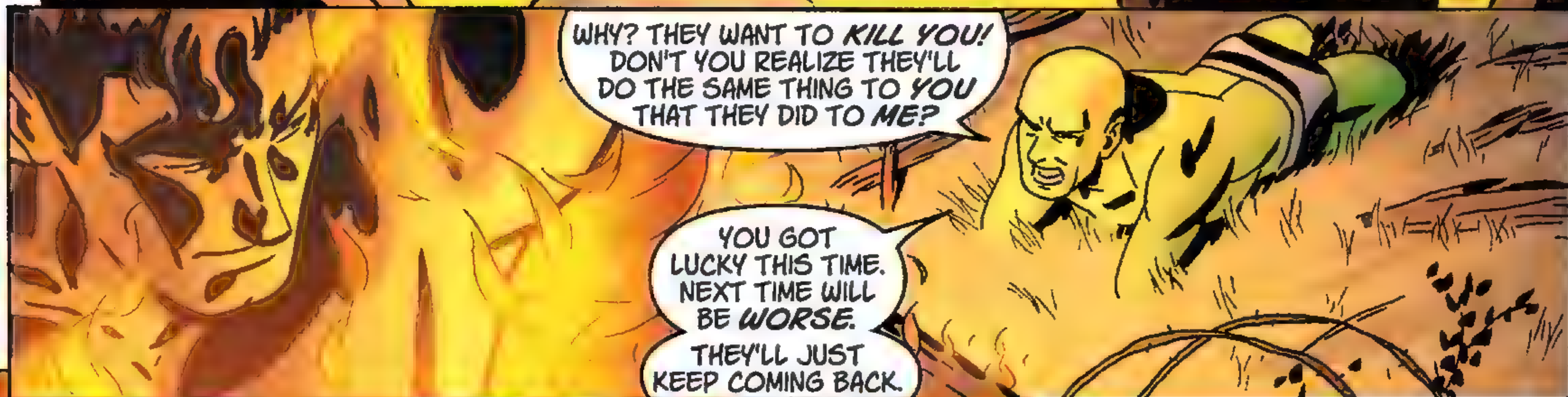
IT'S NOT WORKING. MY POWER DOESN'T AFFECT WOOD!



EVERYONE, PLEASE, RUN! I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN CONTAIN THE FIRE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CLARK? THIS IS YOUR CHANCE! LET'S GO!

I HAVE TO SAVE THESE PEOPLE.



WHY? THEY WANT TO KILL YOU! DON'T YOU REALIZE THEY'LL DO THE SAME THING TO YOU THAT THEY DID TO ME?

YOU GOT LUCKY THIS TIME. NEXT TIME WILL BE WORSE. THEY'LL JUST KEEP COMING BACK.



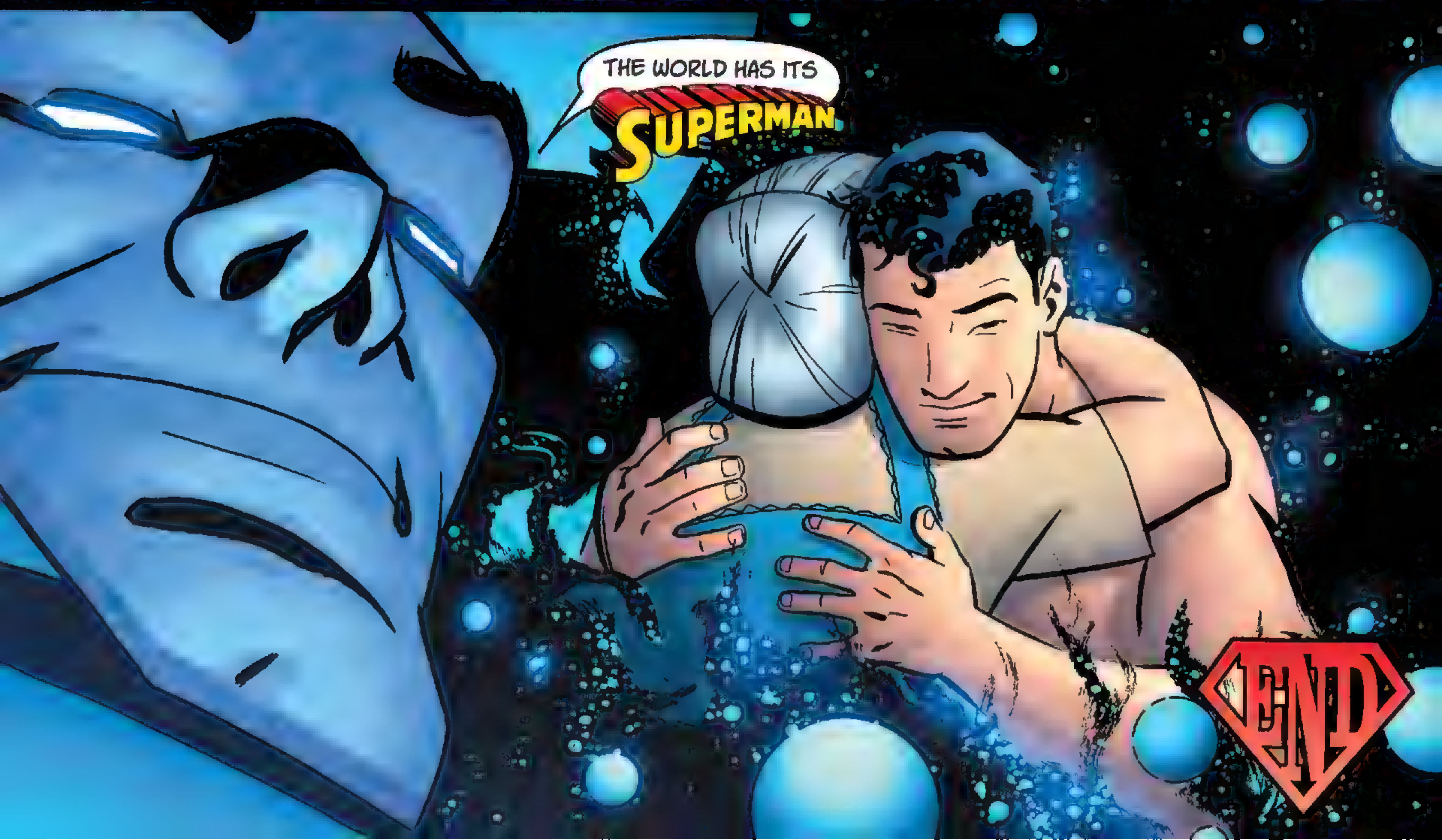
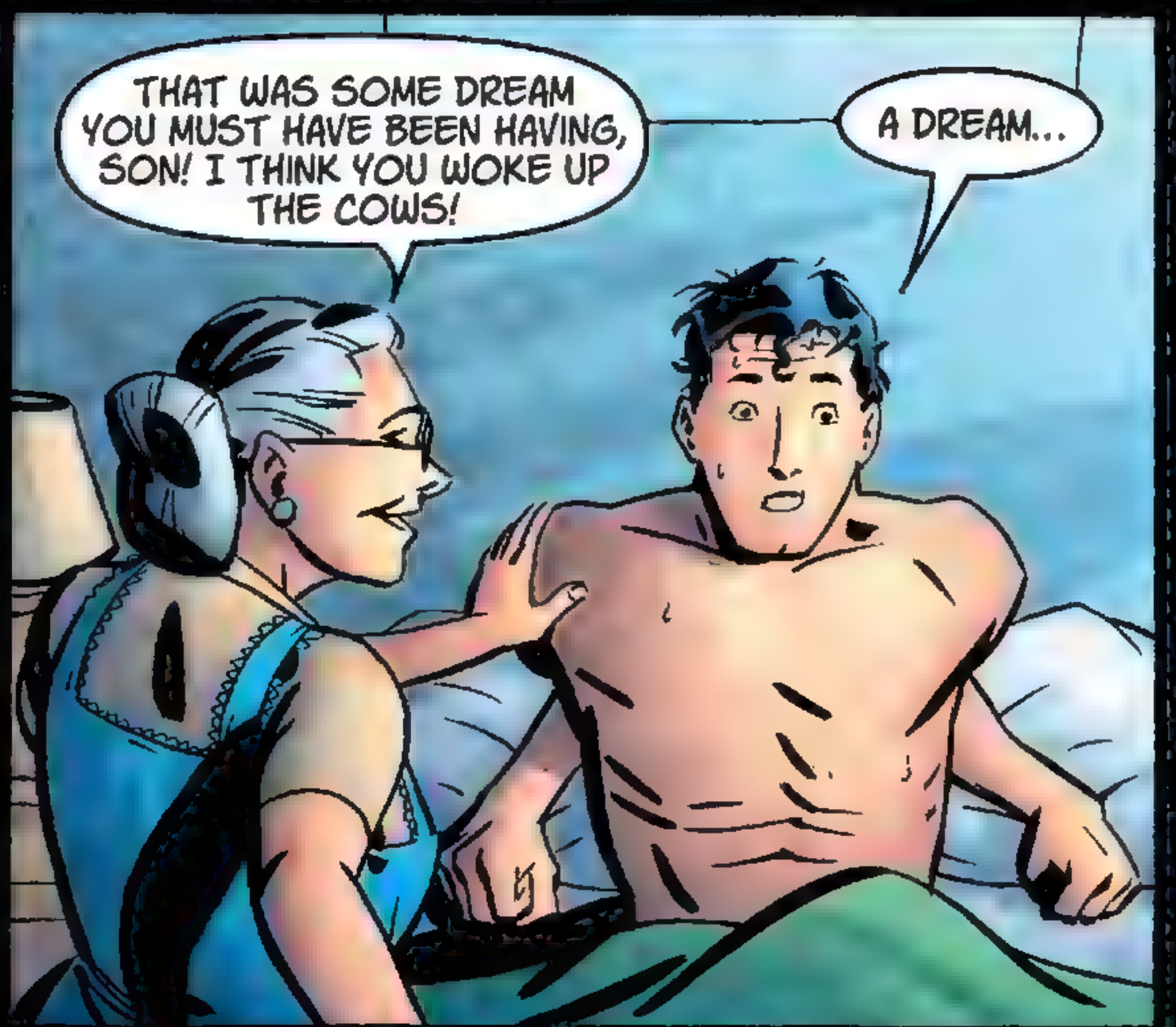
I HAVE TO HOPE THEY'LL LEARN, THAT THEY'LL CHANGE.

I MAY BE AN ALIEN, BUT AS LONG AS I HAVE HOPE. I HAVE MY HUMANITY.

IF I LOSE THAT. I'M THE MONSTER THEY SAY I AM.



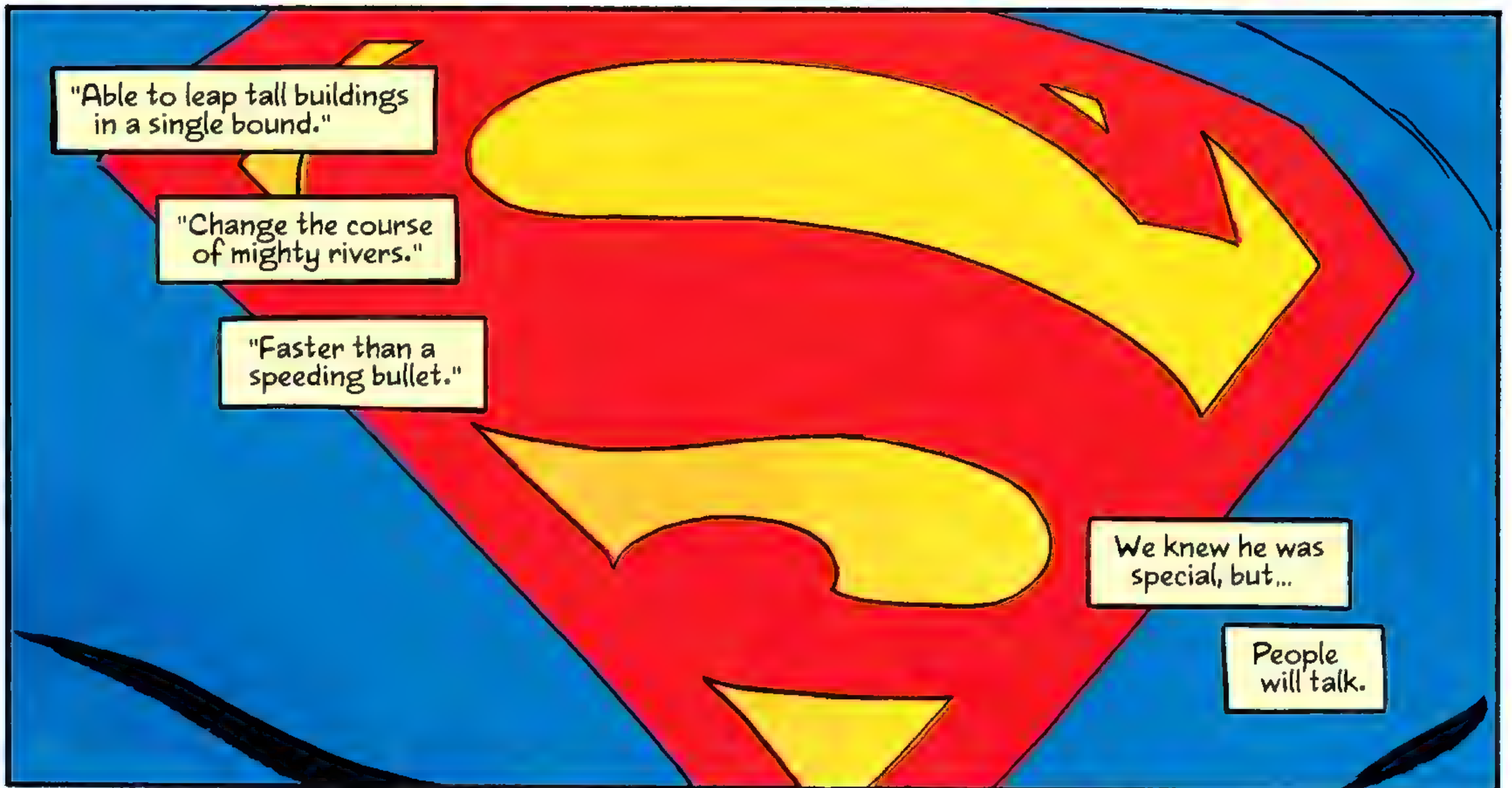
THEN WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH. WAKE UP, CLARK KENT.





Folks tend to call him
"The Man of Steel"
nowadays.

I guess that he's the most
famous person in the world...
Not that he was ever interested
in being famous in the first place.



"Able to leap tall buildings
in a single bound."

"Change the course
of mighty rivers."

"Faster than a
speeding bullet."

We knew he was
special, but...

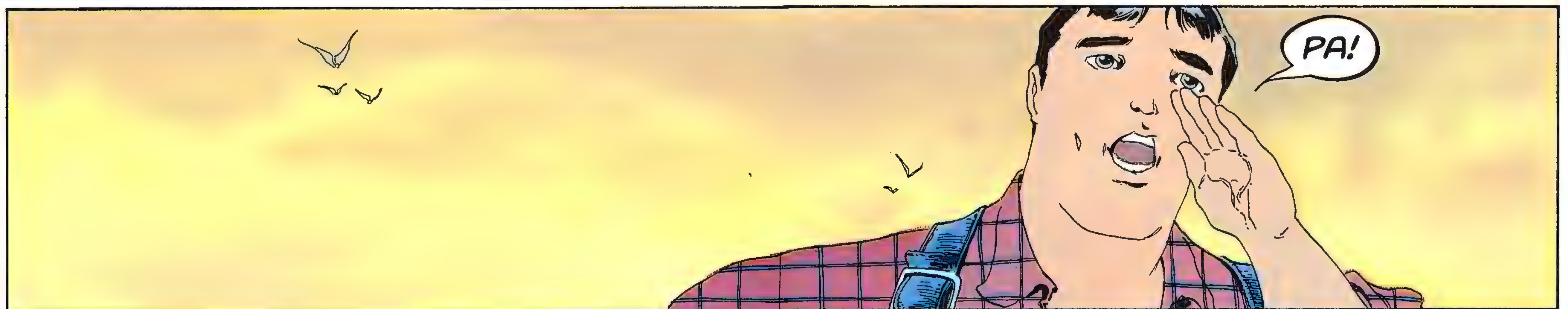
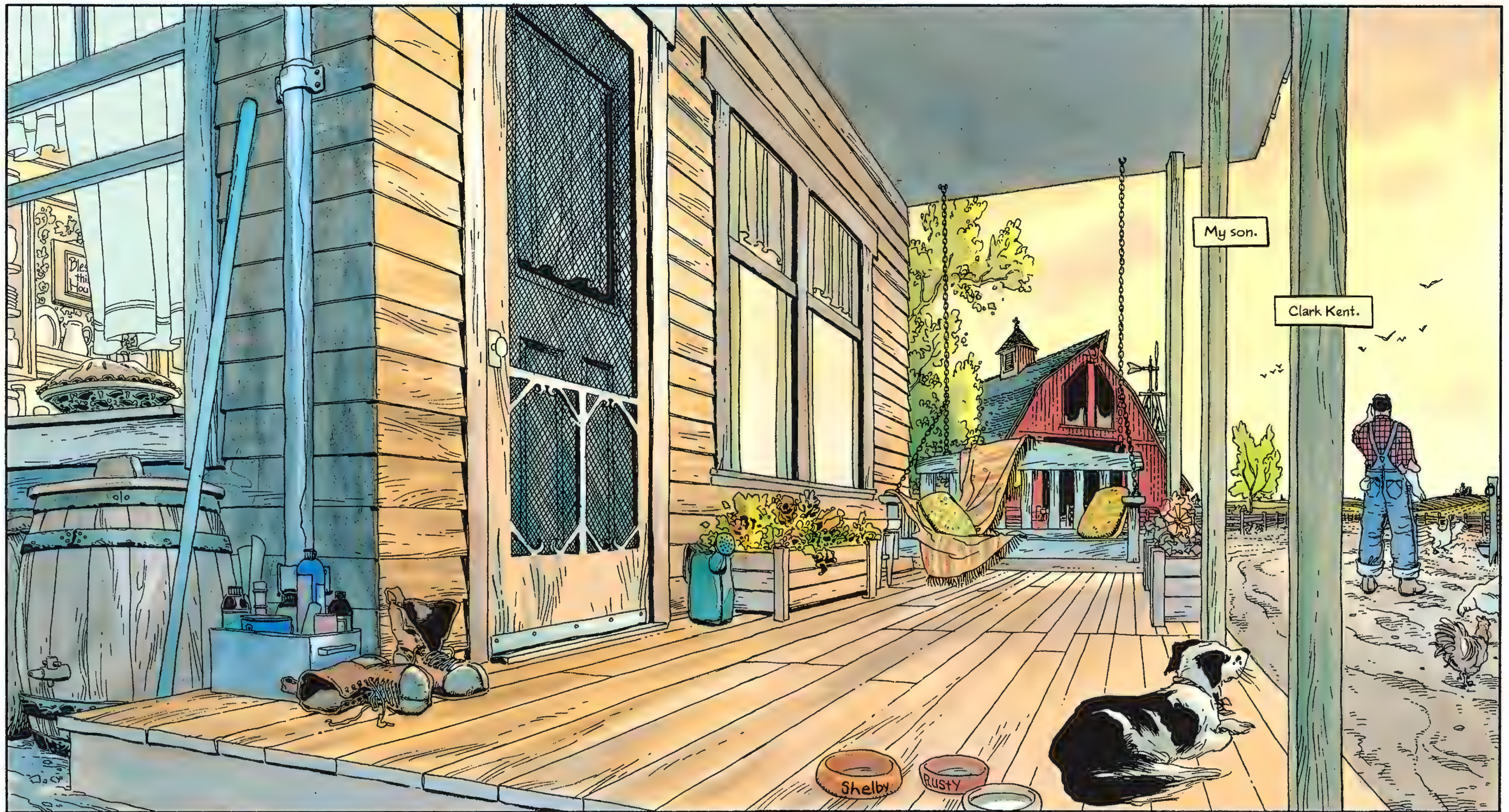
People
will talk.



Believe it or not,
there was a time
before all that.

When he
was just...

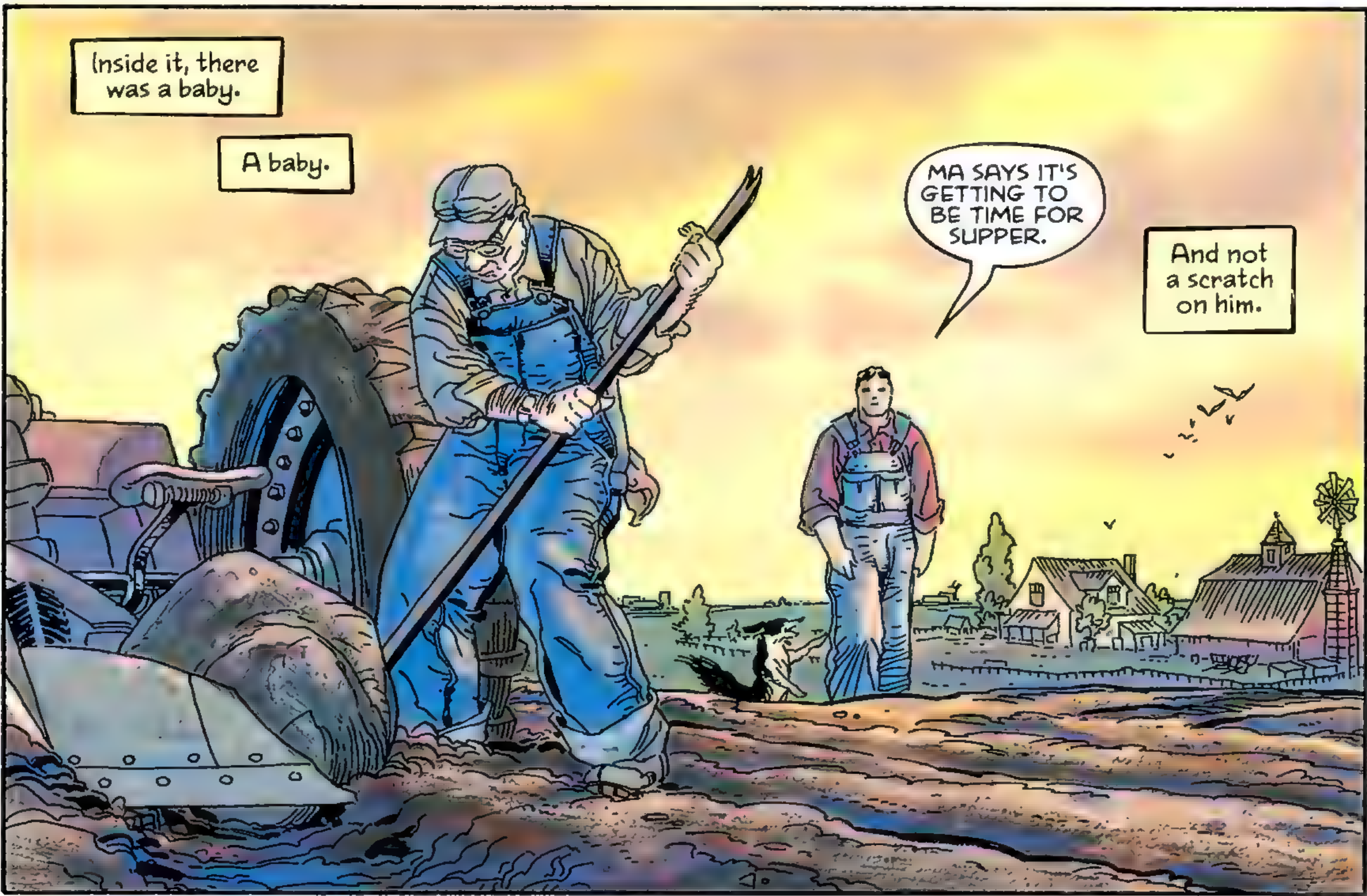
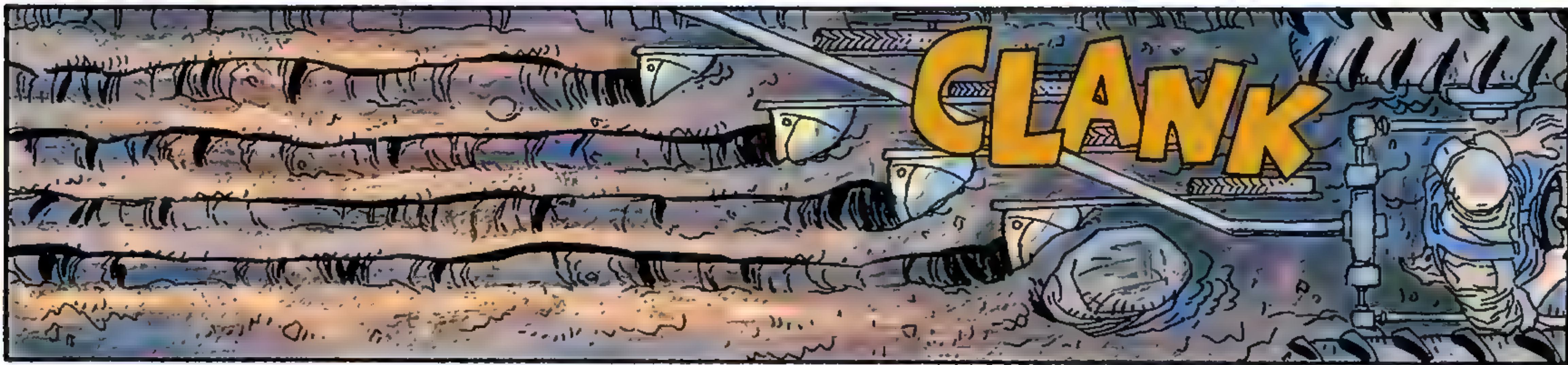
...a man's
son.





One night, years ago, a terrible whistling -- loudest thing you ever heard -- came out of the sky.

We drove over to the north field and found some kind of... rocket ship. To this day, I can't think of any other way to describe it.



Inside it, there was a baby.

A baby.

MA SAYS IT'S GETTING TO BE TIME FOR SUPPER.

And not a scratch on him.

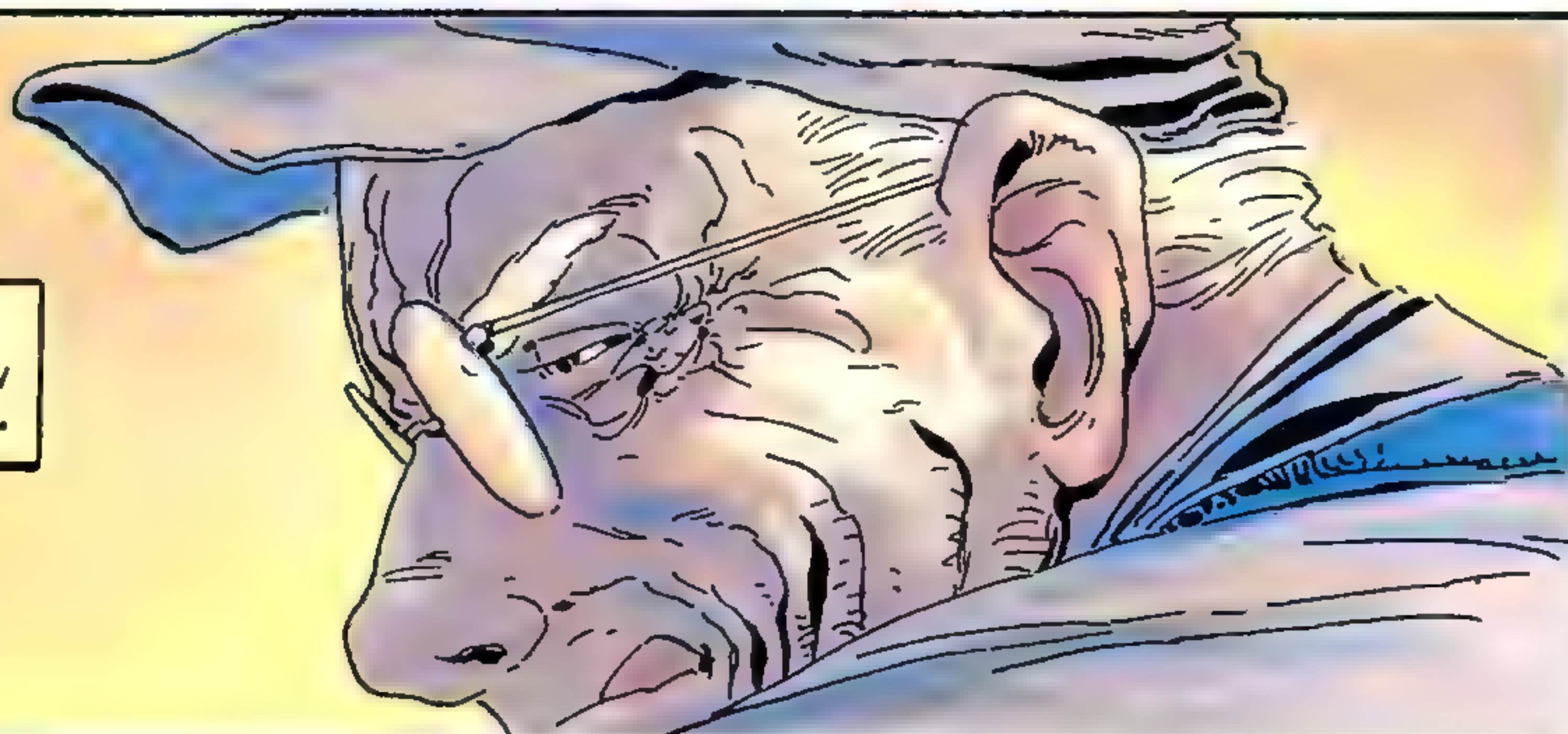
Never mind what kind
of fool puts a baby in a
rocket in the first place.

It takes an entirely
different kind of thinking to
then decide to keep the child
and call it your own.

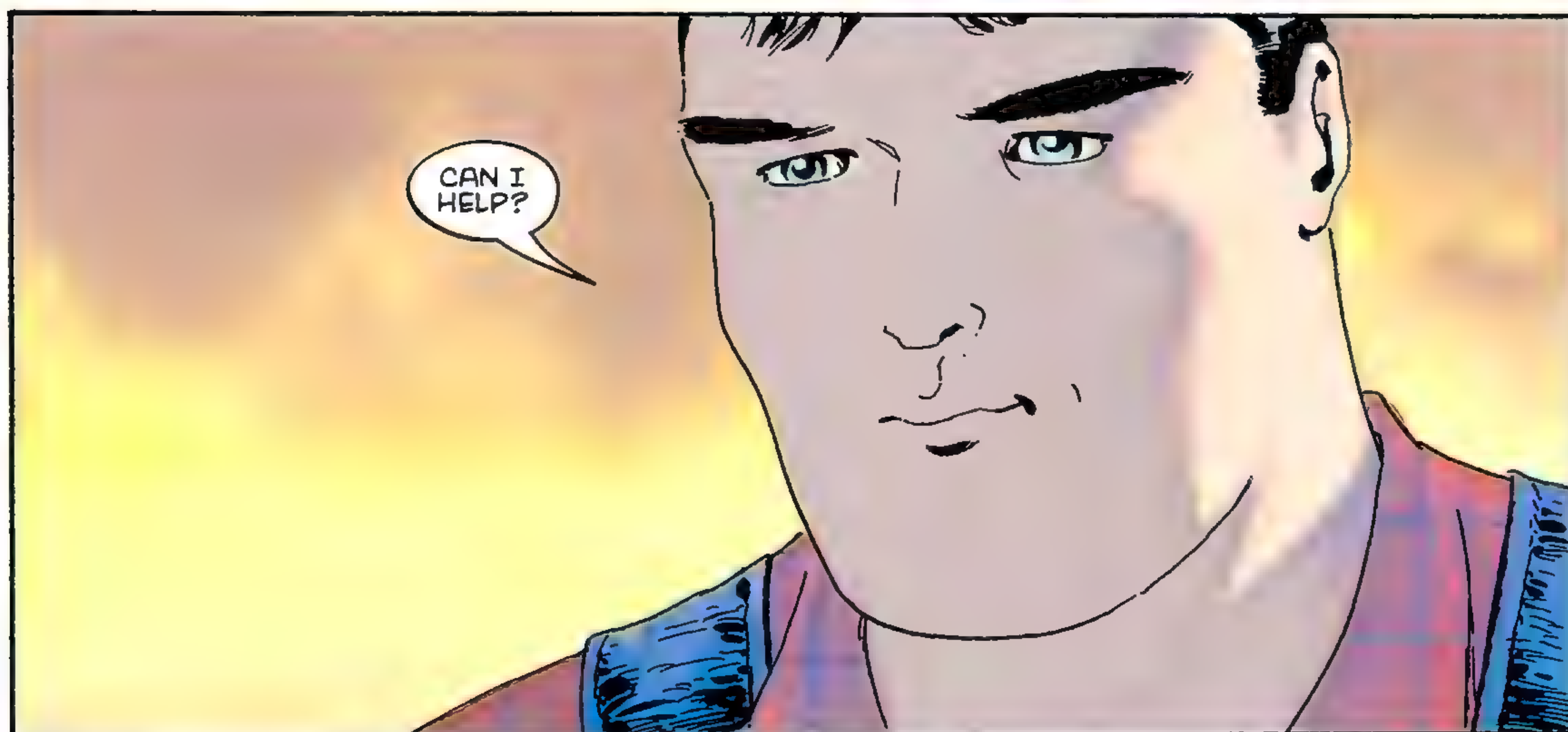


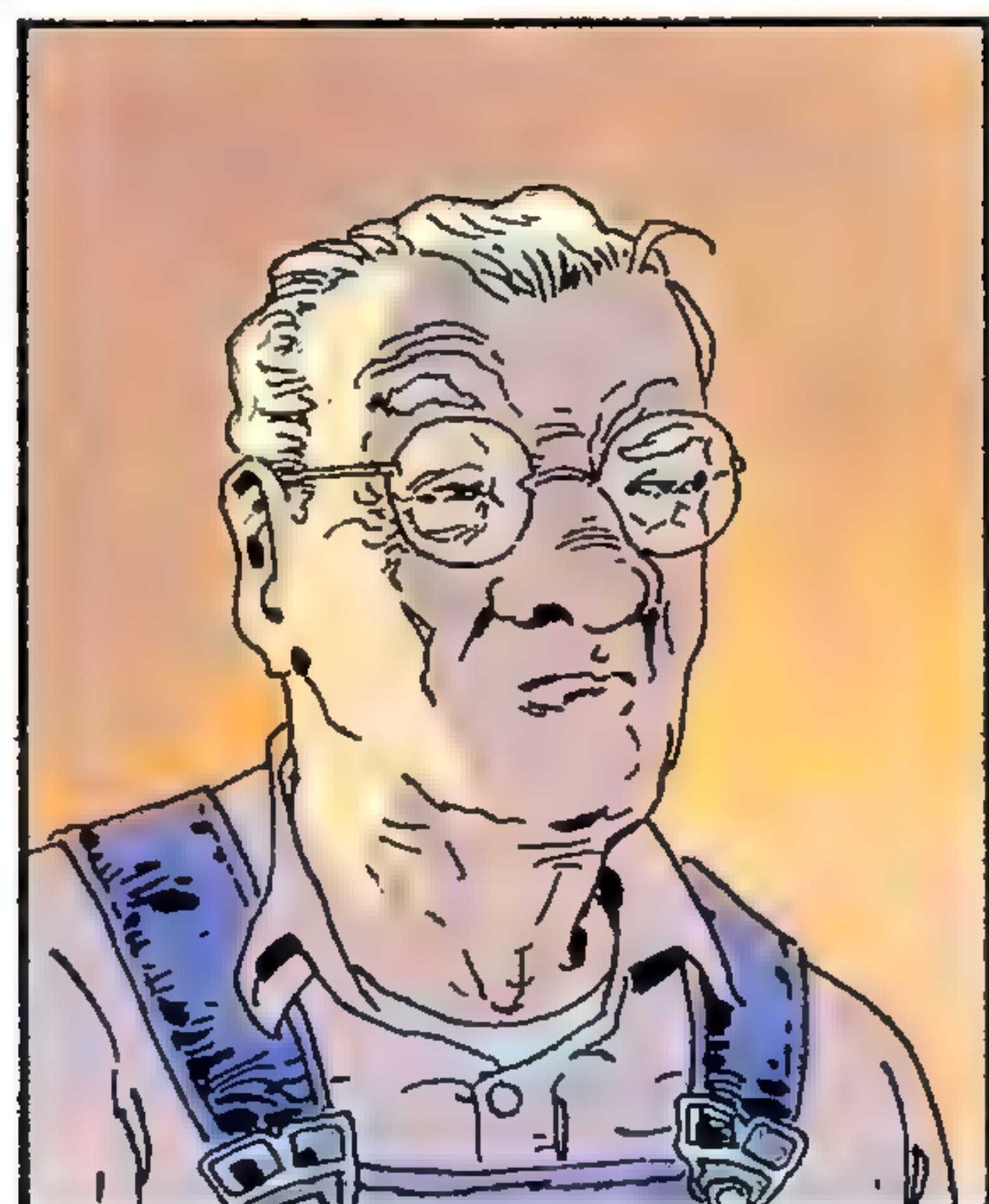
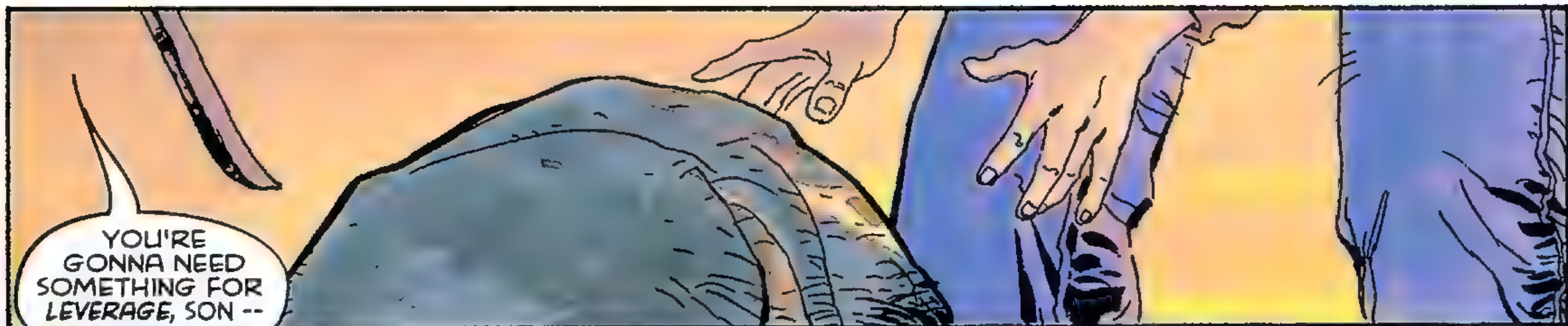
But, that's Martha for
you. Stubborn as a mule.
Twice as set in her ways.

Wonderful woman. Marry
her all over again tomorrow
if that's what she wanted.



CAN I
HELP?





It was Springtime in Kansas.
Clark was finishing out his
last year in high school.

Seemed like only
yesterday he was that
baby in that rocket...

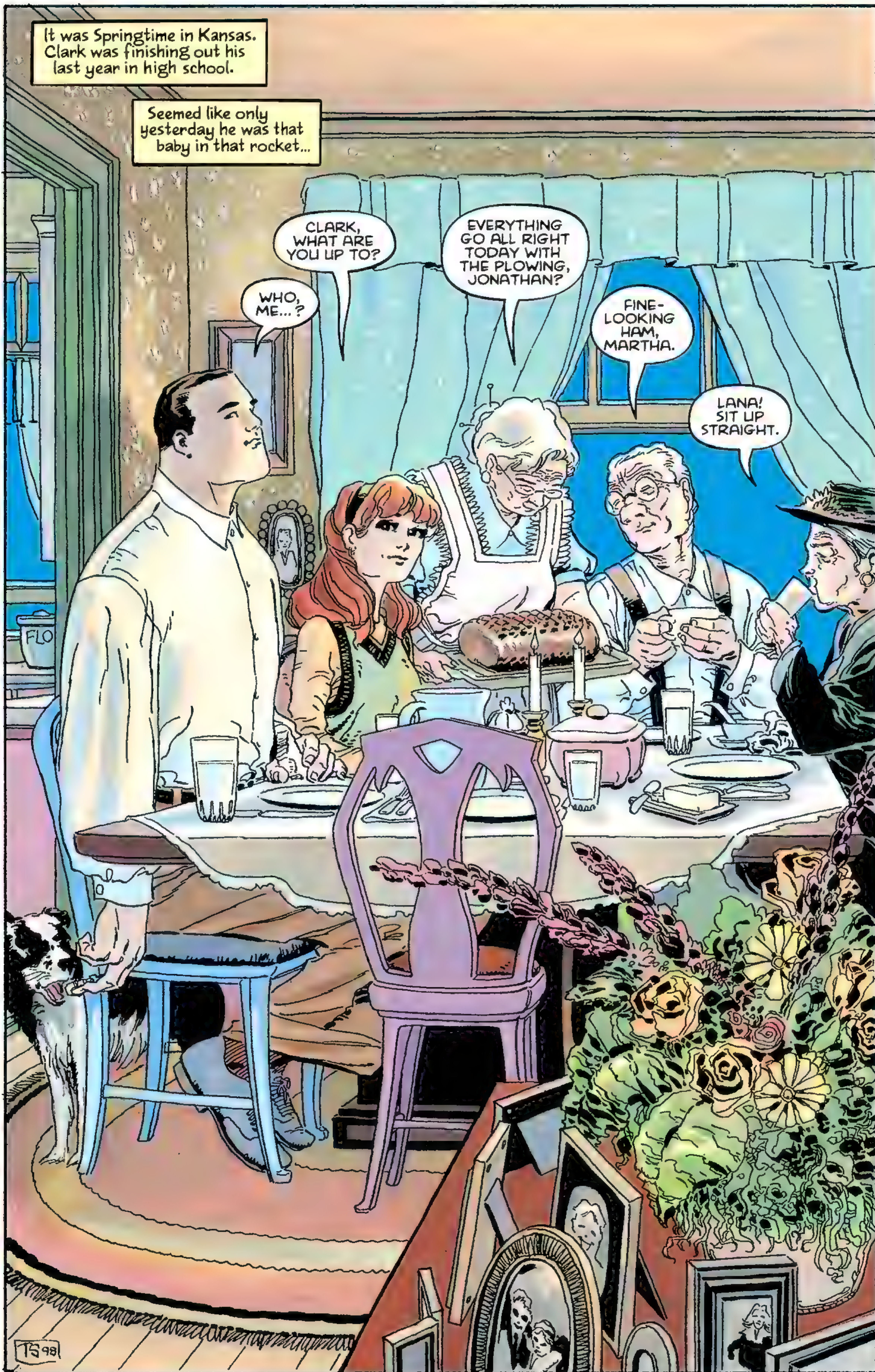
CLARK,
WHAT ARE
YOU UP TO?

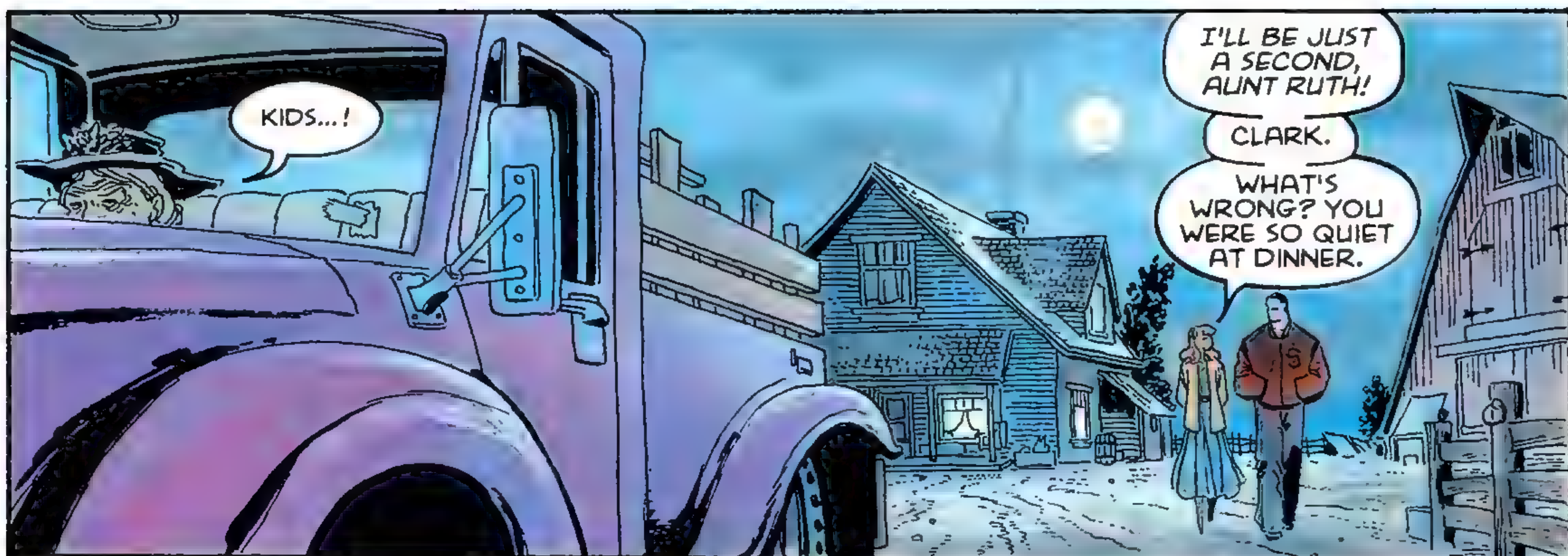
WHO,
ME...?

EVERYTHING
GO ALL RIGHT
TODAY WITH
THE PLOWING,
JONATHAN?

FINE-
LOOKING
HAM,
MARTHA.

LANA!
SIT UP
STRAIGHT.



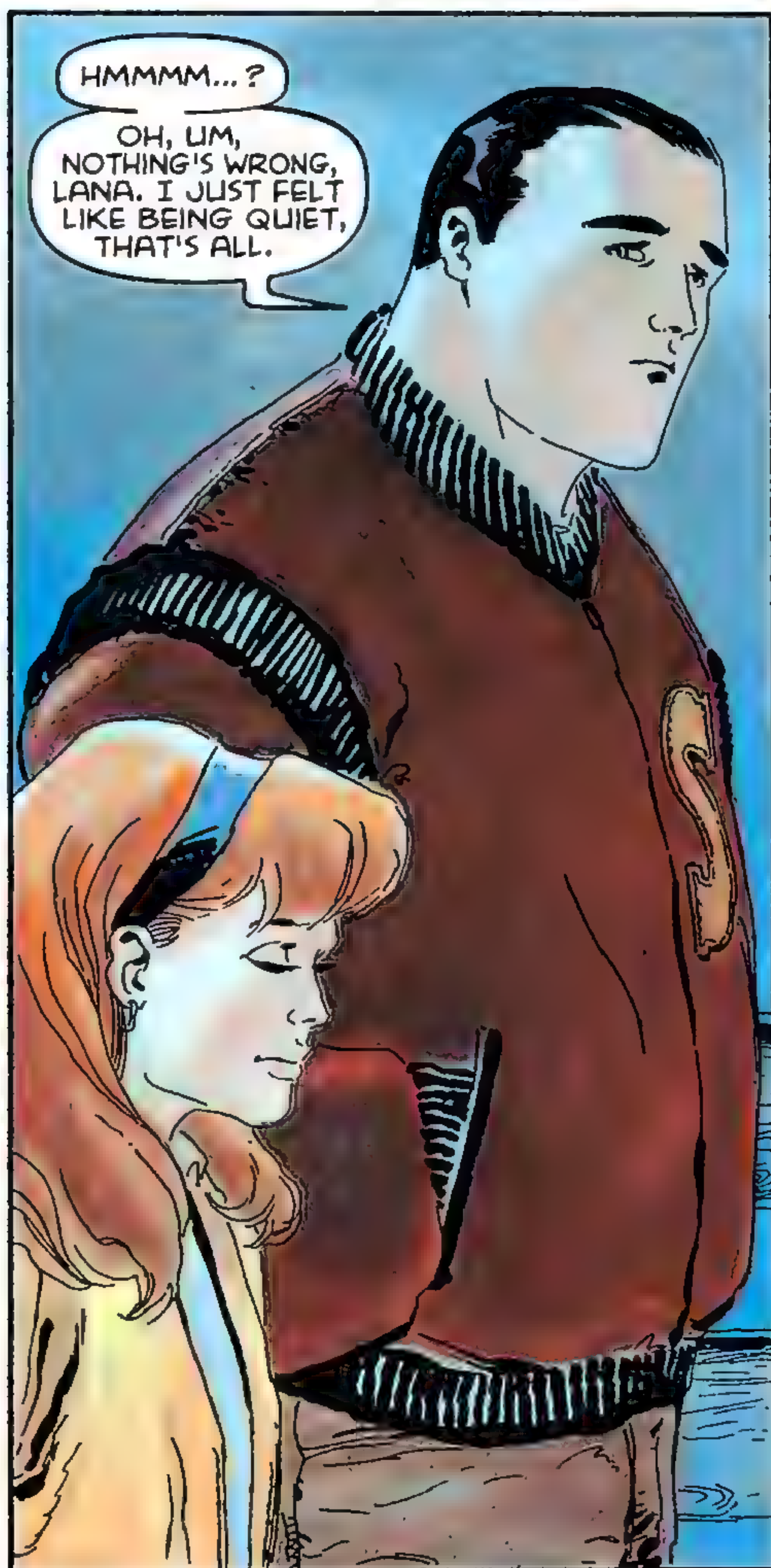


KIDS...!

I'LL BE JUST
A SECOND,
AUNT RUTH!

CLARK.

WHAT'S
WRONG? YOU
WERE SO QUIET
AT DINNER.



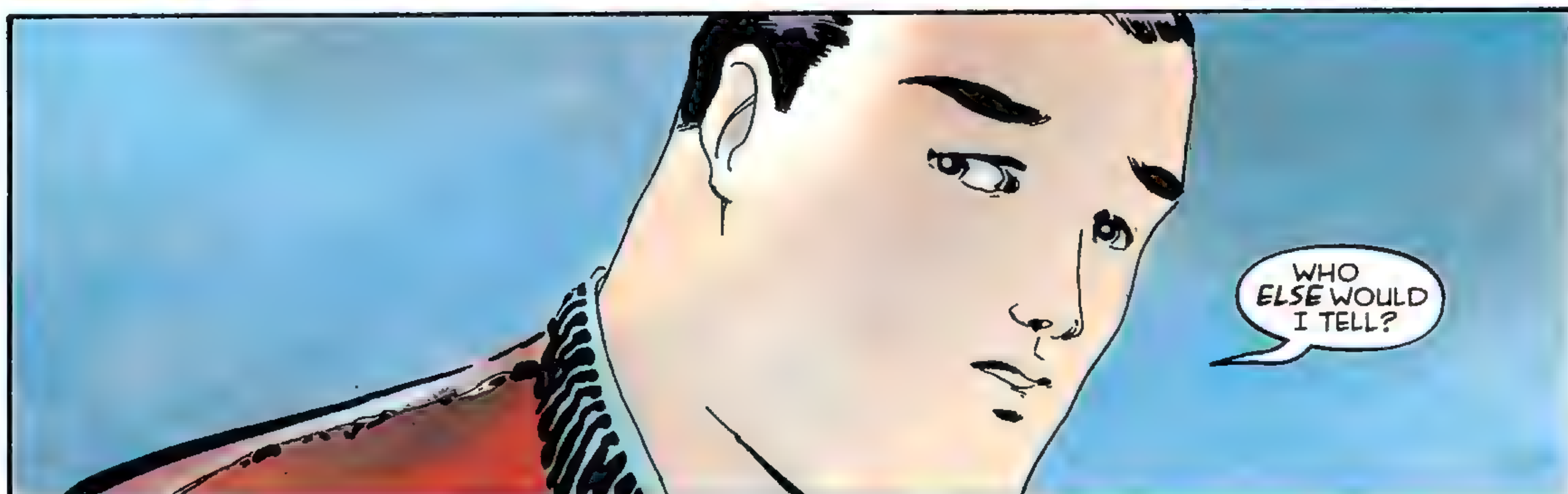
HMMMM...?

OH, UM,
NOTHING'S WRONG,
LANA. I JUST FELT
LIKE BEING QUIET,
THAT'S ALL.

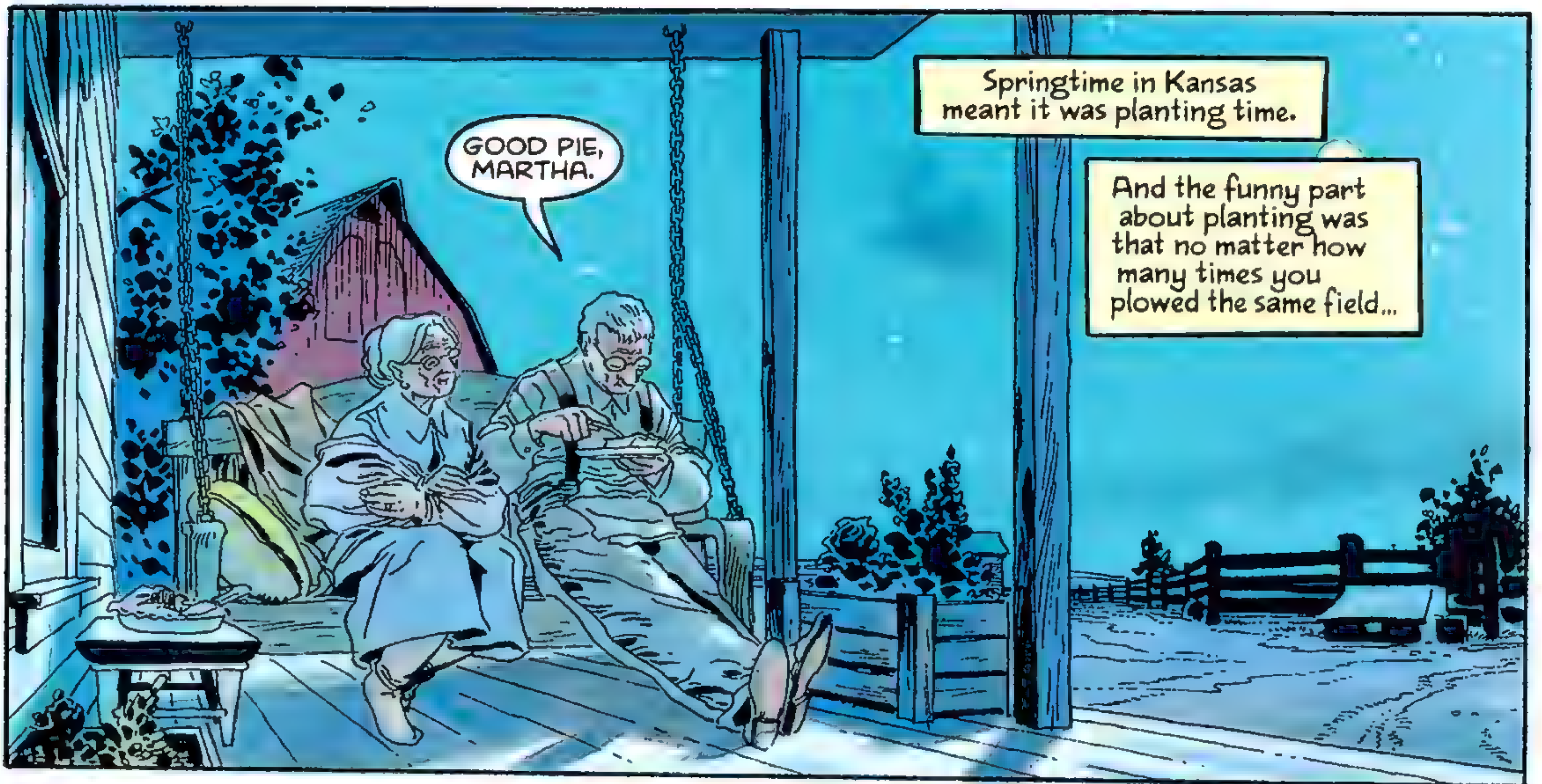


YOU'D TELL
ME IF THERE WAS
SOMETHING REALLY
WRONG?

RIGHT?



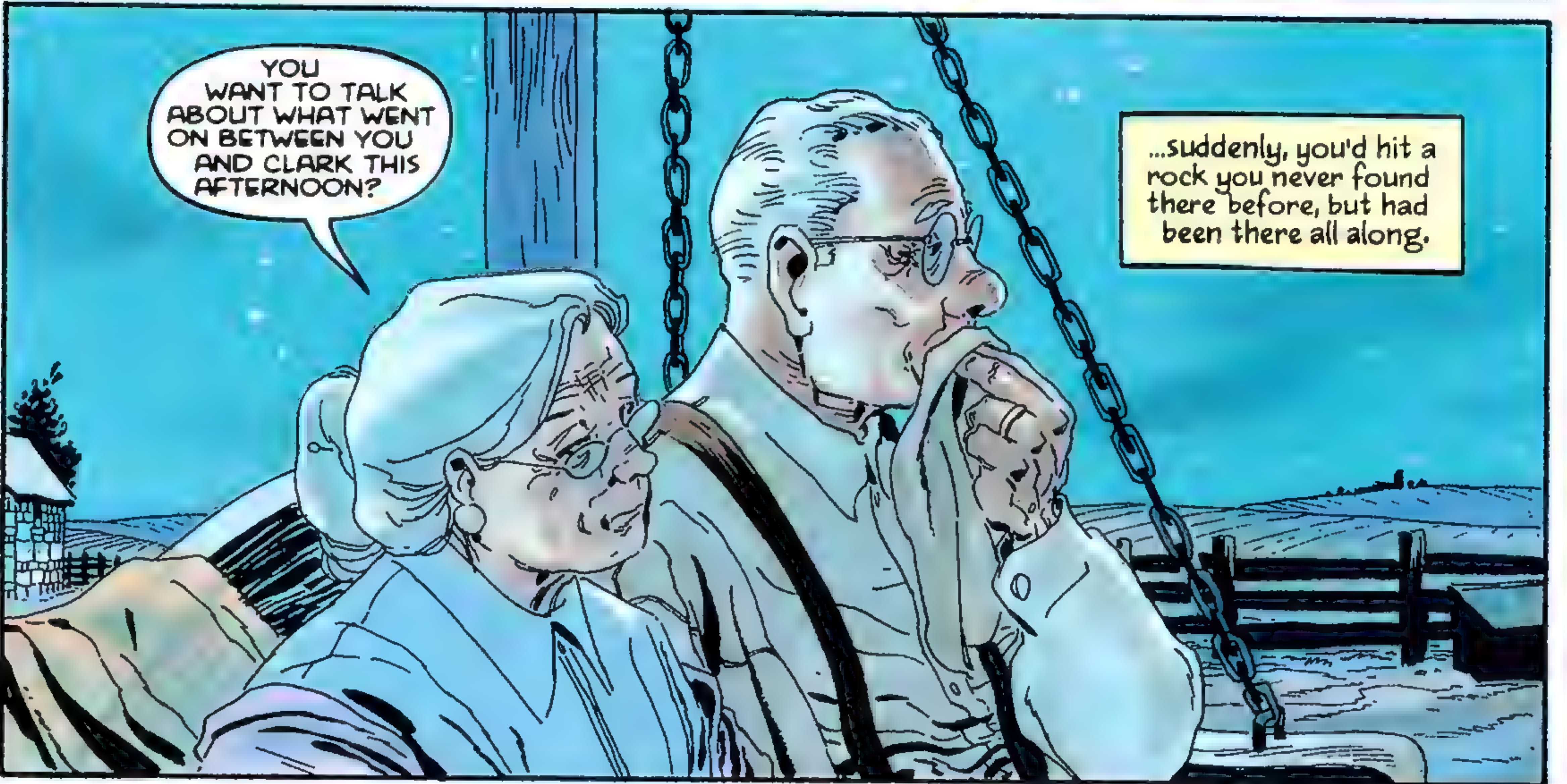
WHO
ELSE WOULD
I TELL?



Springtime in Kansas
meant it was planting time.

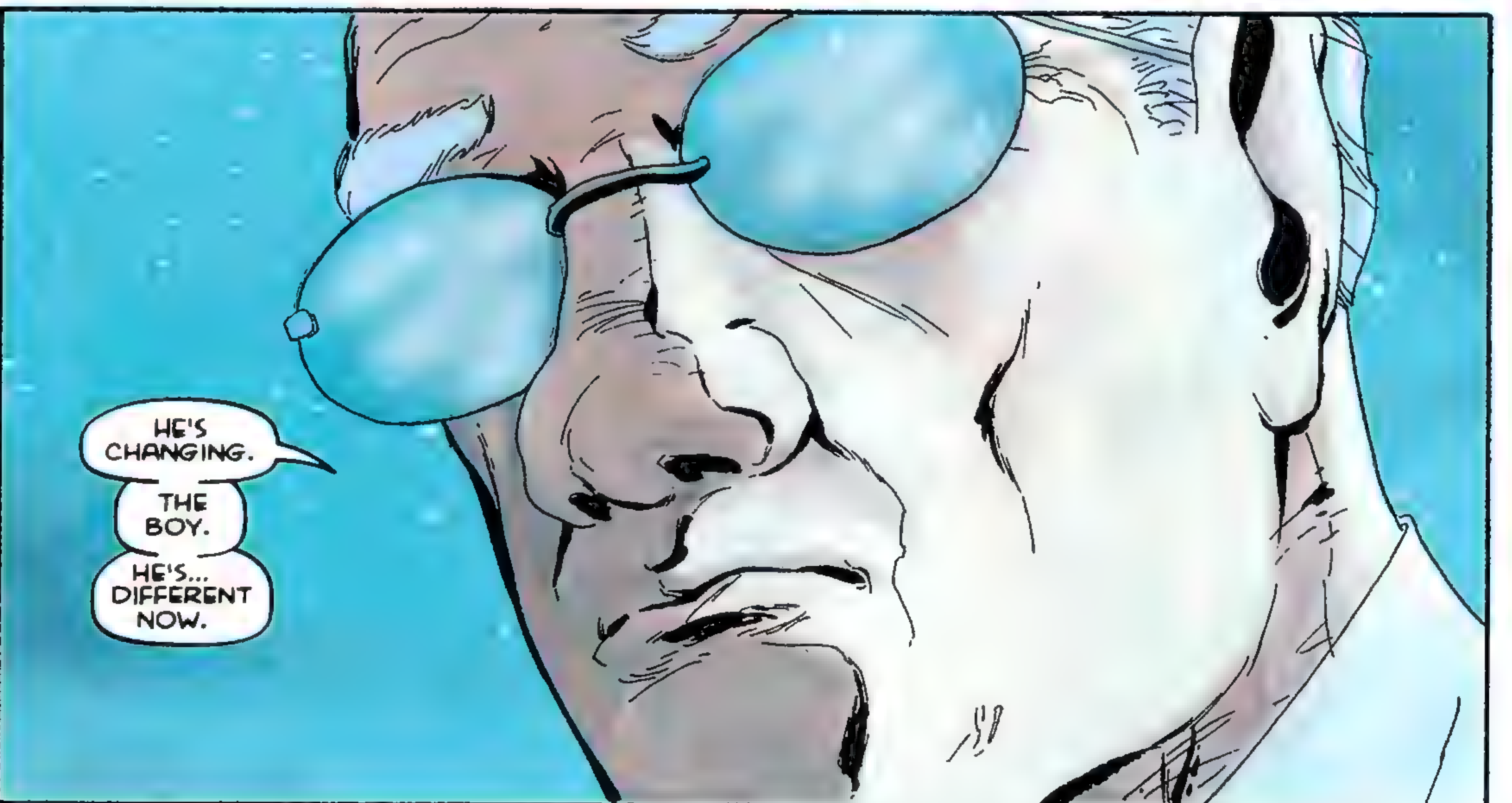
GOOD PIE,
MARTHA.

And the funny part
about planting was
that no matter how
many times you
plowed the same field...



YOU
WANT TO TALK
ABOUT WHAT WENT
ON BETWEEN YOU
AND CLARK THIS
AFTERNOON?

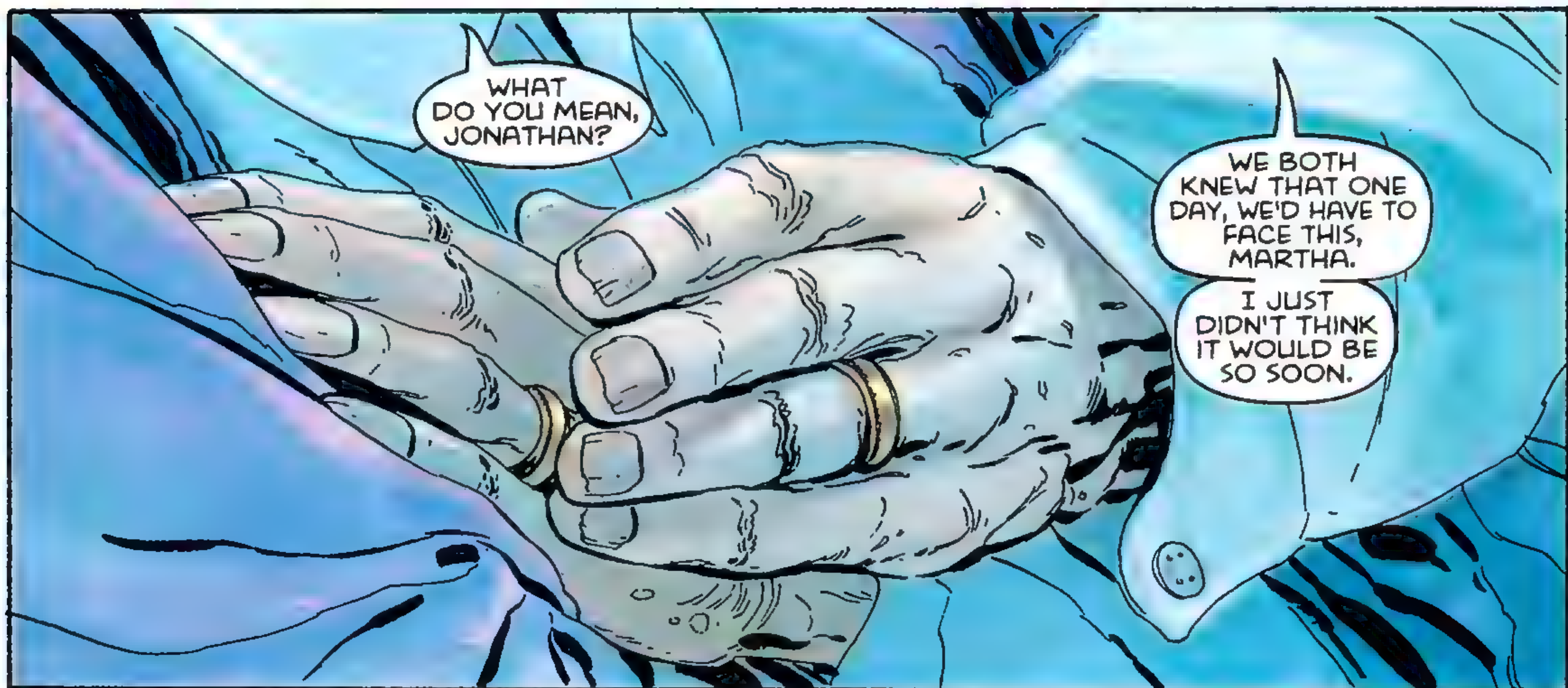
...suddenly, you'd hit a
rock you never found
there before, but had
been there all along.



HE'S
CHANGING.

THE
BOY.

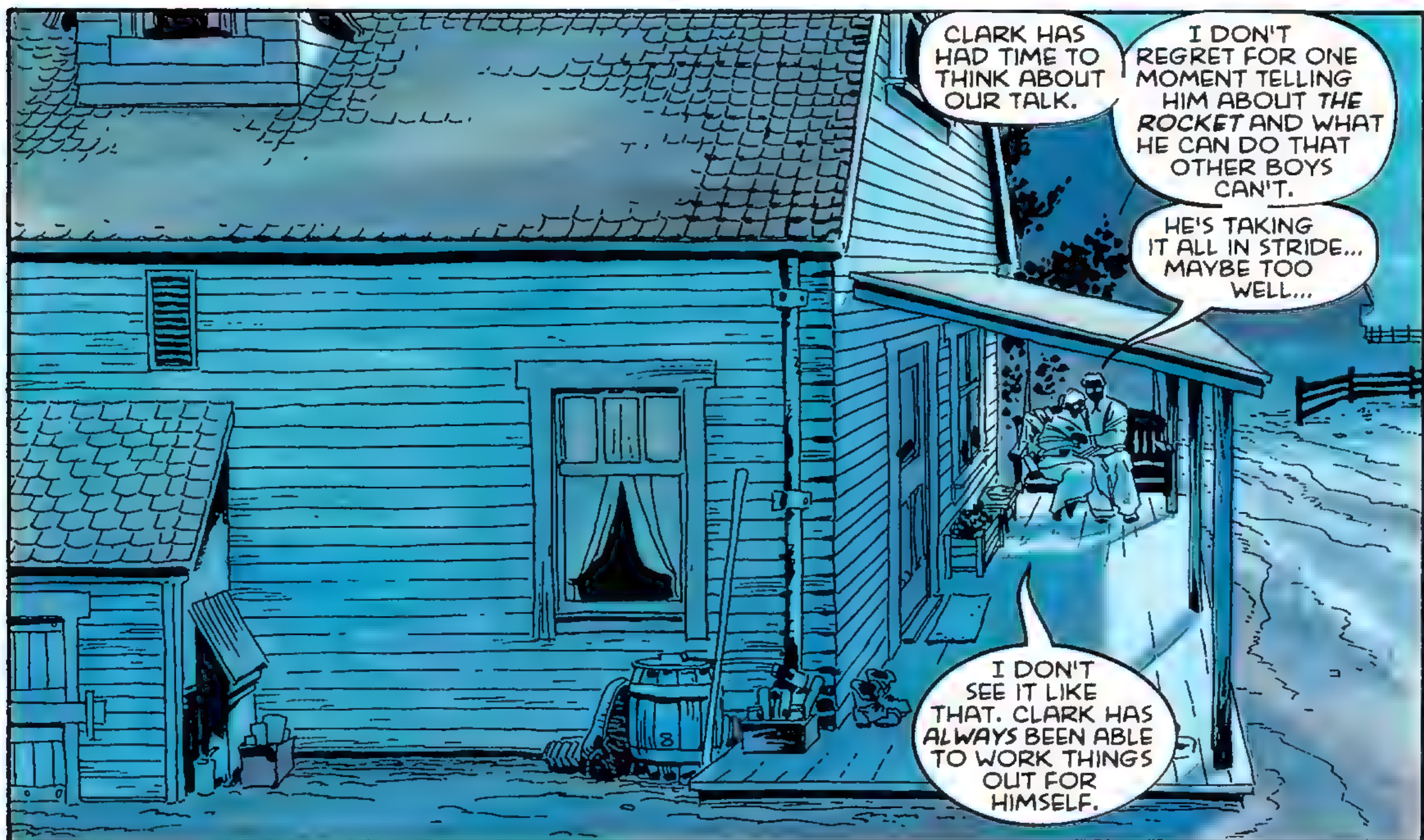
HE'S...
DIFFERENT
NOW.



WHAT
DO YOU MEAN,
JONATHAN?

WE BOTH
KNEW THAT ONE
DAY, WE'D HAVE TO
FACE THIS,
MARTHA.

I JUST
DIDN'T THINK
IT WOULD BE
SO SOON.



CLARK HAS
HAD TIME TO
THINK ABOUT
OUR TALK.

I DON'T
REGRET FOR ONE
MOMENT TELLING
HIM ABOUT *THE
ROCKET* AND WHAT
HE CAN DO THAT
OTHER BOYS
CAN'T.

HE'S TAKING
IT ALL IN STRIDE...
MAYBE TOO
WELL...

I DON'T
SEE IT LIKE
THAT. CLARK HAS
ALWAYS BEEN ABLE
TO WORK THINGS
OUT FOR
HIMSELF.

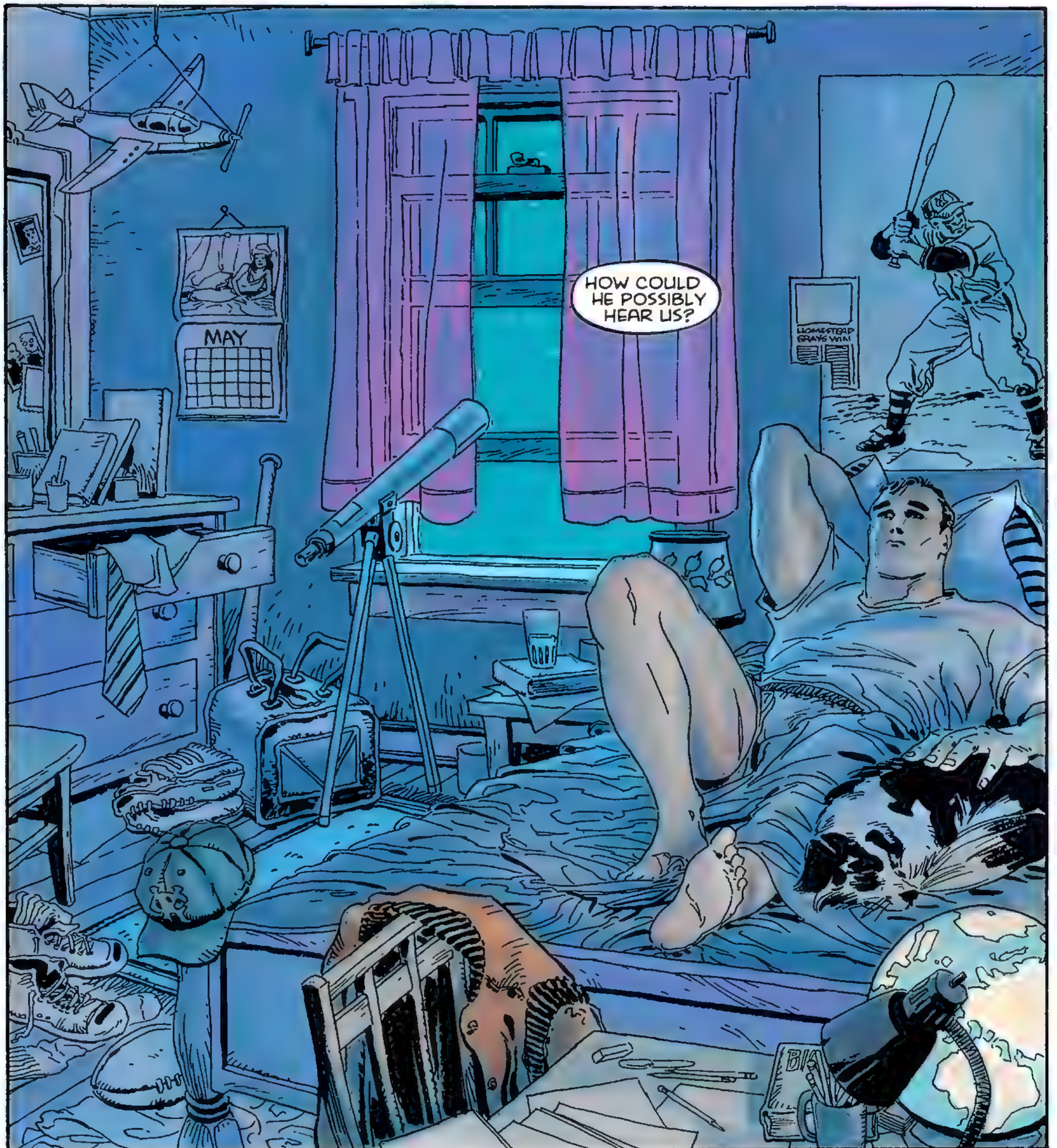
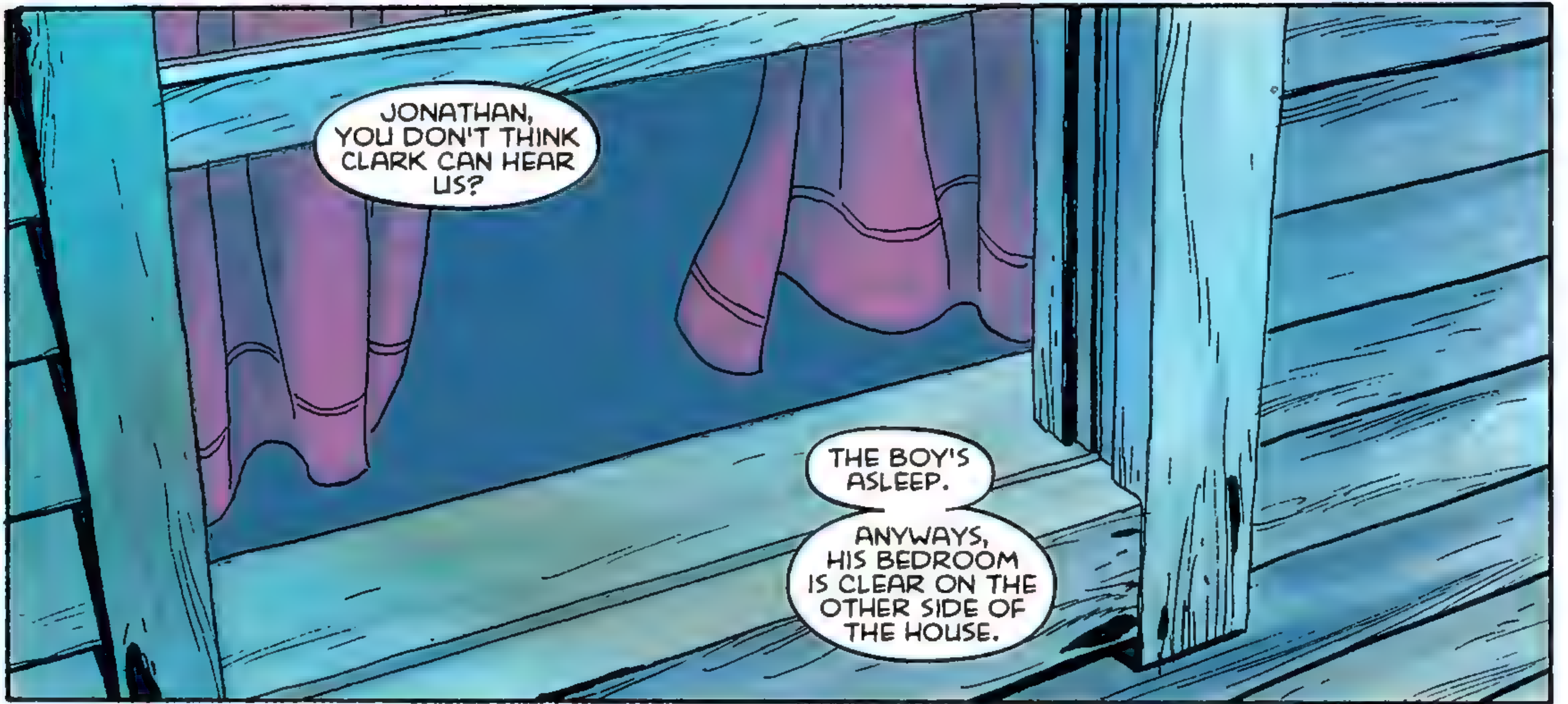


THERE'S
JUST SO MUCH
WE DON'T KNOW,
MARTHA. EVERY
DAY, HE BECOMES
STRONGER.

WITH *POWERS
AND ABILITIES* THAT
DON'T SEEM TO HAVE
ANY LIMITATIONS.
WHAT ARE WE DEALING
WITH HERE?

JONATHAN KENT.
YOU DON'T HAVE
ENOUGH FAITH IN
CLARK OR IN US! WE
BROUGHT HIM
UP RIGHT!

MAYBE, WE
DID, MARTHA.
MAYBE...



Sometimes, when the corn was planted, it shot up too soon.

The roots hadn't taken hold, so the stalk couldn't support its own weight.

The corn would turn sour.

I don't know if Clark knew how lucky he was growing up in a place like Smallville.

CLARK, YOU THOUGHT AT ALL ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO THIS SUMMER?

CLARK...?

ME, I CAN'T WAIT TO DITCH THIS TOWN.

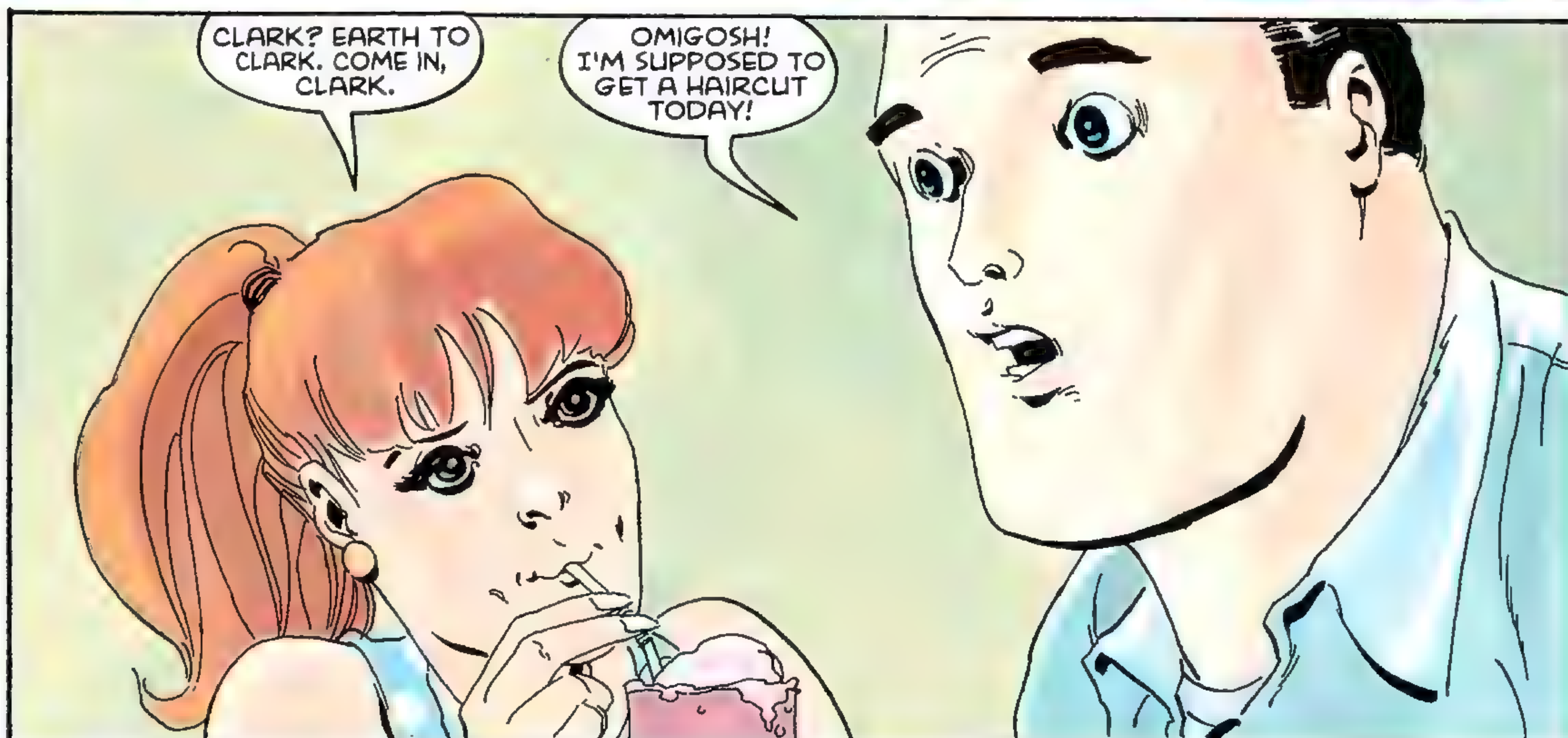
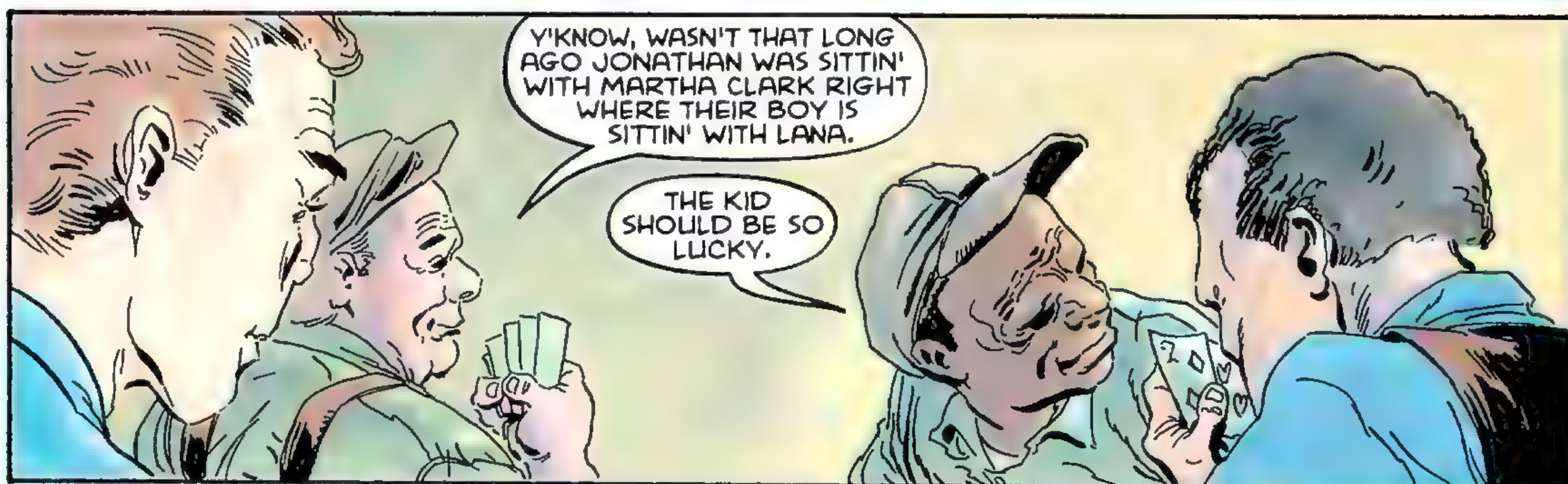
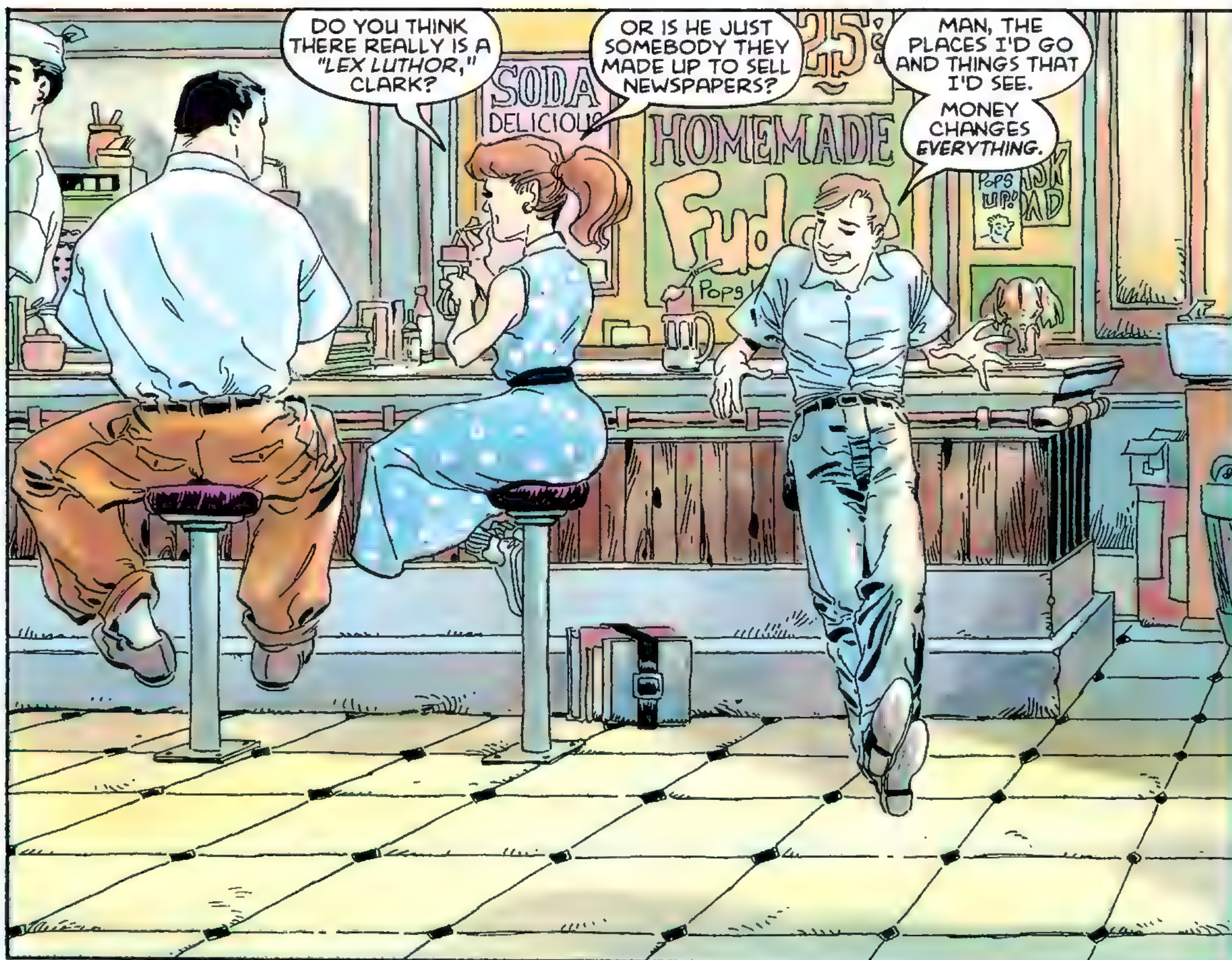
WHEN THAT SCHOOL BELL RINGS FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M HEADIN' INTO METROPOLIS ON THE FASTEST TRAIN I CAN CATCH.

GO EAST, YOUNG MAN!

Clark had known Lana Lang all his life. Her Aunt Ruth, difficult as it was, raised her right.

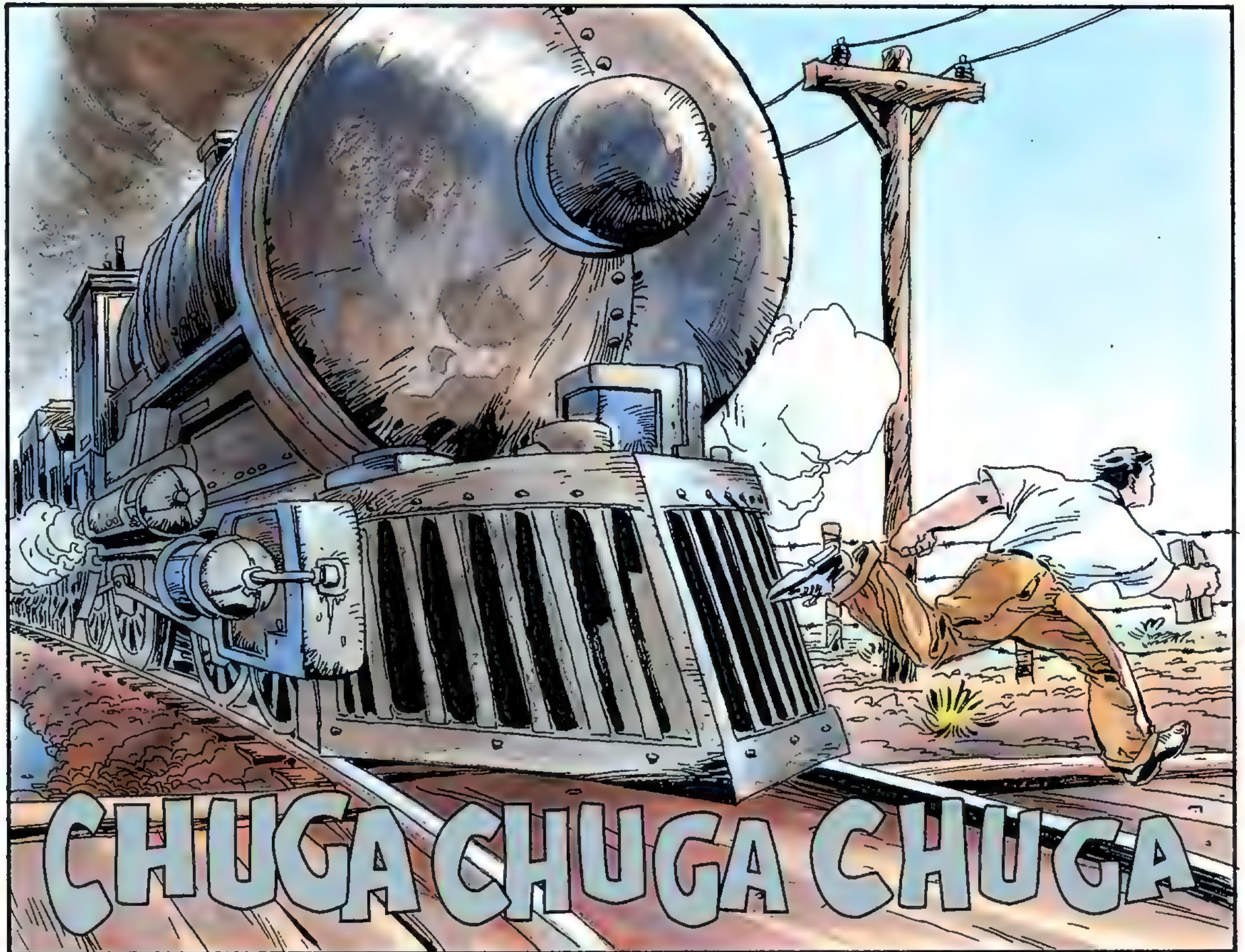
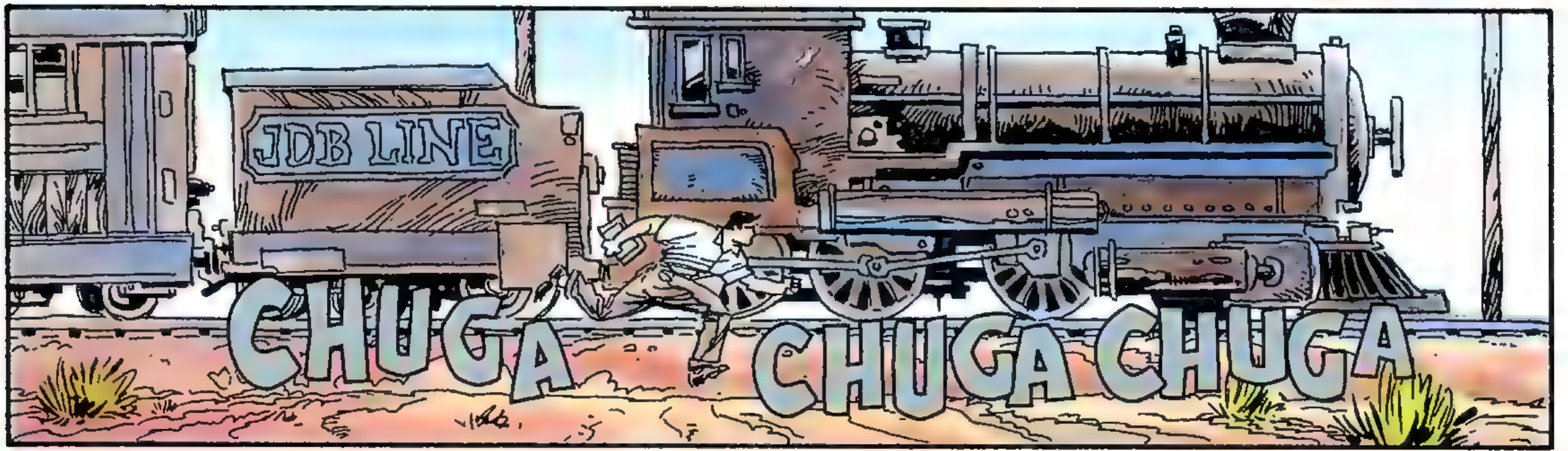
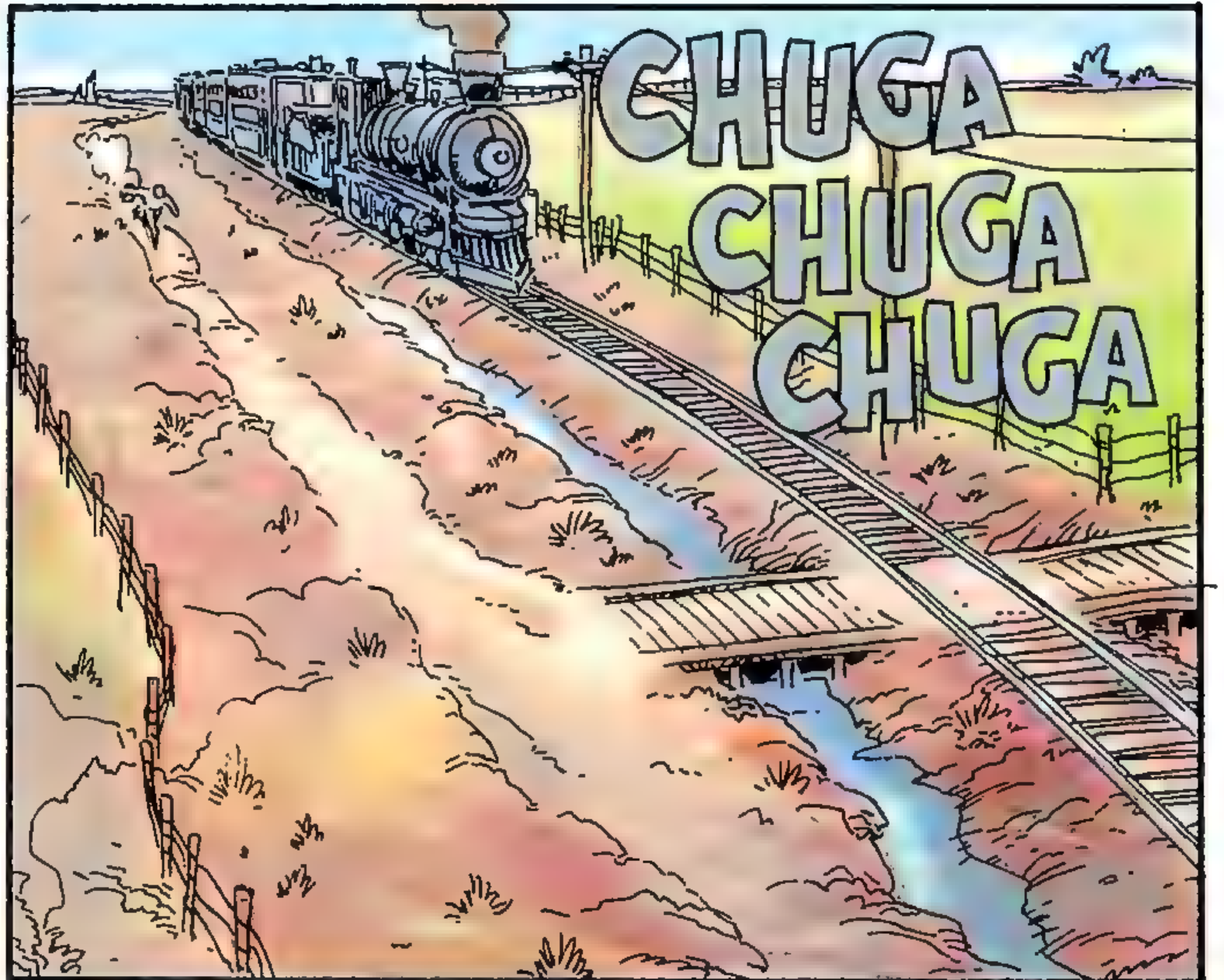
Martha always said Lana had set her cap on being with Clark, but I never saw it.

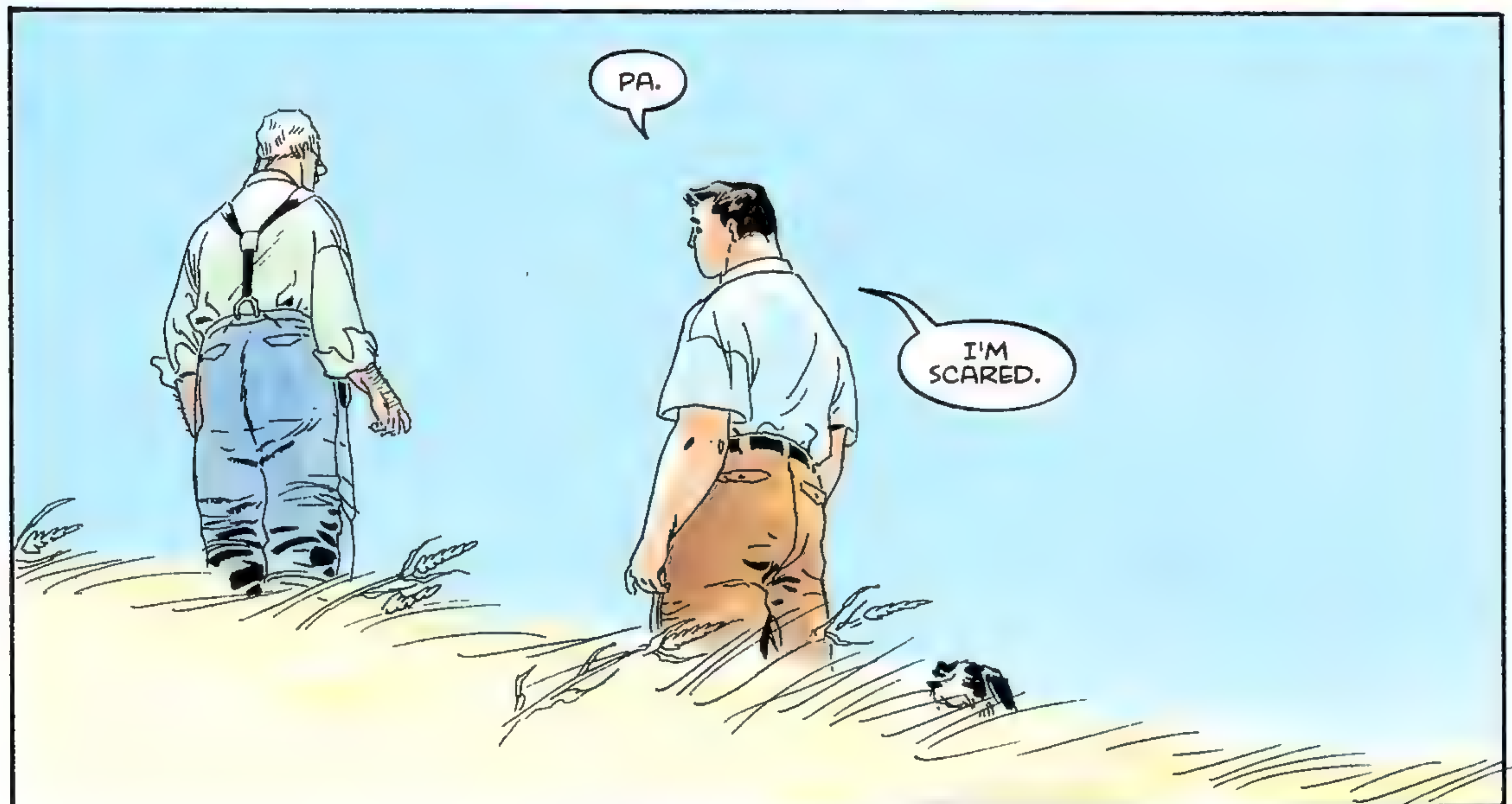
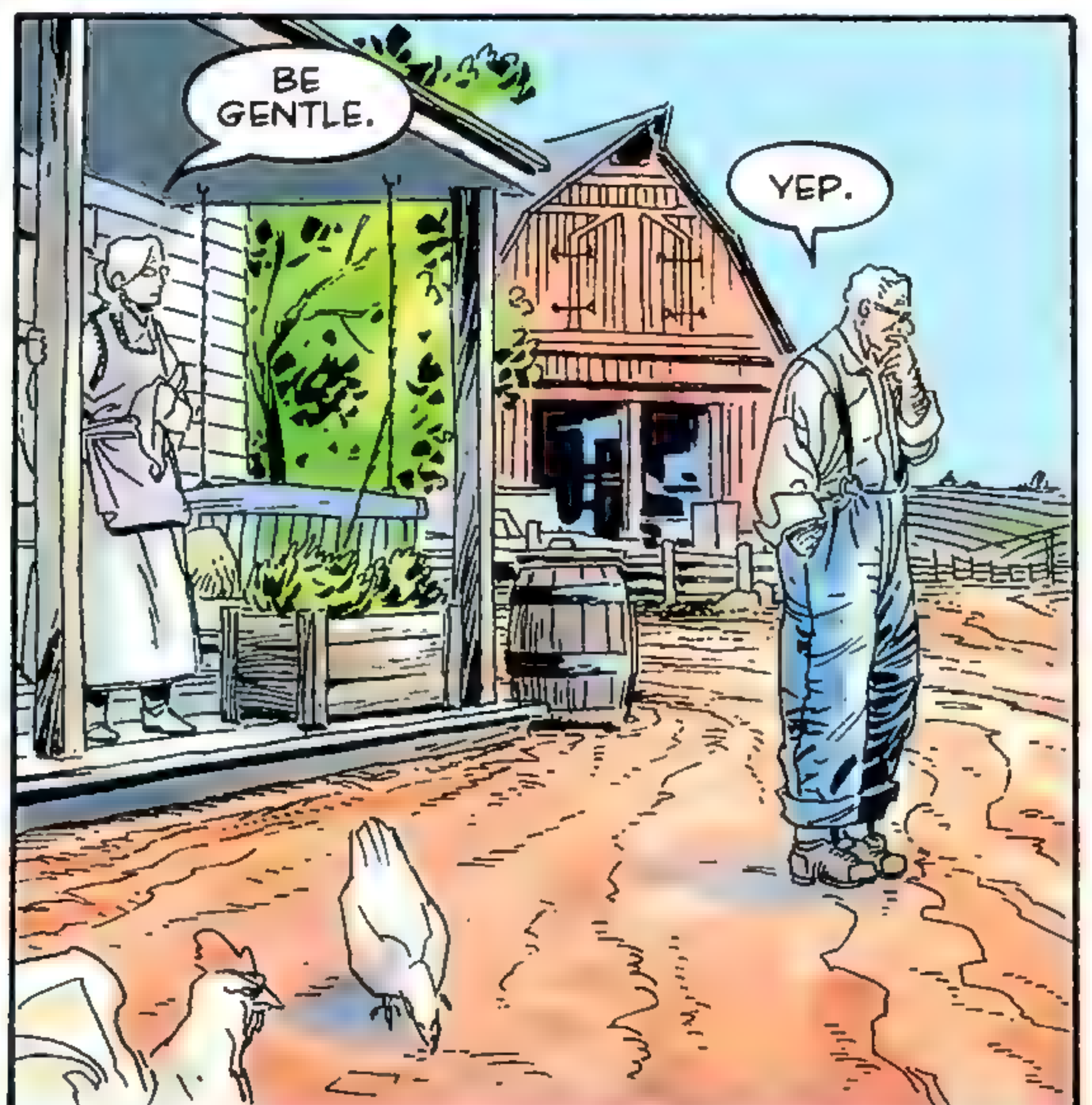
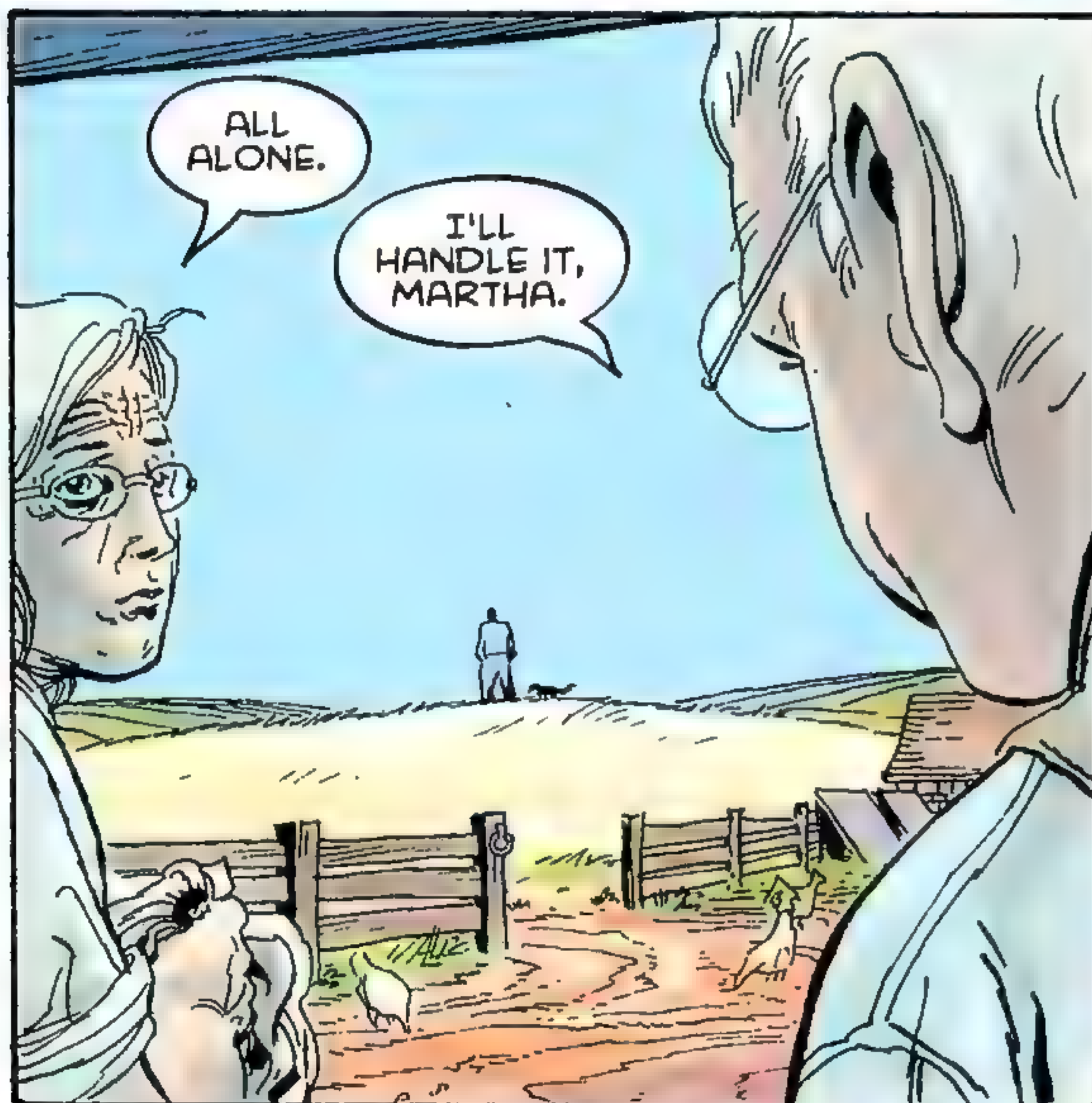
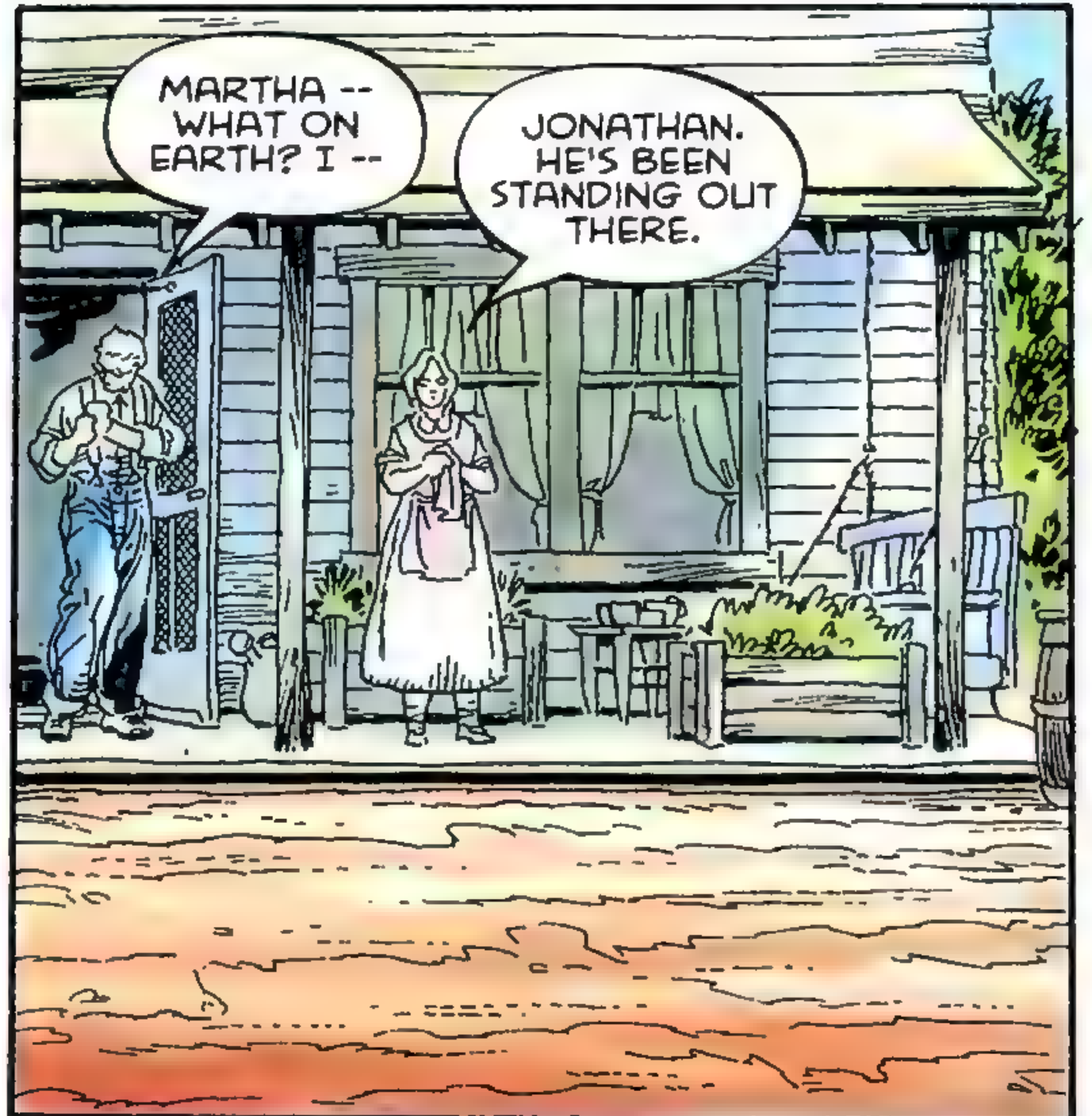
Pete Ross, on the other hand, was the sort of kid that went down like castor oil. A little went a long way.

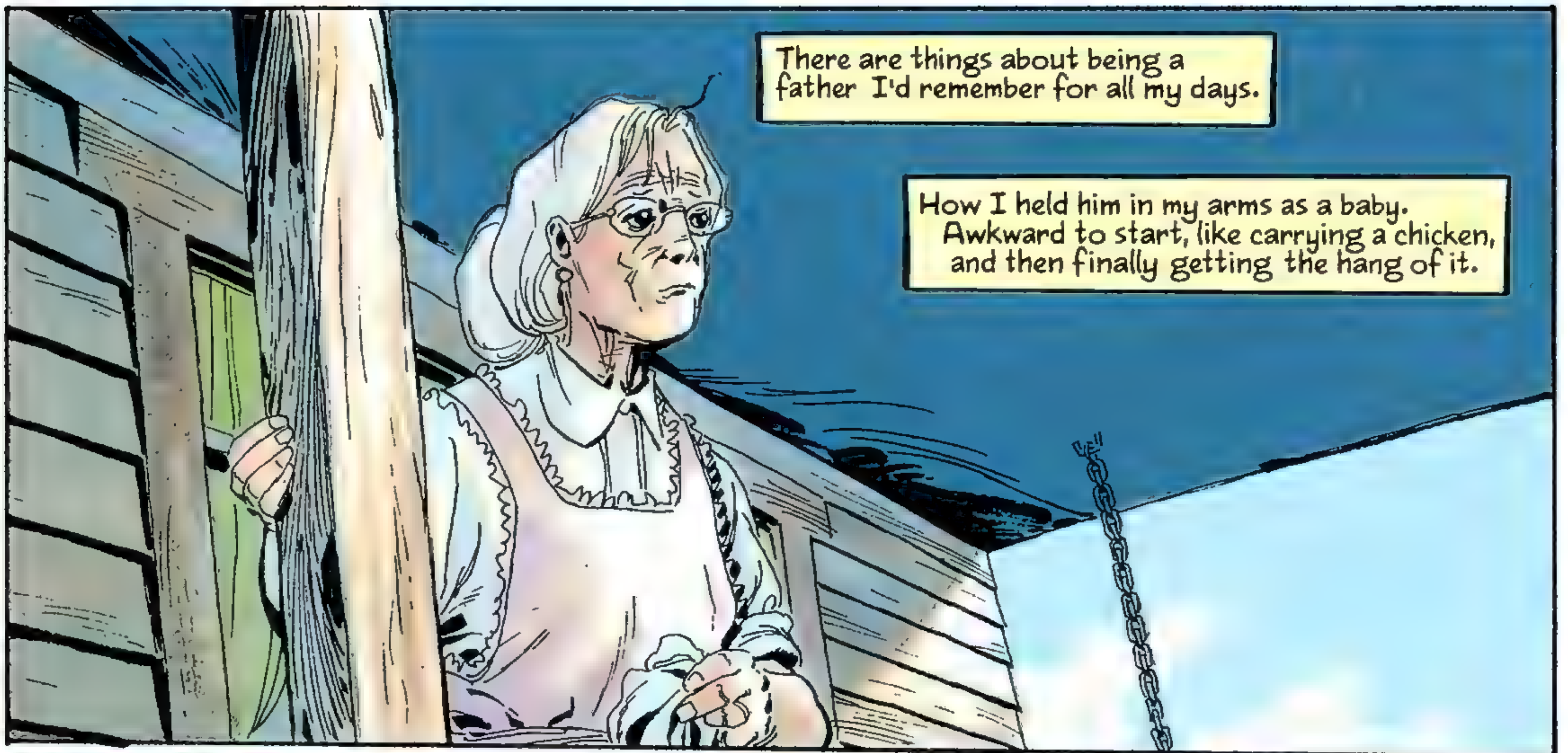






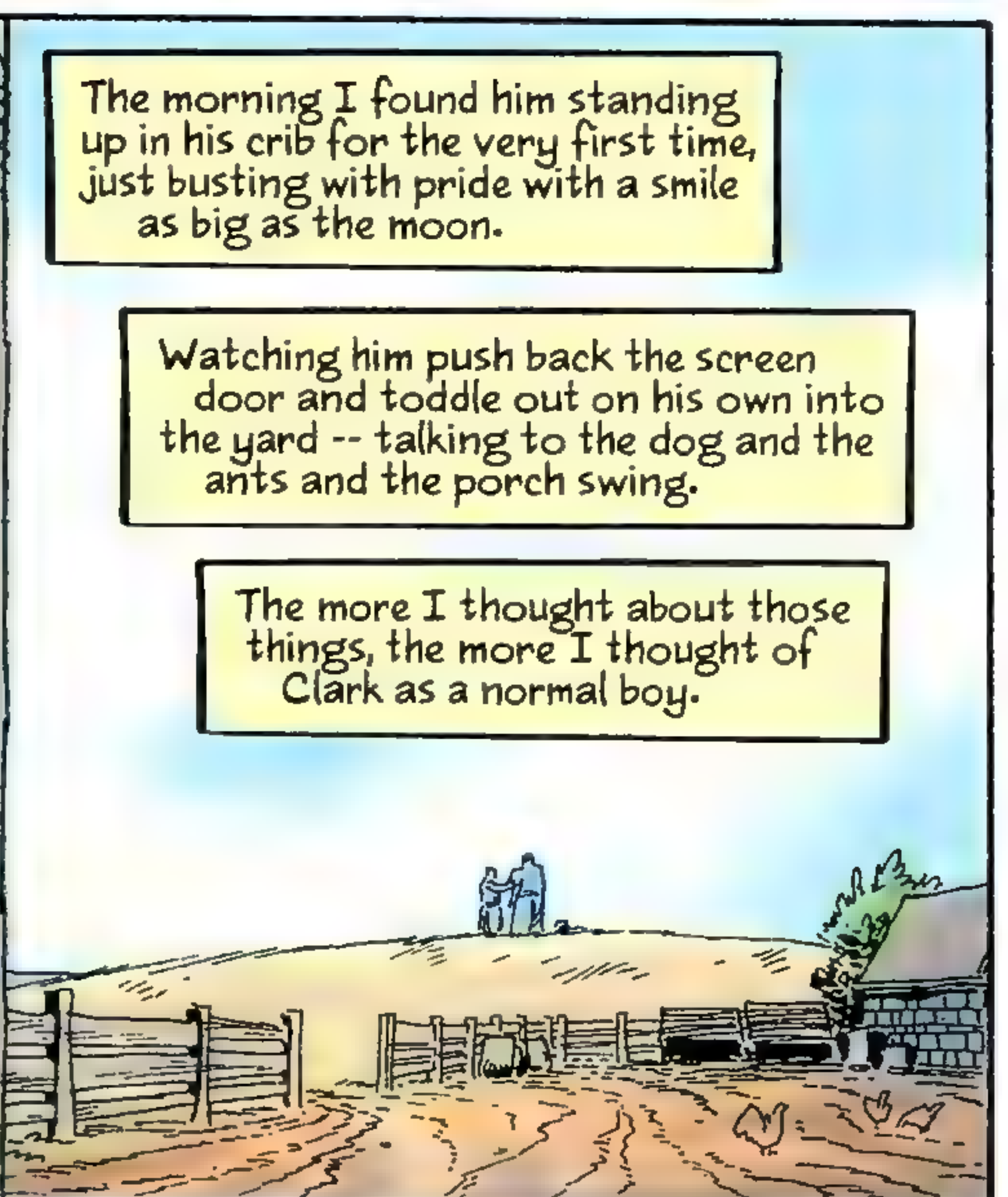






There are things about being a father I'd remember for all my days.

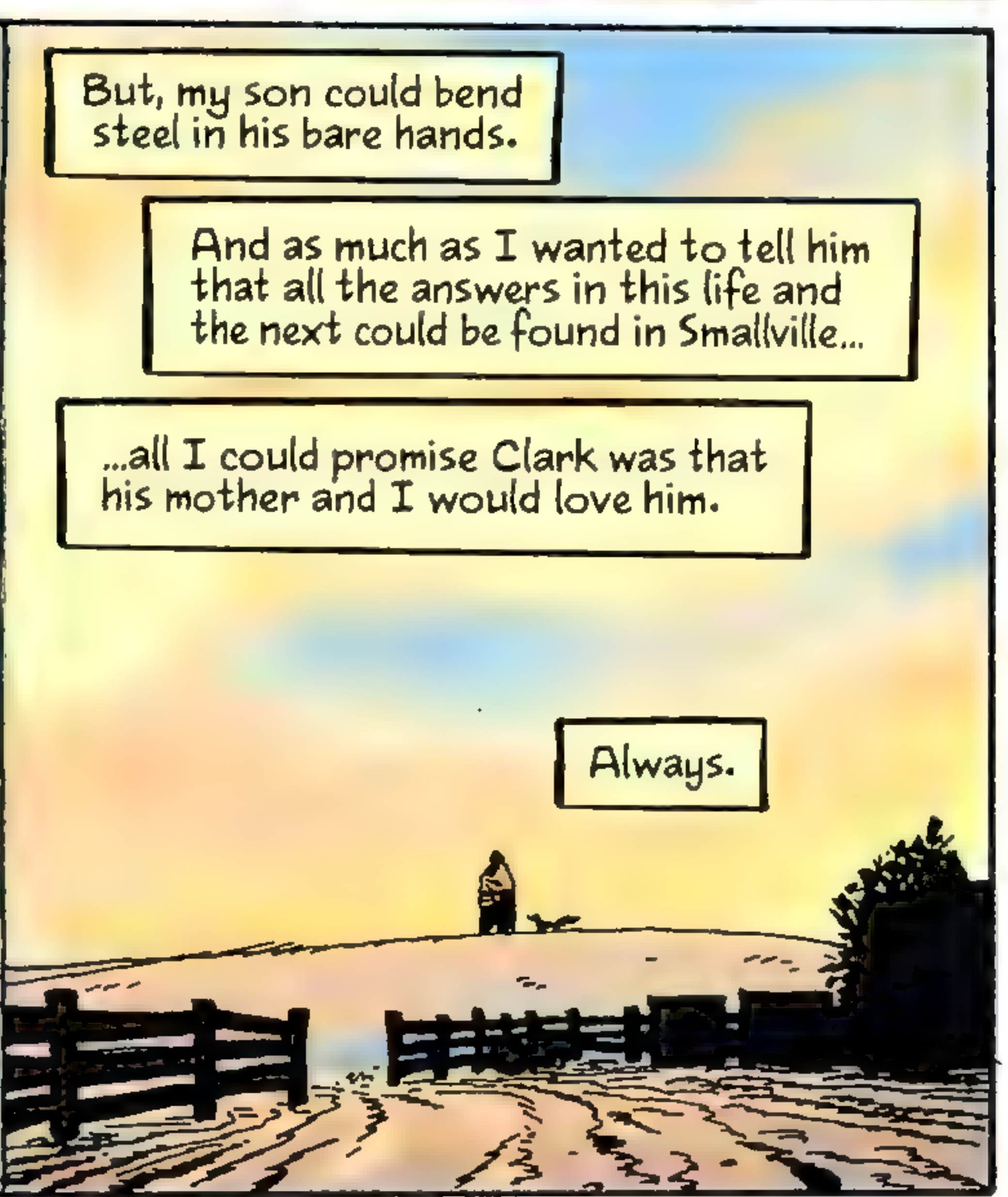
How I held him in my arms as a baby. Awkward to start, like carrying a chicken, and then finally getting the hang of it.



The morning I found him standing up in his crib for the very first time, just busting with pride with a smile as big as the moon.

Watching him push back the screen door and toddle out on his own into the yard -- talking to the dog and the ants and the porch swing.

The more I thought about those things, the more I thought of Clark as a normal boy.

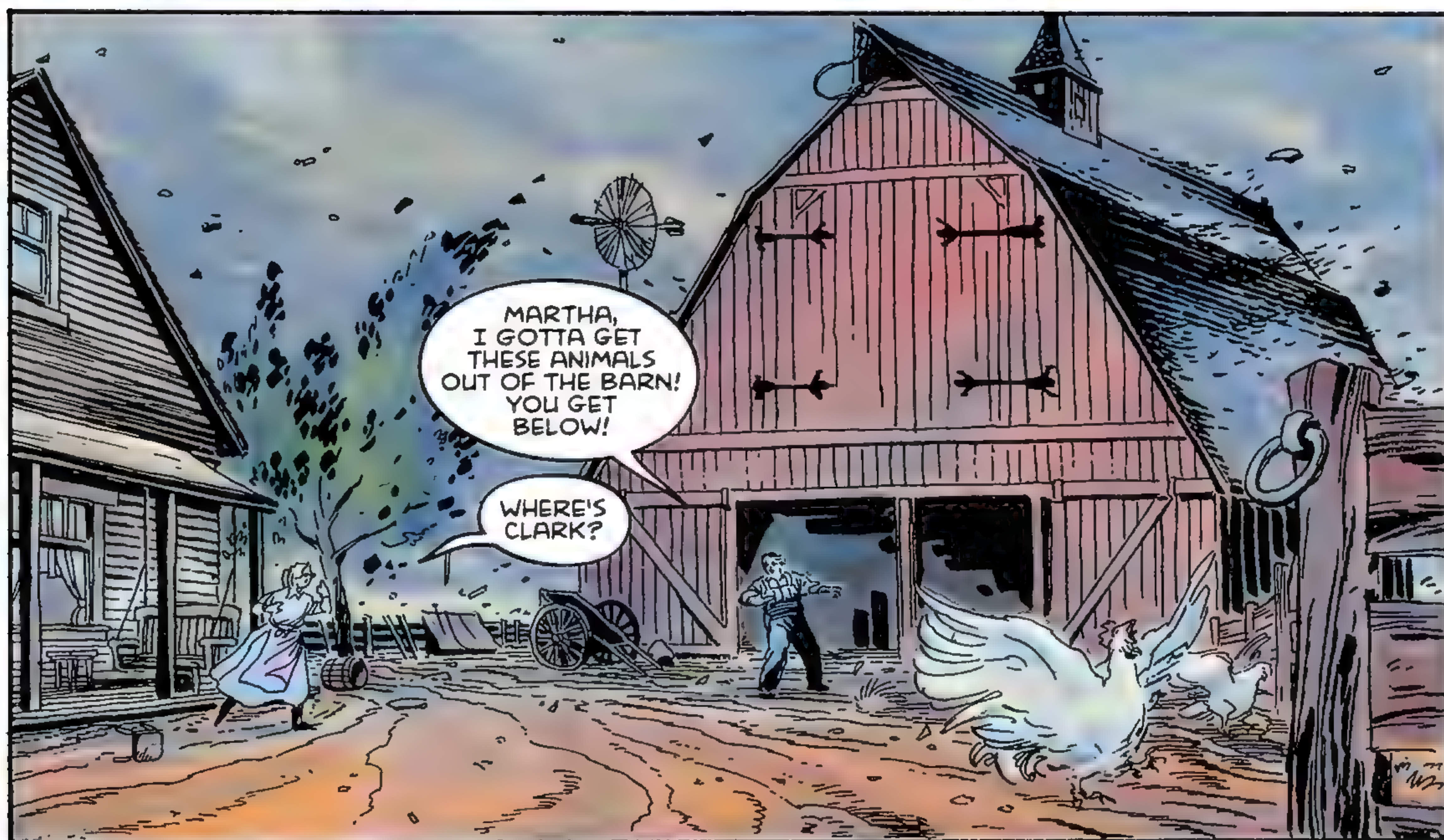
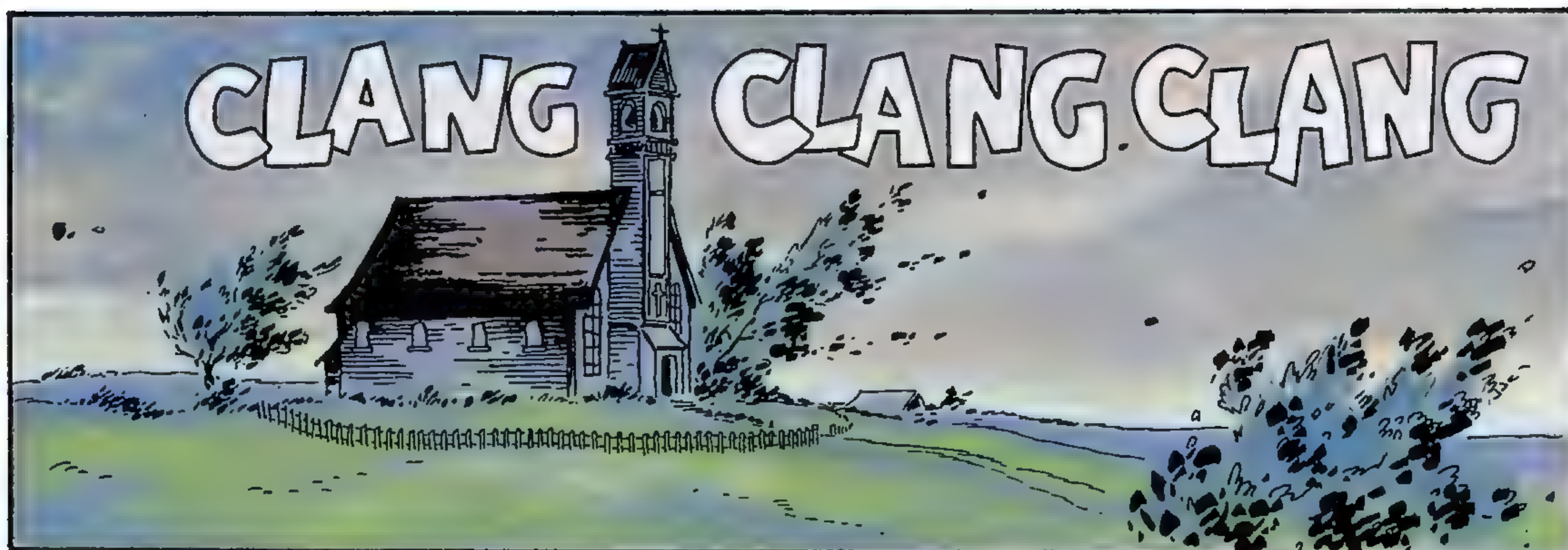
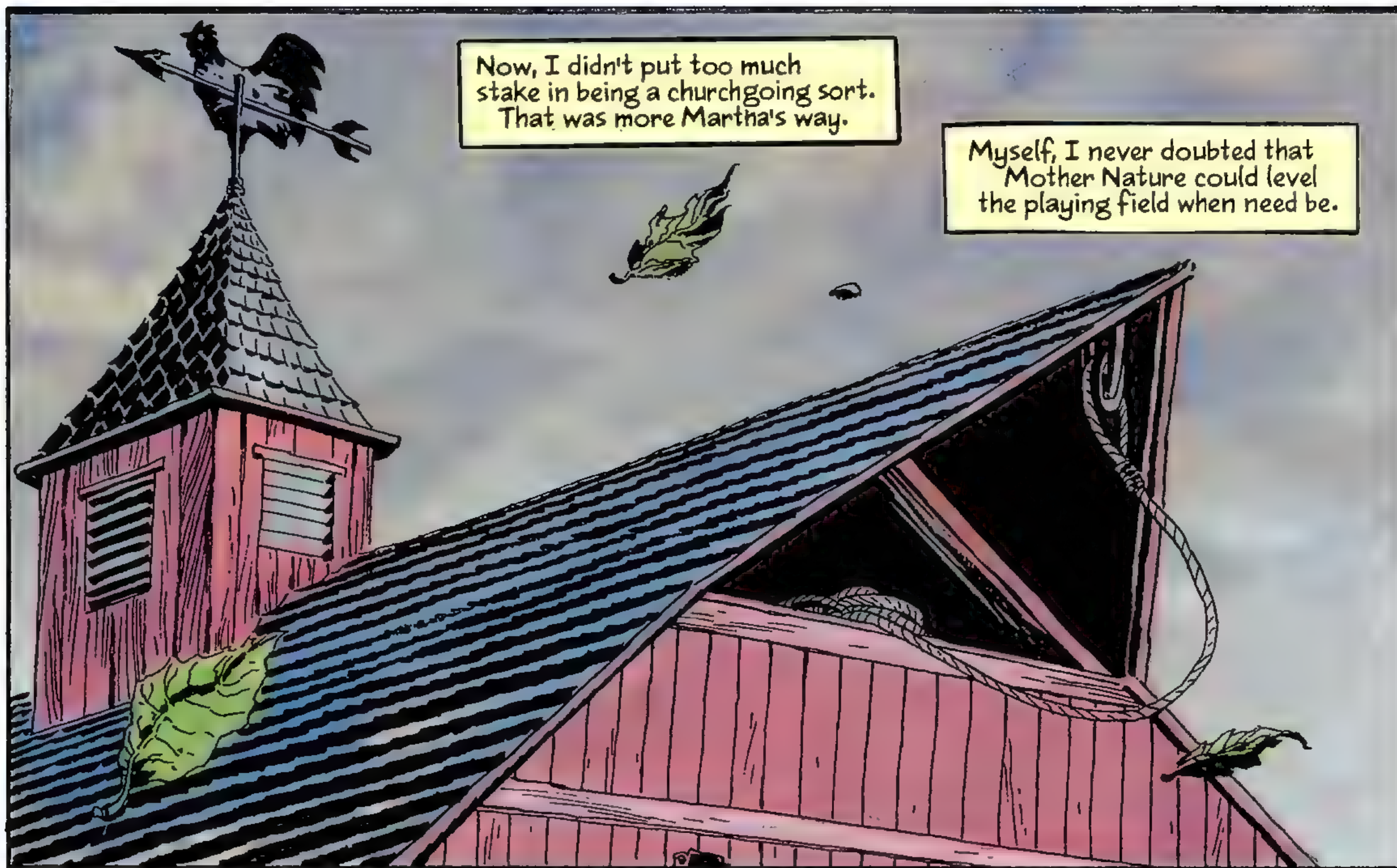


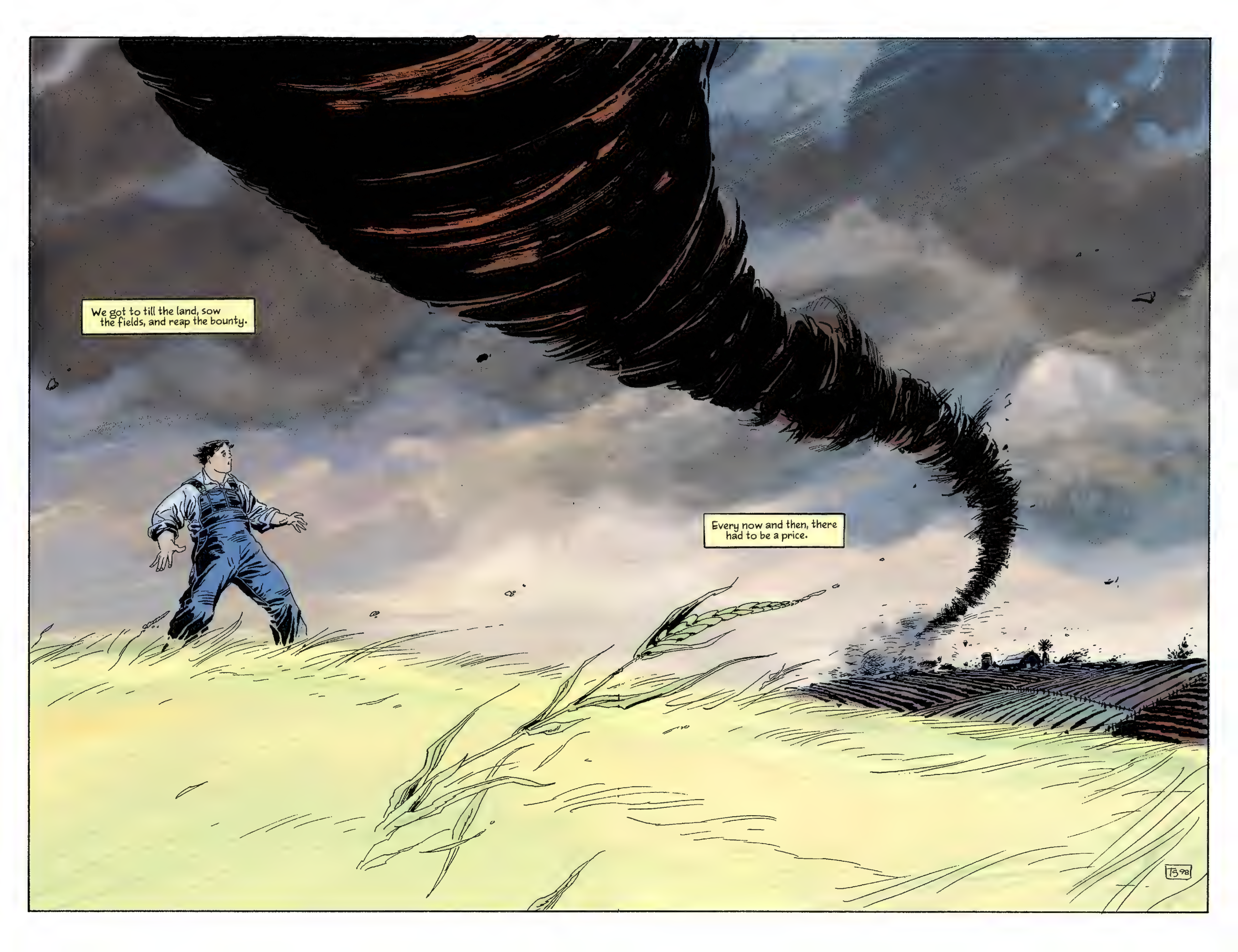
But, my son could bend steel in his bare hands.

And as much as I wanted to tell him that all the answers in this life and the next could be found in Smallville...

...all I could promise Clark was that his mother and I would love him.

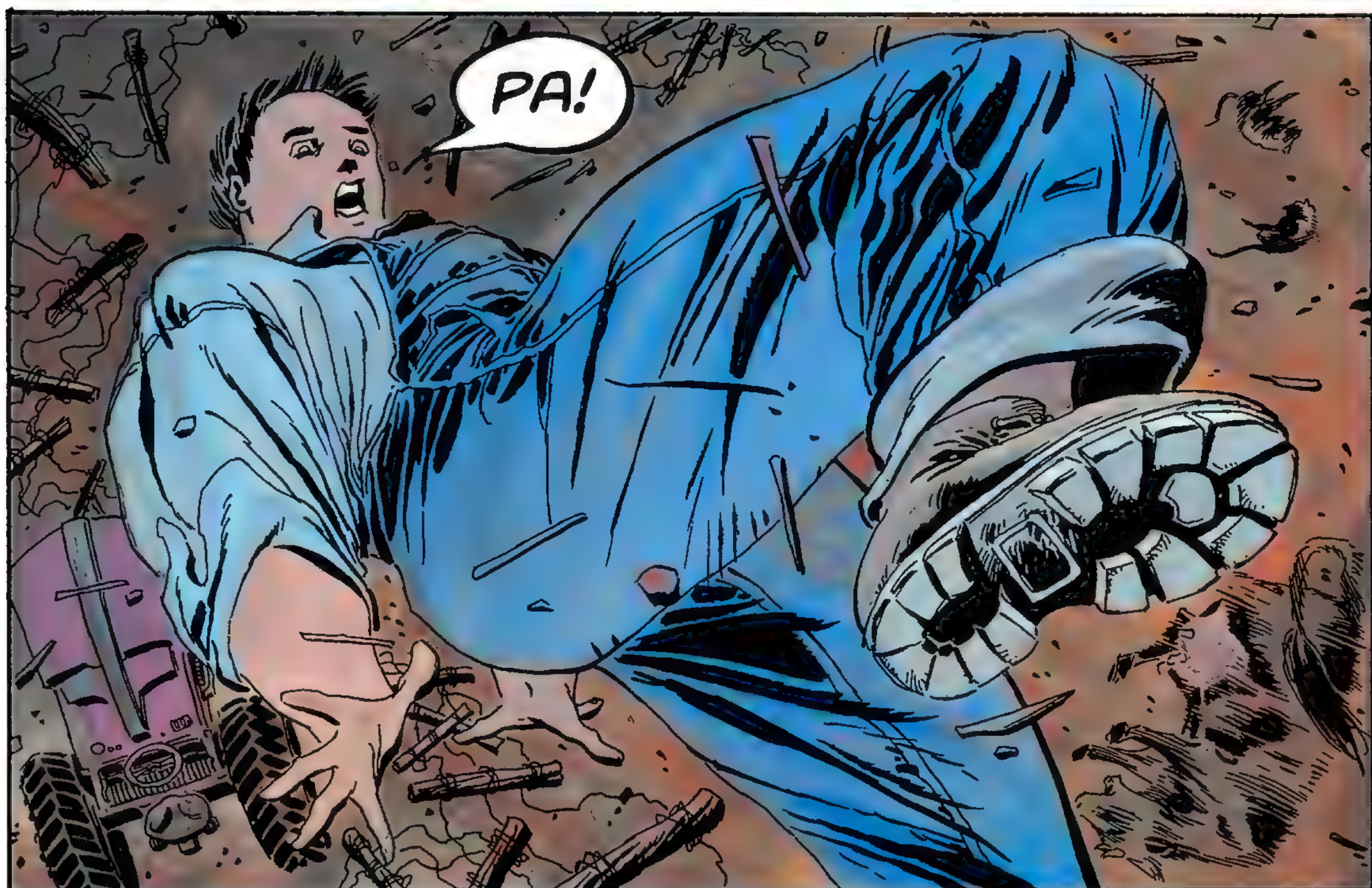
Always.



A dramatic illustration of a man in blue overalls running across a yellow field towards a massive, dark, swirling tornado that dominates the upper half of the frame. The sky is filled with dark, stormy clouds. In the distance, a small farm with a barn and windmill is visible. The man's expression is one of urgency and fear.

We got to till the land, sow
the fields, and reap the bounty.

Every now and then, there
had to be a price.





I --

I CAN
HANDLE
THIS.

I KNOW
I CAN.

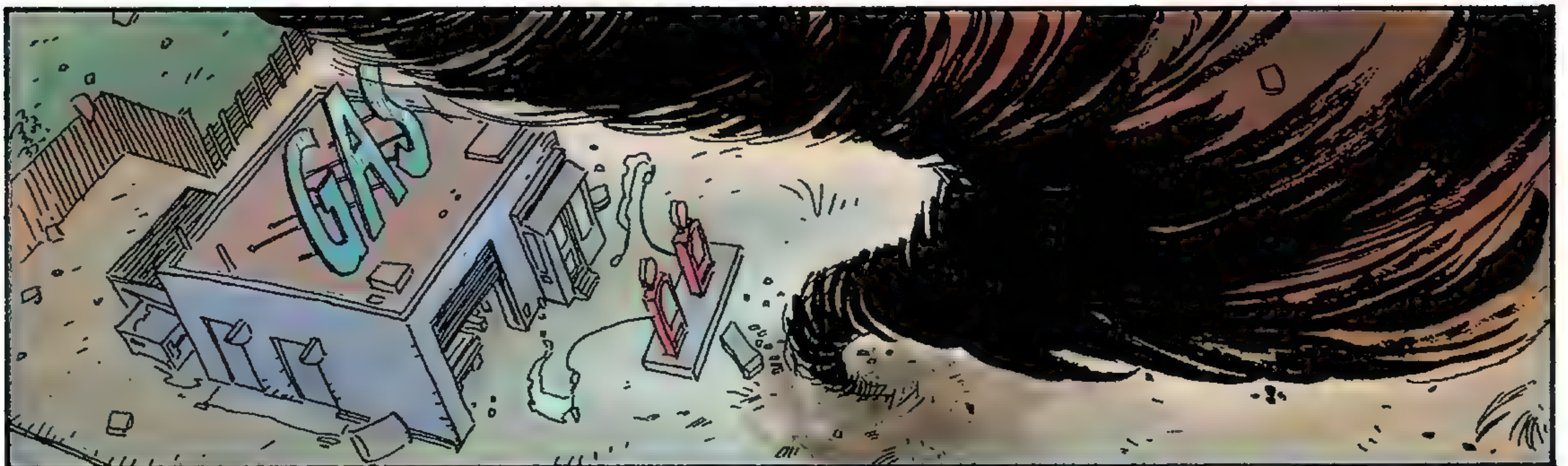
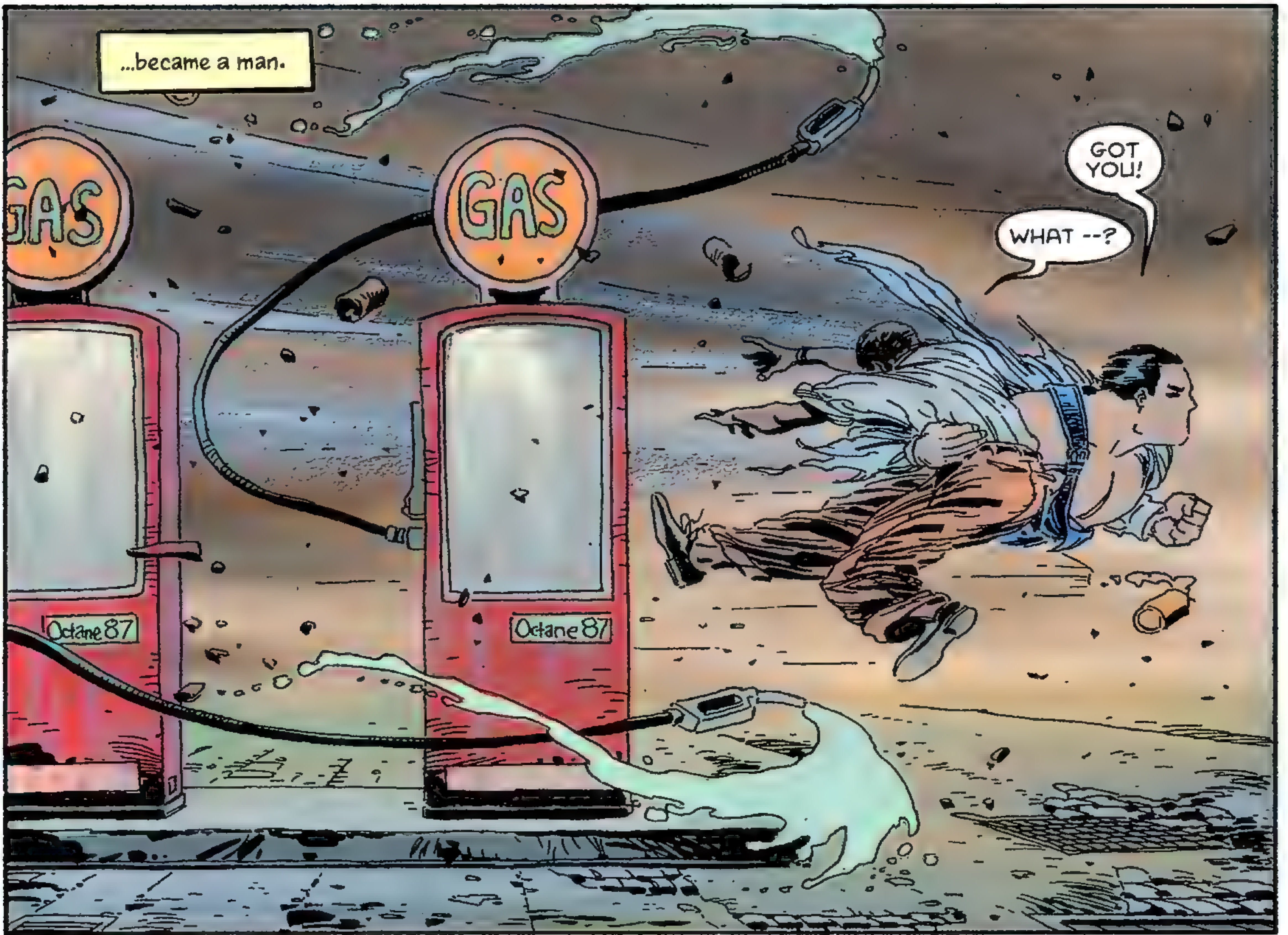


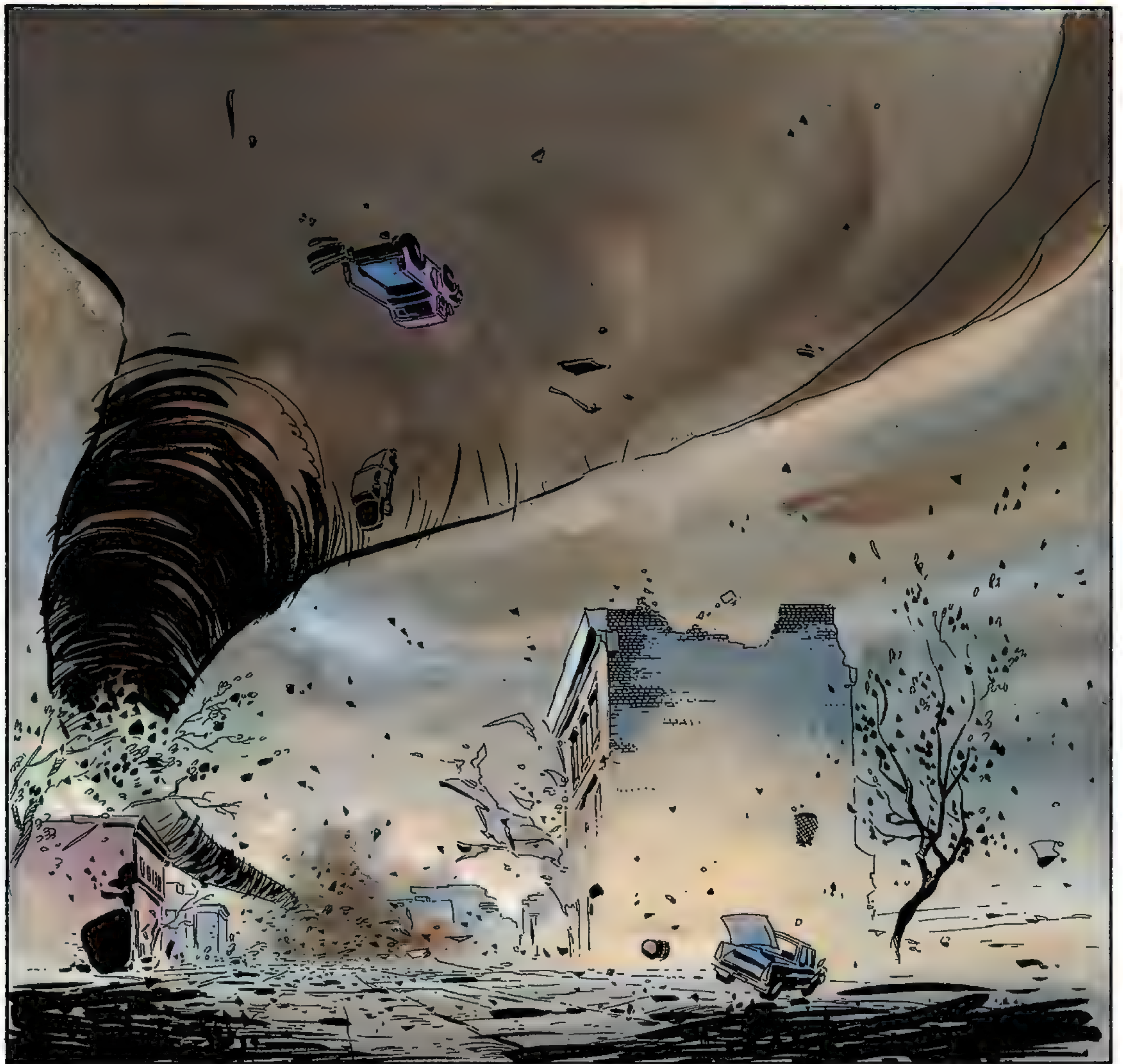
There are so few
things a person can
be really sure of.

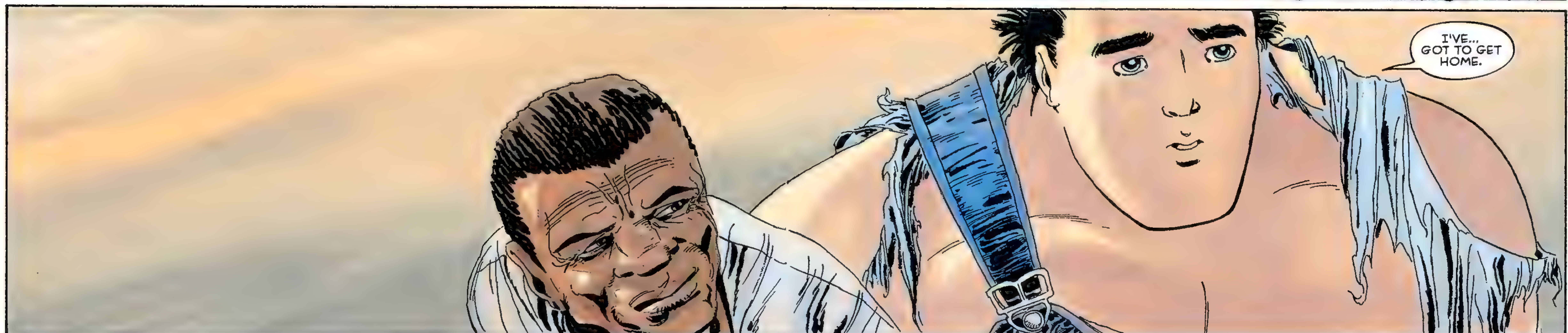
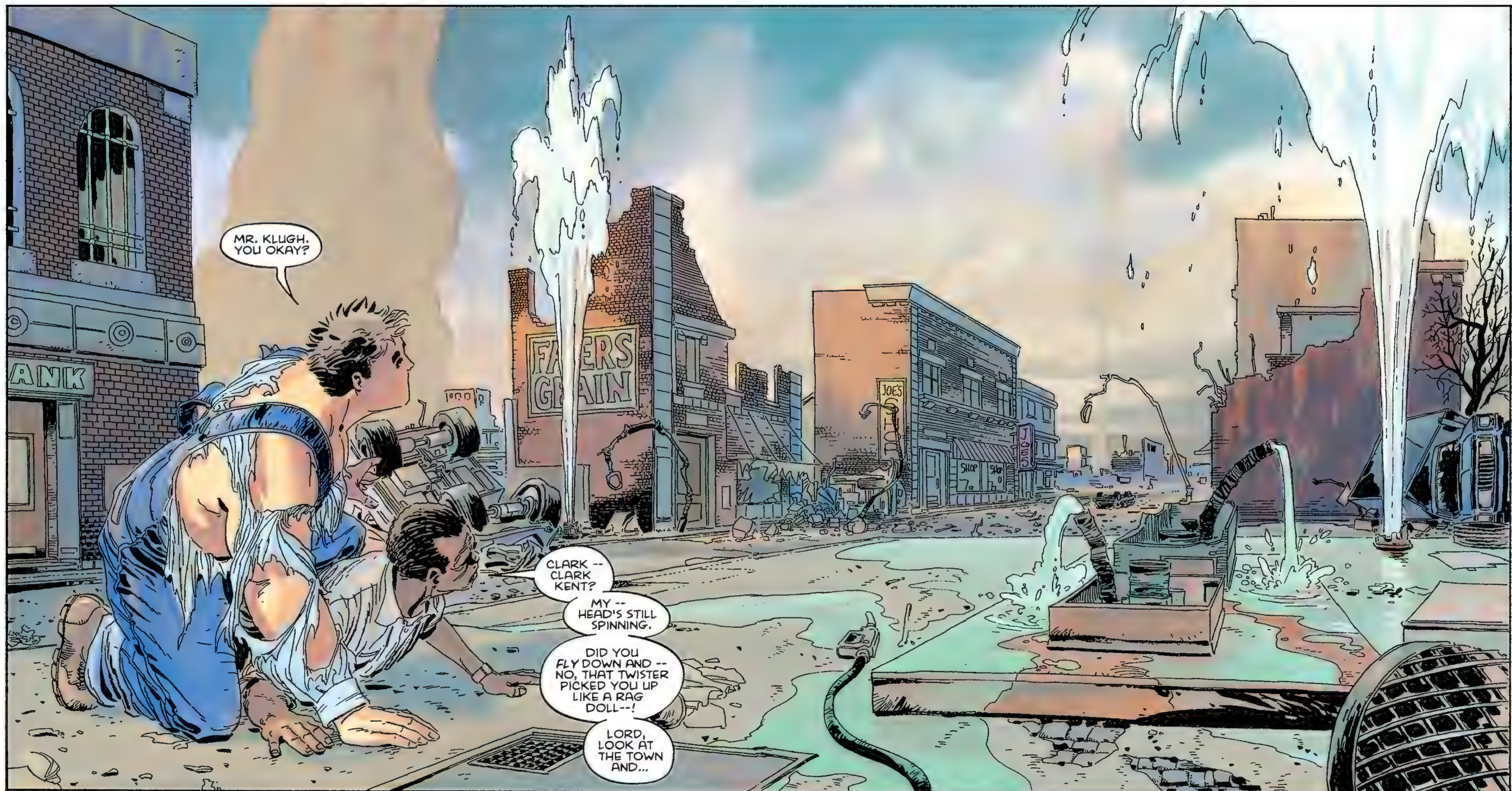


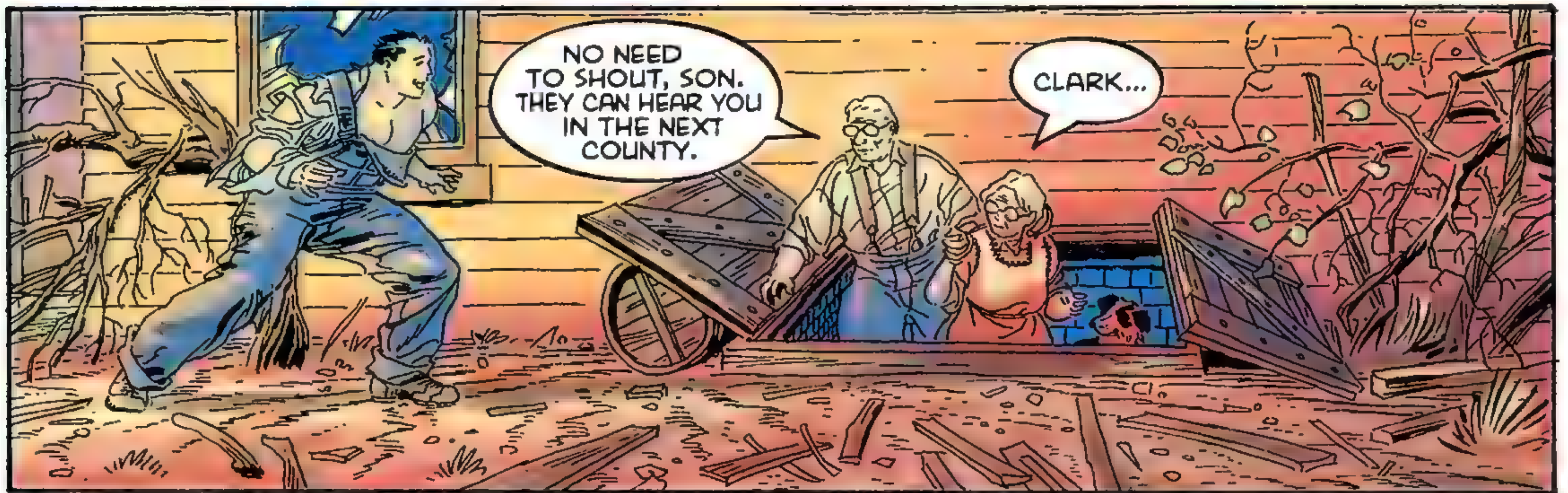
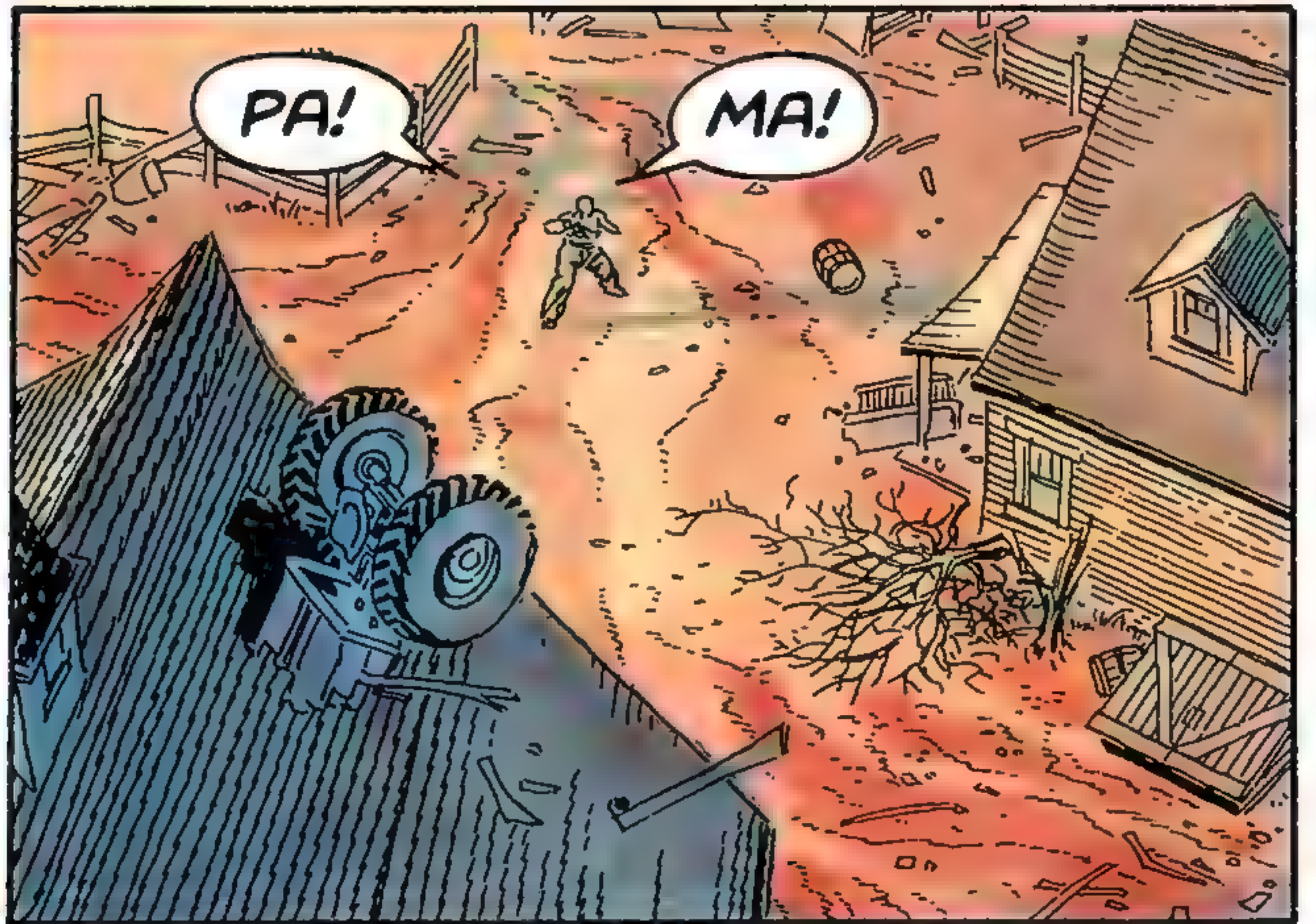
But, I believe, in the wild
trouble of that moment...

...our son...





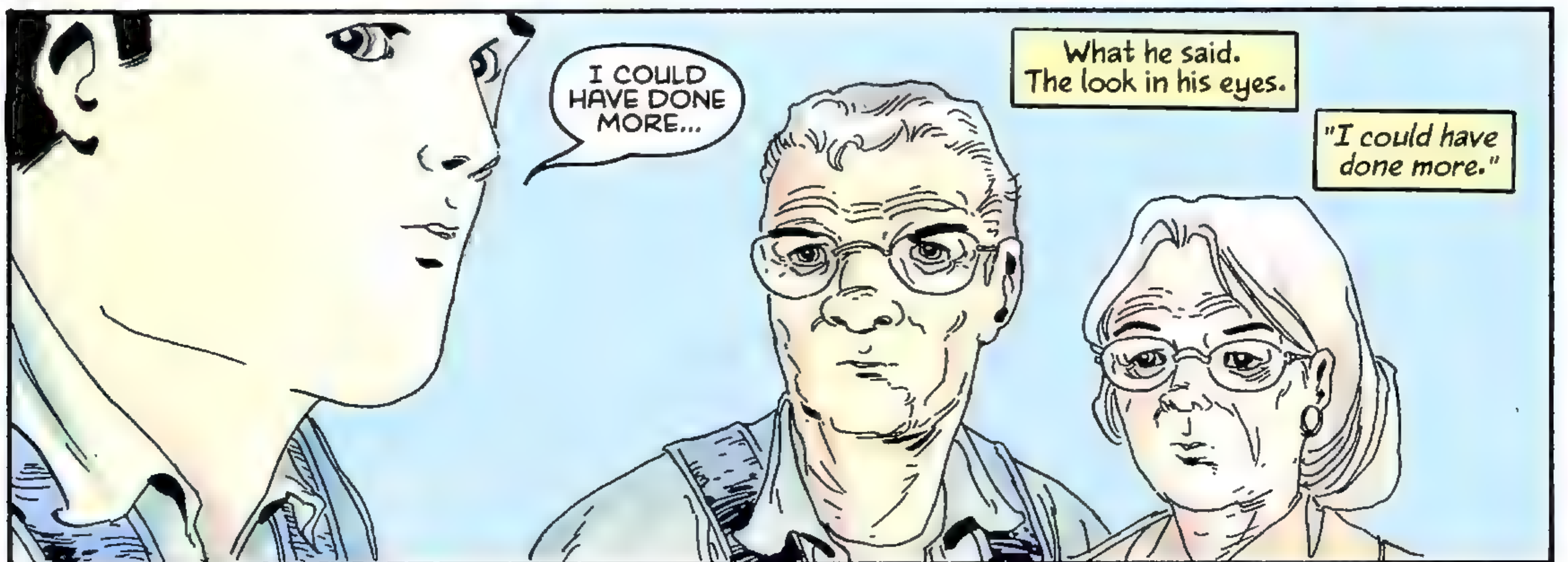






YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE IN TOWN.

I CAN'T HELP THINKING --



I COULD HAVE DONE MORE...

What he said.
The look in his eyes.

"I could have done more."

I know my son.
It would haunt him
from that day on...

PASTOR LINQUIST?
DO YOU HAVE A FEW
MINUTES?

FOR YOU, CLARK? ALWAYS.
ALWAYS WILLING TO SPEND
TIME WITH YOU OR YOUR
FAMILY...

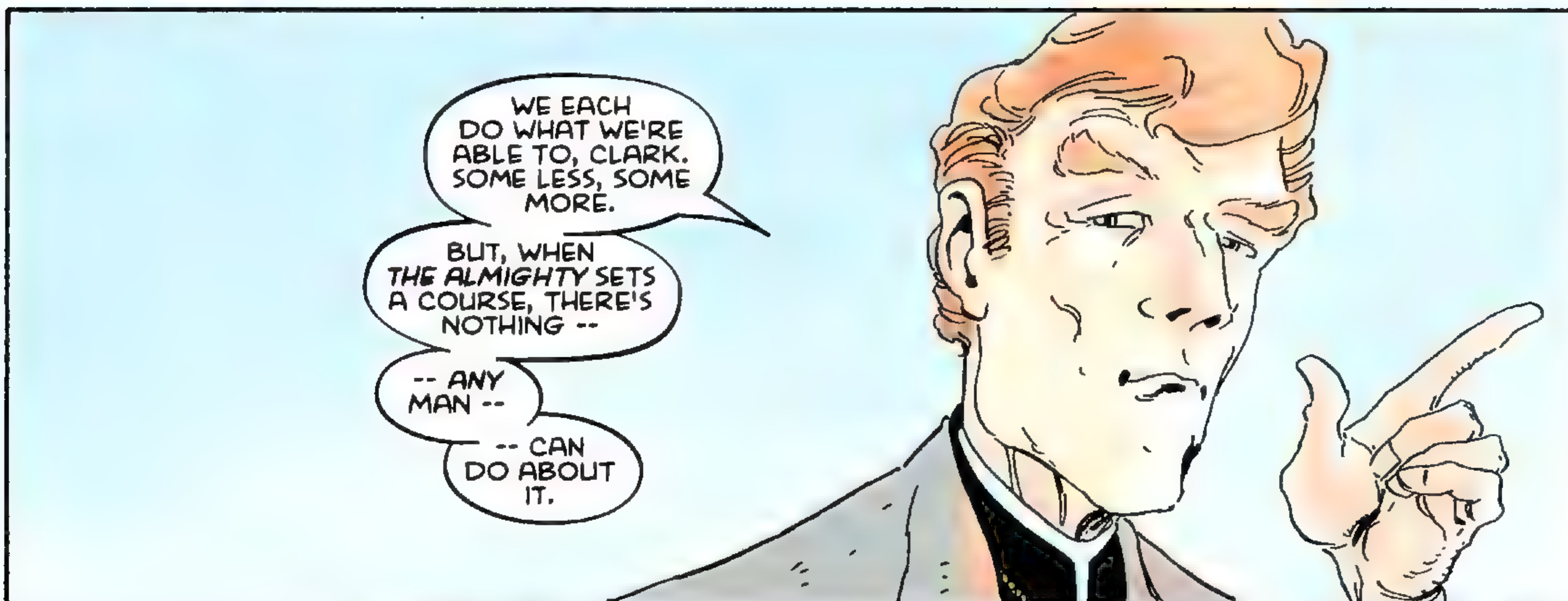
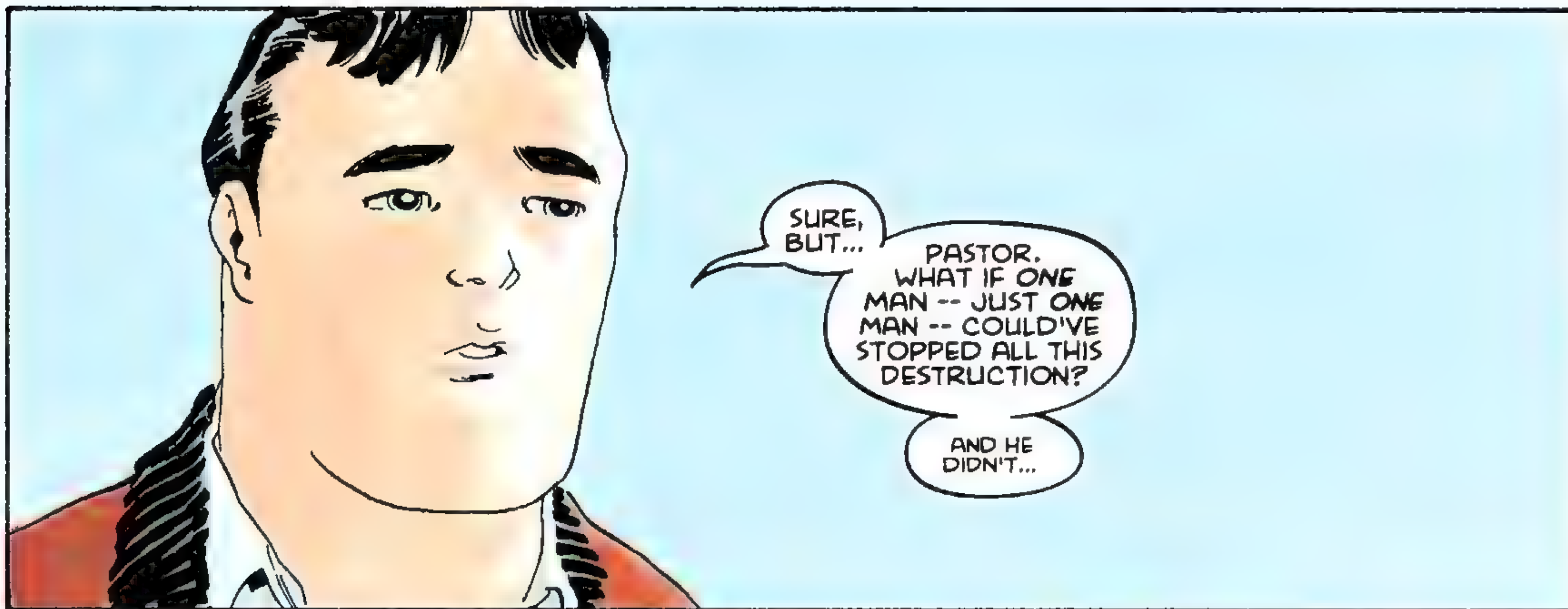
...AS LONG
AS YOU DON'T
MIND ME LOOKING
AFTER THINGS HERE
AS WE GO.

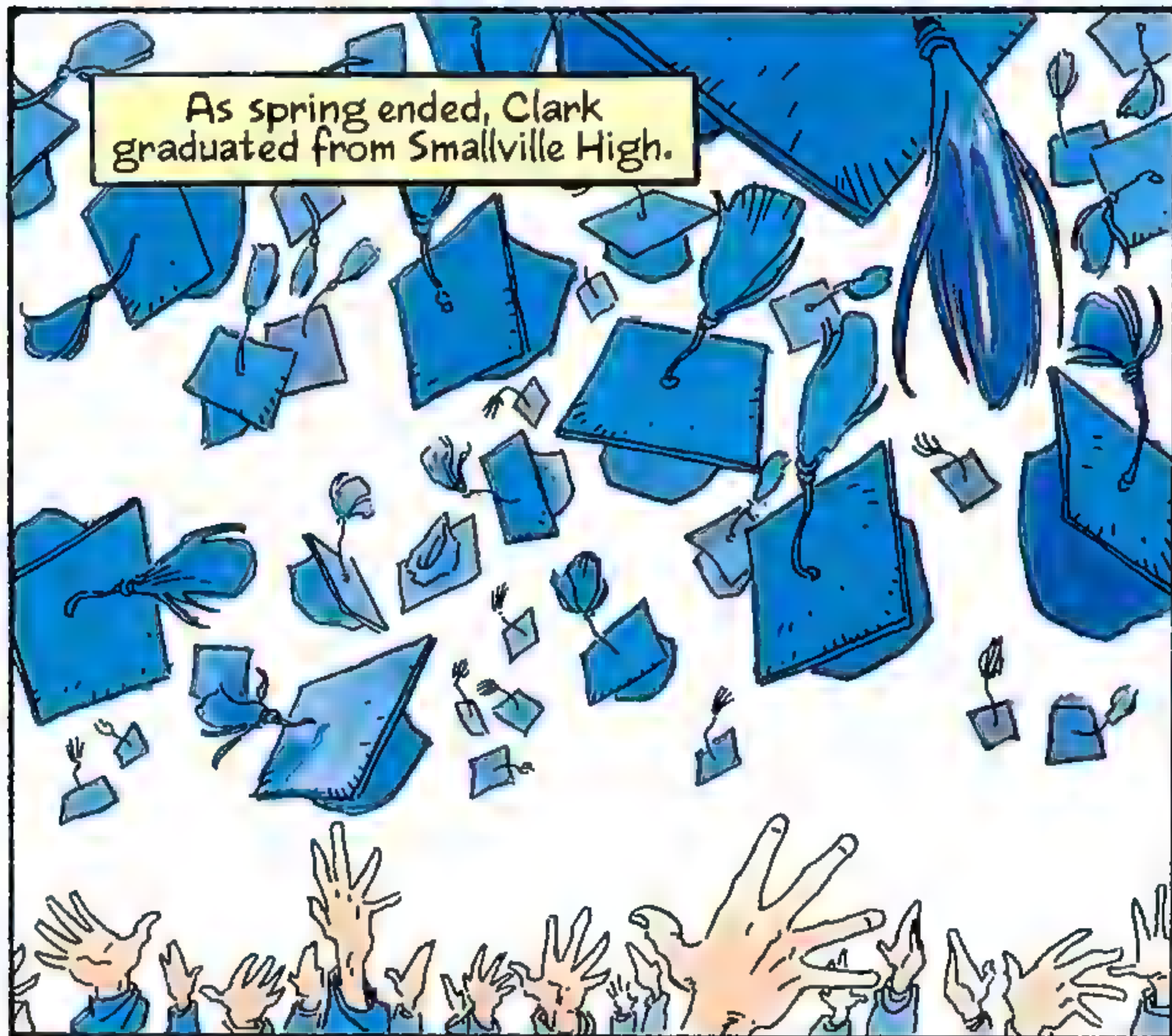
THE LORD
MAY HAVE GIVEN US
THE TOOLS, BUT IT'S MAN
WHO HAS TO FIX IT, AND
LEAVING TOM LANDERS IN
CHARGE OF ANYTHING...
WELL, Y'KNOW,
SON.

ACTUALLY,
I DON'T KNOW,
PASTOR. ABOUT...
ANYTHING...

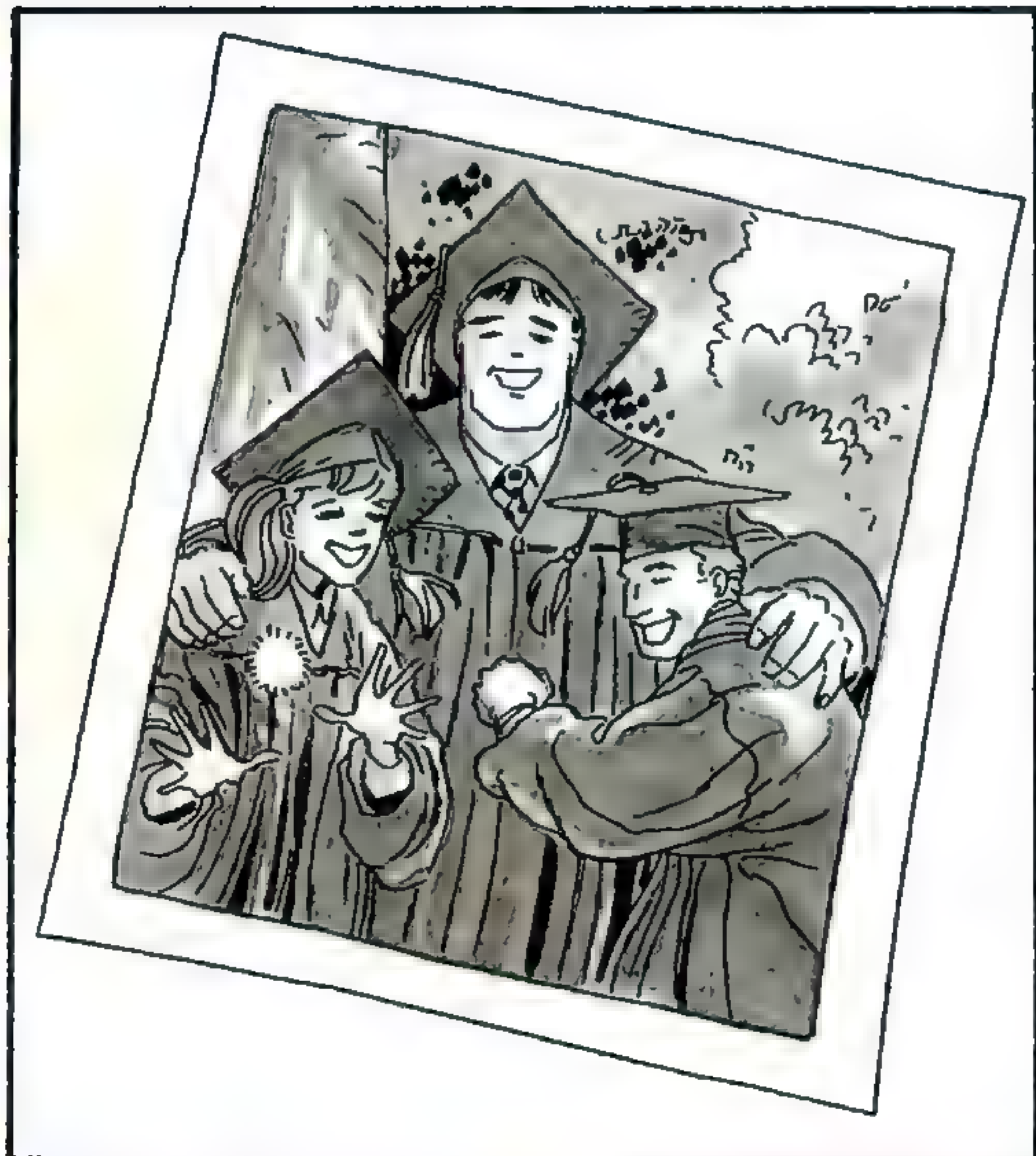
THE TWISTER.
GRADUATION.
WHERE TO GO --
WHO TO TALK
TO --?

HAVE YOU
SPOKEN TO YOUR
FOLKS, CLARK? THEY CAN
BE OF GREAT COMFORT
AT TIMES LIKE
THESE.





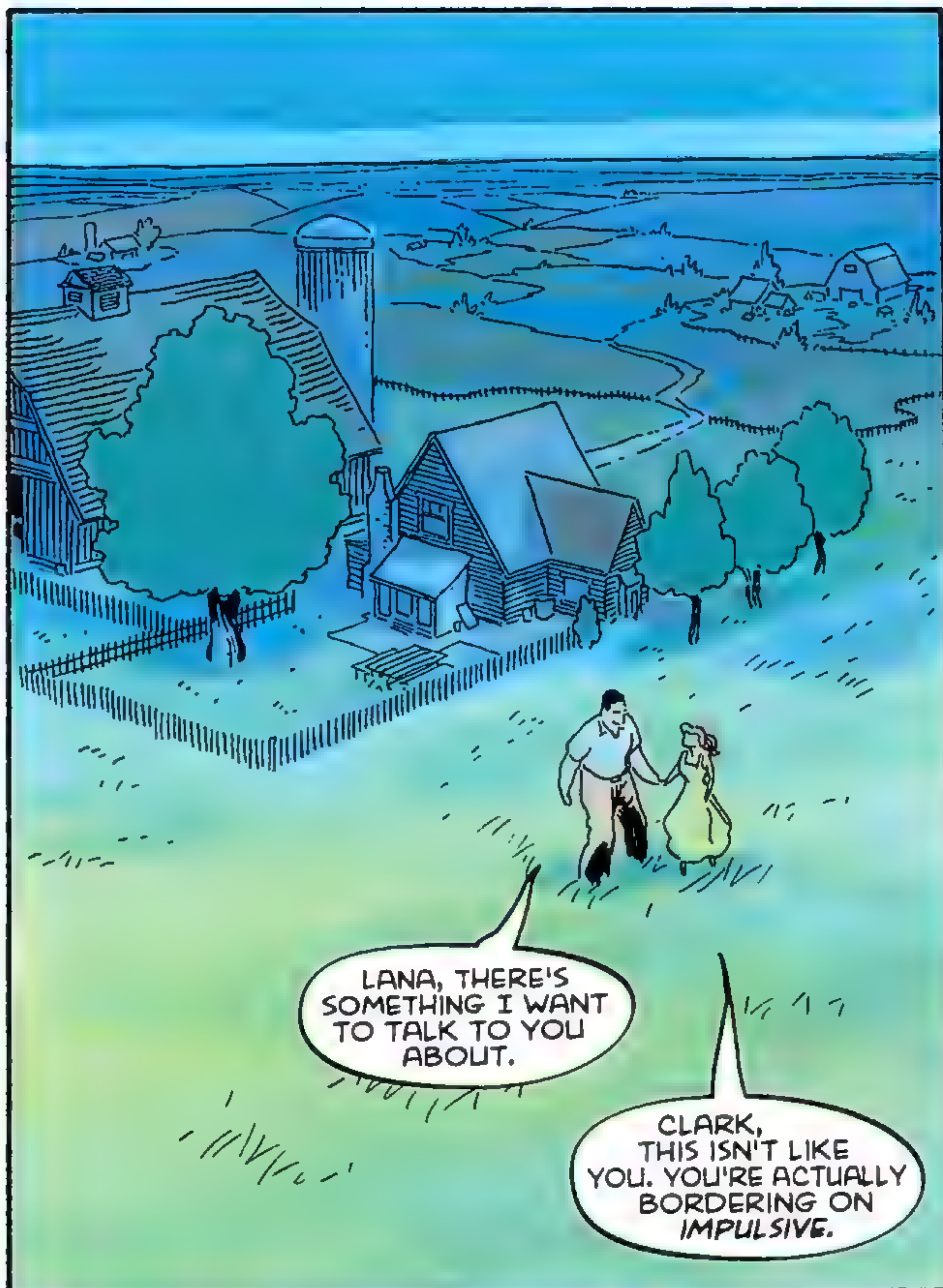
As spring ended, Clark graduated from Smallville High.



As with most things, life went on. The twister had passed. The town was being rebuilt.

Martha had already taken Clark to buy a new suit. We brought suitcases down from the attic.

I never thought about our time together until it grew too short.



CLARK --
HOW ARE
YOU DOING
THIS?

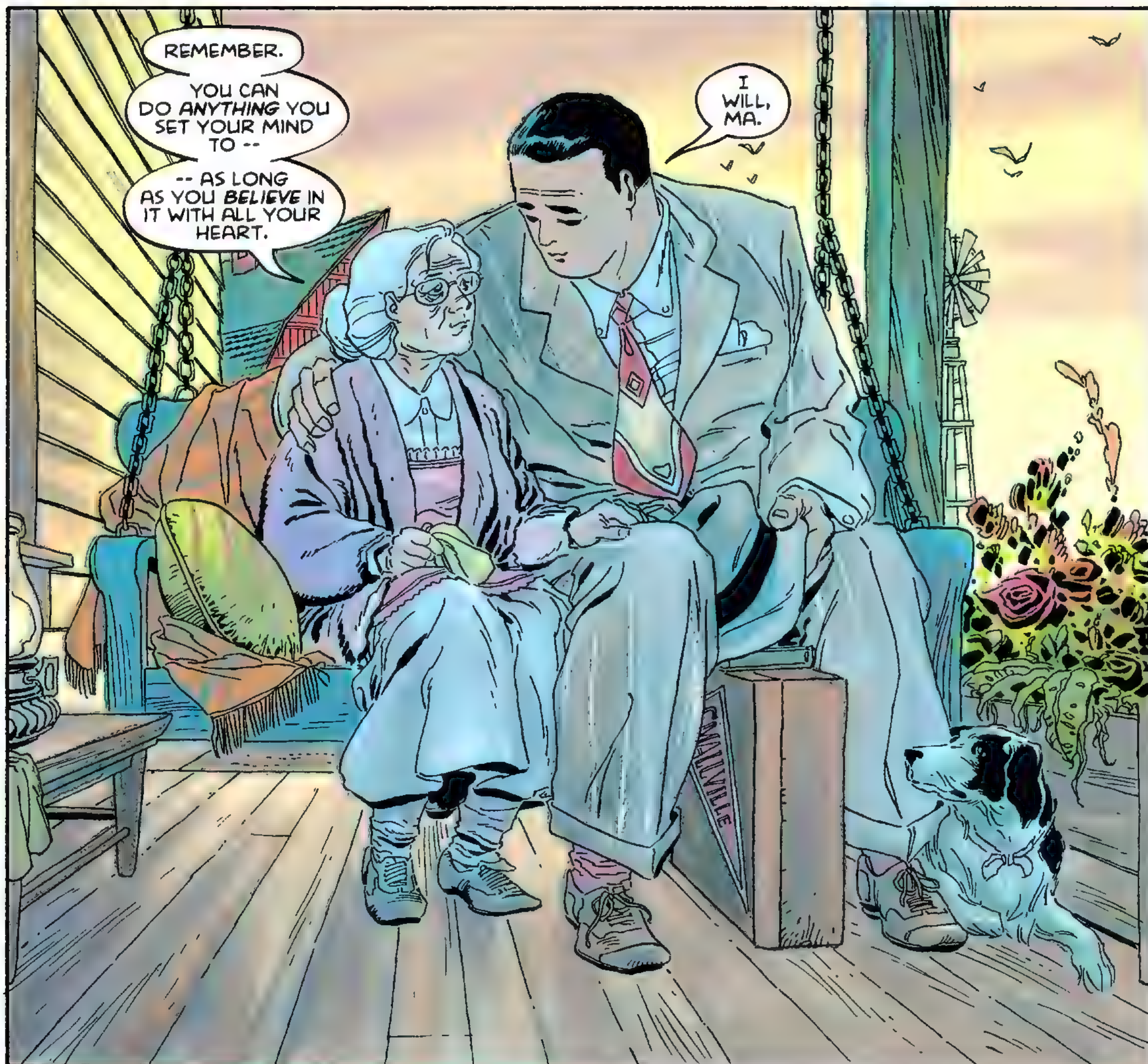
YOU'RE
SCARING
ME!

LANA,
WILL YOU --
WILL YOU PLEASE
JUST TRUST
ME?

I
CAN
FLY.

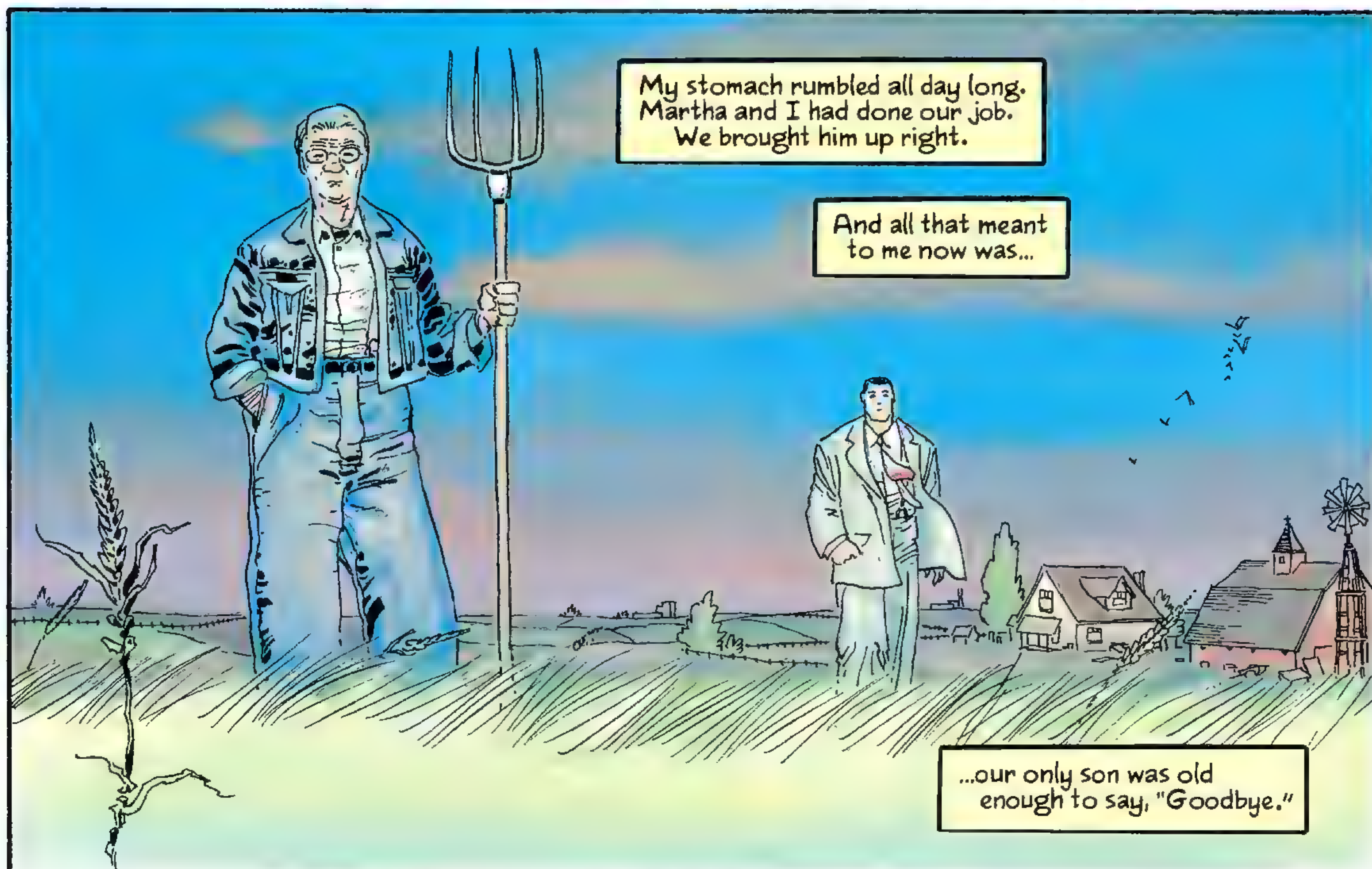
I
CAN
FLY!





REMEMBER.
YOU CAN
DO ANYTHING YOU
SET YOUR MIND
TO --
-- AS LONG
AS YOU BELIEVE IN
IT WITH ALL YOUR
HEART.

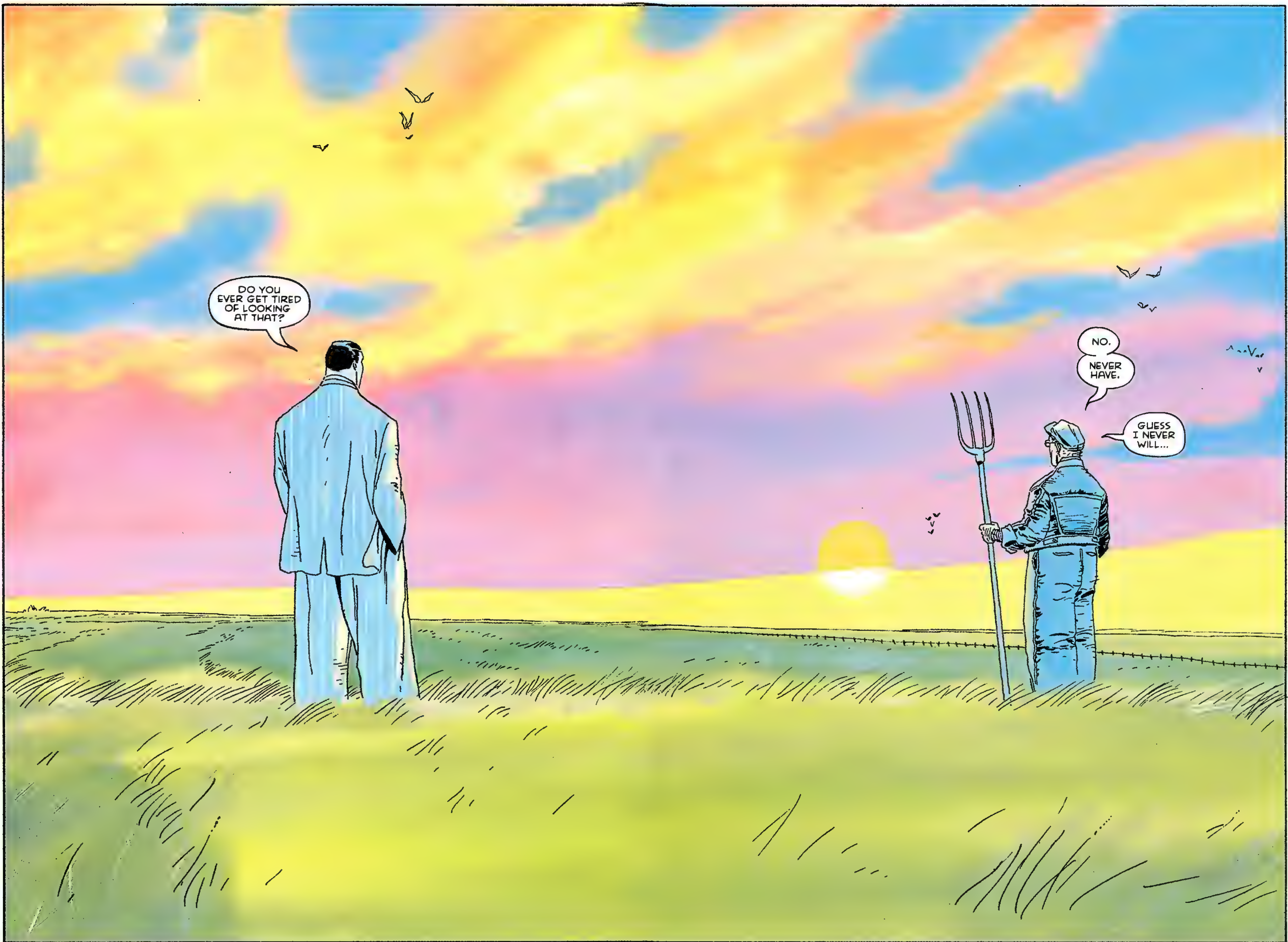
I
WILL,
MA.



My stomach rumbled all day long.
Martha and I had done our job.
We brought him up right.

And all that meant
to me now was...

...our only son was old
enough to say, "Goodbye."





BOOM!

uh-oh.

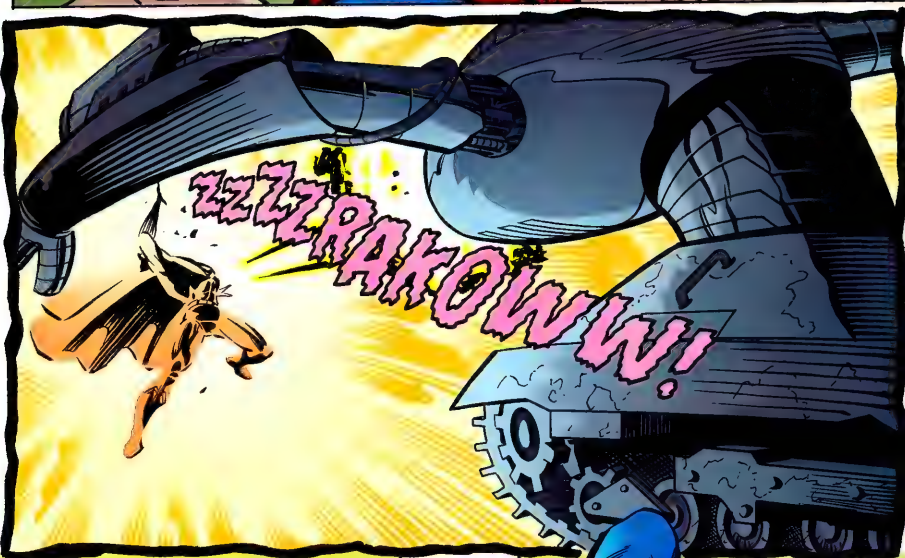
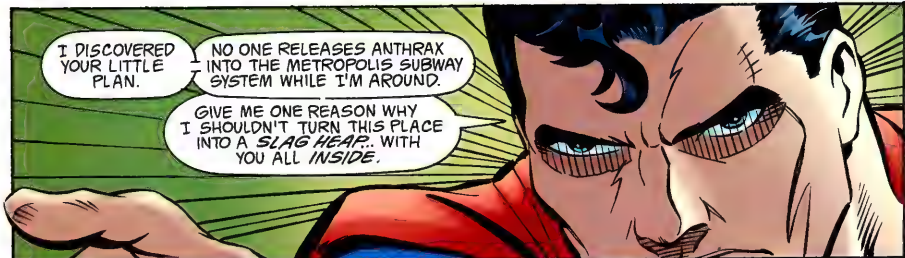
RELEASE
THE BATTLE-
DROIDS!

HURRY!

I DISCOVERED
YOUR LITTLE
PLAN.

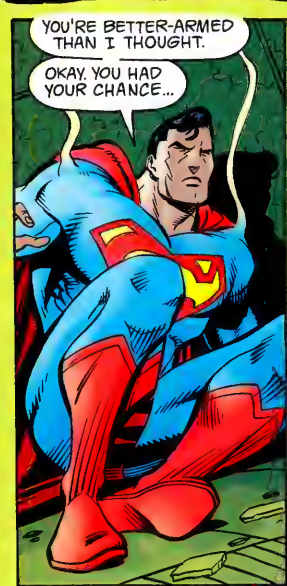
NO ONE RELEASES ANTHRAX
INTO THE METROPOLIS SUBWAY
SYSTEM WHILE I'M AROUND.

GIVE ME ONE REASON WHY
I SHOULDN'T TURN THIS PLACE
INTO A *SLAG HEAP*. WITH
YOU ALL *INSIDE*.



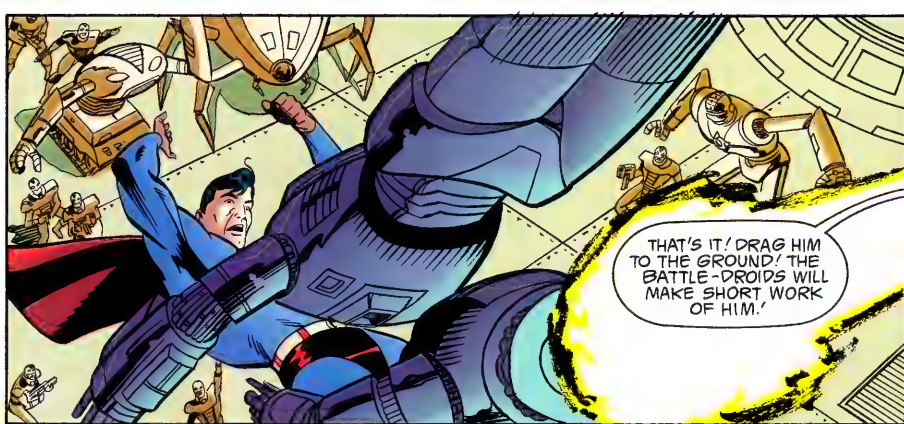
YOU'RE BETTER-ARMED
THAN I THOUGHT.

OKAY. YOU HAD
YOUR CHANCE...



... NOW IT'S *MY*
TURN!

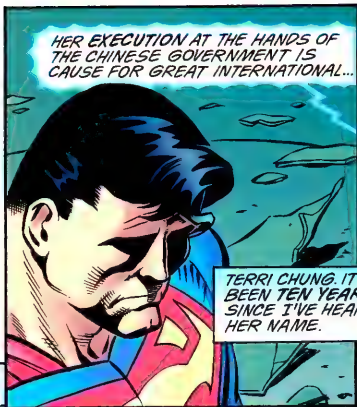








...IS MOURNING
THE LOSS OF THEIR
SPIRITUAL LEADER
TERRI CHUNG,
THE RHANA
BHUTRA.



HER EXECUTION AT THE HANDS OF
THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT IS
CAUSE FOR GREAT INTERNATIONAL...

TERRI CHUNG. IT'S
BEEN TEN YEARS
SINCE I'VE HEARD
HER NAME.

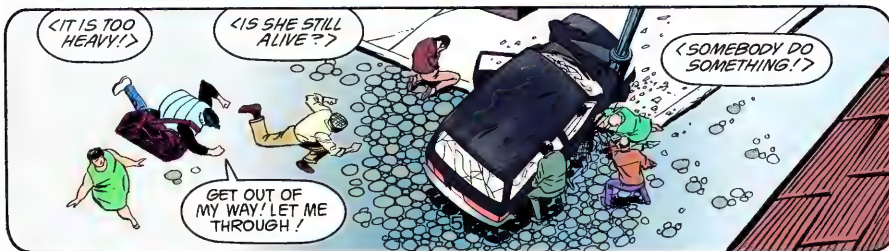


FUNNY HOW A SINGLE
NAME CAN BRING
BACK A LIFETIME
OF MEMORIES.

PARIS WAS EVERYTHING
A YOUNG MAN FROM
KANSAS COULD EXPECT-
EXCITING, VIBRANT,
INTOXICATING.



SO MUCH SO, THAT TO
THIS DAY I CAN'T
BELIEVE I DIDN'T
HEAR THE SQUEAL
OF BRAKES, AND
THE SOUNDS OF
CRUMPLING METAL.



<IT IS TOO
HEAVY!>

<IS SHE STILL
ALIVE??>

<SOMEBODY DO
SOMETHING!>

GET OUT OF
MY WAY! LET ME
THROUGH!



UP TILL THAT TIME, I HAD BEEN
PRETTY GOOD ABOUT NOT
REVEALING MY TRUE ABILITIES.

I GUESS I JUST GOT
CAUGHT UP IN THE
EMOTION OF THE
ACCIDENT THAT POOR
LITTLE GIRL LYING
BENEATH THAT CAR...

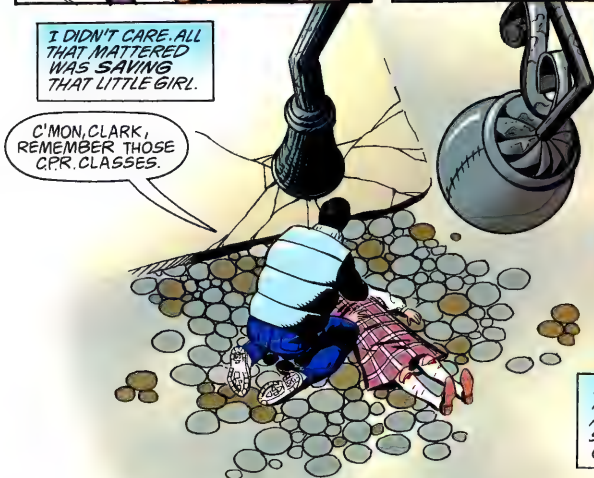
AS USUAL, PA WAS RIGHT.



THE REACTION OF THE
CROWD WAS ONE OF
SHEER...



...TERROR.



I HAD ALREADY TRAVELED
HALFWAY AROUND THE
WORLD TO FIND OUT
WHO I REALLY AM.

WHY I HAD ALL
THOSE ABILITIES.

AND THERE I WAS,
NOT ABLE TO USE
ANY OF THEM TO
SAVE AN INJURED
GIRL.



WHEN I HEARD THE SIRENS I KNEW BETTER HELP THAN I COULD GIVE
WAS ON THE WAY, AND REBECCA WOULD BE OKAY.

SO I LEFT.

I HEAR THAT SHE IS IN
MEDICAL SCHOOL NOW.

SMILE.

HUH?

HI. I *SAW* WHAT YOU DID IN ST.-GERMAIN.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. I CAN'T
WAIT TO GET THESE PICTURES DEVELOPED.

YOU...TOOK
PICTURES?

SOME GOOD
ONES, TOO.

OH, TERRI
CHUNG, BY
THE WAY.

CLARK KENT. I
REALLY DON'T WANT
PICTURES TAKEN
OF ME. YOU *SAW*
HOW THE CROWD
REACTED.

DON'T BE SO
MODEST, CLARK.
WHAT YOU DID WAS
FANTASTIC.

IS THERE
ANYTHING
ELSE ON THAT
FILM?

NO. DO YOU
WANT IT?

THAT *WON'T* BE
NECESSARY.

I WAS TRAVELING ALONE, BUT PARIS IS MORE FUN WITH A COMPANION...

...AND I THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO SEE MORE OF THE WORLD.

YOUR HOME TOWN IS REALLY CALLED SMALLVILLE?

WELL... YES.

THAT'S NOT A SLIGHT. I COME FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF BHUTRAN.

I'M AFRAID I DON'T HAVE AN ATLAS HANDY.

THE HIMALAYAS. NEAR THE CHINA BORDER.

DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY-- YOU'RE *NOT* LIKE ANY SMALL-TOWN GIRLS I KNEW.

I DON'T GET HOME VERY MUCH. MY FATHER'S REAL OLD-SCHOOL. HE... WELL, LET'S JUST SAY HE DOESN'T TAKE TO *NEW* WAYS.

I FIND WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE, MY PARENTS USUALLY KNOW BETTER THAN I DO.

YEAH... RIGHT.

SO, ANYWAY-- WHERE ARE YOU STAYING?

I DON'T HAVE A ROOM YET.

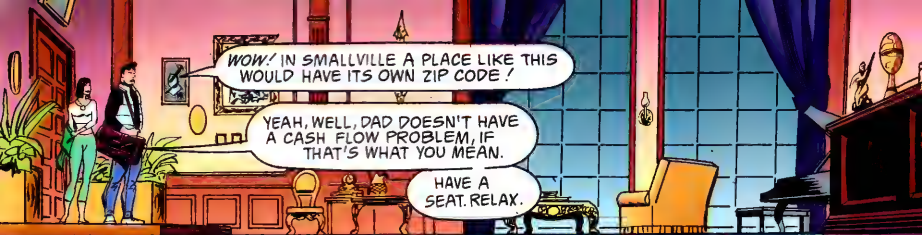
YOU KNOW, PARIS CAN BE EXPENSIVE. WHY DON'T YOU STAY WITH ME?

I KNOW HE'S SORRY HE SENT ME TO AMERICA FOR MY EDUCATION. YOUR COUNTRY'S FULL OF "WRONG" IDEAS, IN HIS OPINION.

uh...

C'MON, I DON'T BITE. BESIDES, YOU'LL NEVER GET A PLACE THIS TIME OF YEAR.

I DON'T THINK THAT'S SUCH A GOOD IDEA.



WOW! IN SMALLVILLE A PLACE LIKE THIS
WOULD HAVE ITS OWN ZIP CODE!

YEAH, WELL, DAD DOESN'T HAVE
A CASH FLOW PROBLEM, IF
THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.

HAVE A
SEAT. RELAX.



HOW ABOUT
A GLASS OF
WINE?

UH, NO
THANKS.
I DON'T
DRINK.



HMMM. AND YOU PROBABLY
DON'T SMOKE EITHER, RIGHT?

RIGHT.

SO TELL ME, CLARK
KENT OF SMALLVILLE,
WHAT DO YOU DO
FOR KICKS?



LOOK, I THINK I BETTER
BE GOING...

PLEASE,
DON'T...



HUH?

uh-oh.



LOOK, TERRI,
I'M NOT
MARRIED.

HELLO.



NEITHER AM
I. WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM?

I, uh...
THAT'S
NOT WHAT
I MEANT.
I'M **NOT**
MARRIED.



WHAT ARE YOU?
A BOY SCOUT?

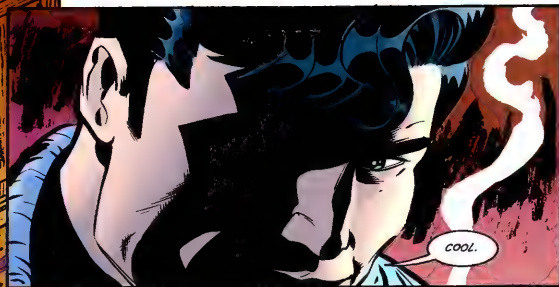
WELL, ACTUALLY,
I AM.



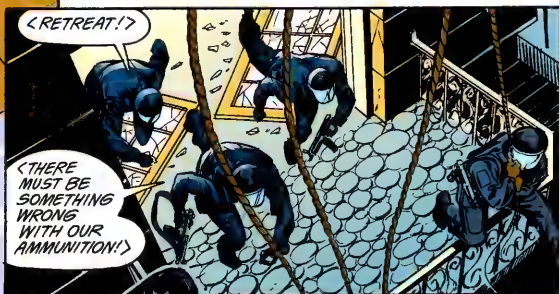


HOLY--

<THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE!>



COOL.



<RETREAT!>

<THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH OUR AMMUNITION!>



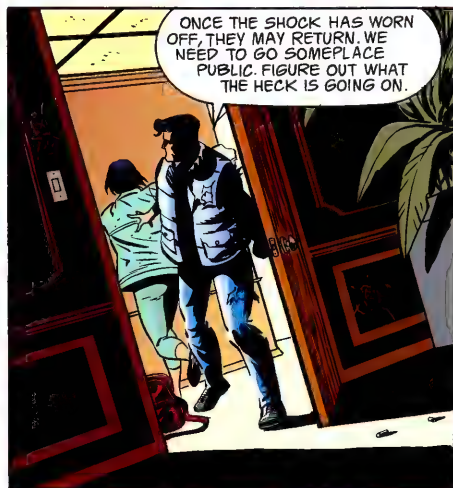
THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY?!

WOULDN'T YOU? THAT WAS FANTASTIC!



YOU'RE JUST FULL OF SURPRISES.

TERRI, WE NEED TO LEAVE HERE. NOW.



ONCE THE SHOCK HAS WORN OFF, THEY MAY RETURN. WE NEED TO GO SOMEPLACE PUBLIC. FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON.



SO HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN THAT YOU ARE BULLETPROOF?

ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.

WE SHOULD BE SAFE NOW. WE'RE NOT BEING FOLLOWED.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

I'VE GOT PRETTY GOOD EYES, TOO.

I'LL BET YOU HAVE.



ANYTHING YOU WANT TO TELL ME?

THOSE MEN. THEY WERE AN 8341 UNIT. CHINESE COMMANDOS. THIS IS ALL ABOUT MY FATHER.

WHAT DOES THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT HAVE AGAINST HIM?

HE'S THE RHANA BHUTRA, MY COUNTRY'S HIGHEST RELIGIOUS FIGURE.



WOW!

I TOLD YOU HE WAS OLD-FASHIONED.

AND THEY WERE GOING TO KIDNAP YOU TO GET AT HIM.

THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT, CLARK.



THEN YOU HAVE TO GO HOME.

THAT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY. I LEFT ON BAD TERMS.

"DOING WHAT'S RIGHT IS NEVER EASY. YOUR FATHER NEEDS YOU, TERRI."



I STILL BELIEVE THOSE WORDS.
DOING WHAT'S RIGHT IS NEVER
EASY. I GUESS THAT'S WHY
I COULDN'T LET HER GO BY
HERSELF



SHE WAS IN TROUBLE AND NEEDED
HELP BESIDES. IN THE SHORT TIME
I'D KNOWN HER, SHE KNEW MORE
ABOUT ME THAN MOST OF MY
FRIENDS IN SMALLVILLE.

TERRI SAW ME DO THINGS
THAT ALMOST NO ONE,
EXCEPT MA AND PA, WOULD
BELIEVE WERE EVEN
POSSIBLE.



FUNNY THING WAS THAT IT
DIDN'T EVEN SCARE HER.

I WISH I COULD HAVE
SAID THE SAME.

WHEN THOSE BULLETS
BOUNCED OFF ME,
I WAS SCARED.

SCARED OF
WHAT KIND OF
FREAK I HAD
BECOME.

WHO WAS I ? JUST WHERE
DOES A BULLETPROOF
MAN COME FROM ?

AND HOW DOES
HE FIT INTO A
WORLD OF
NORMAL
PEOPLE ?



PEOPLE
LIKE TERRI.



THOSE ANSWERS HAD TO WAIT WHEN THE .50 CALIBER SHELLS BURST THROUGH THE FUSELAGE.

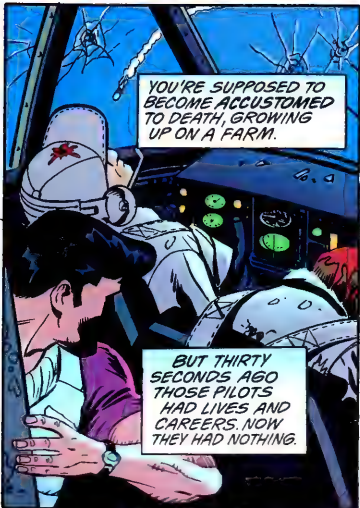


I NEVER KNEW WHAT OTHER CARGO OUR PILOTS WERE HAULING, BUT THE FACT REMAINED, WE WERE IN CHINESE AIR SPACE.

AND THE CHI-COMS WERE NONE TOO HAPPY ABOUT IT.

WHAT'S HAPPENING, CLARK?

I DON'T KNOW. WE'RE UNDER ATTACK.



YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO DEATH, GROWING UP ON A FARM.

BUT THIRTY SECONDS AGO THOSE PILOTS HAD LIVES AND CAREERS. NOW THEY HAD NOTHING.



AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE WOULD HAVE IF I DIDN'T DO SOMETHING.

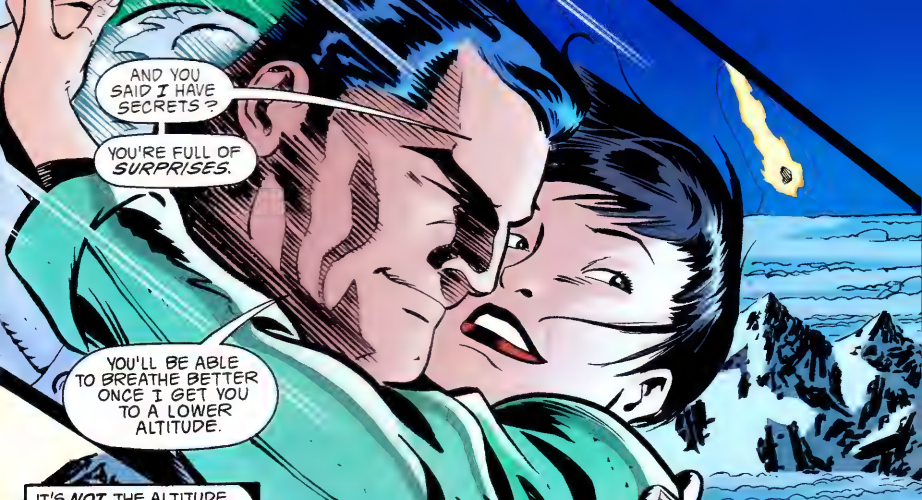
WE'RE OUT OF HERE!

WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN OUT OF..



GUNCH!





AND YOU
SAID I HAVE
SECRETS?

YOU'RE FULL OF
SURPRISES.

YOU'LL BE ABLE
TO BREATHE BETTER
ONCE I GET YOU
TO A LOWER
ALTITUDE.



IT'S *NOT* THE ALTITUDE
THAT TOOK MY *BREATH*
AWAY!

ARE YOU
OKAY?

I COULD HAVE
FLOWN US THE
REST OF THE
WAY.

ONCE WAS QUITE
ENOUGH FOR ME,
THANK YOU. BESIDES,
HERE WE ARE.

THIS IS
WHERE YOU
LIVE?

IT'S...UH...
VERY NICE.



YES, JUST A LITTLE COLD.

HERE,
PUT THIS
ON.

I TAKE IT THE COLD
DOESN'T BOTHER
YOU ANY MORE THAN
BULLETS DO.

NOT
REALLY.
NO.



YOU'RE A PRETTY
SUPER GUY.

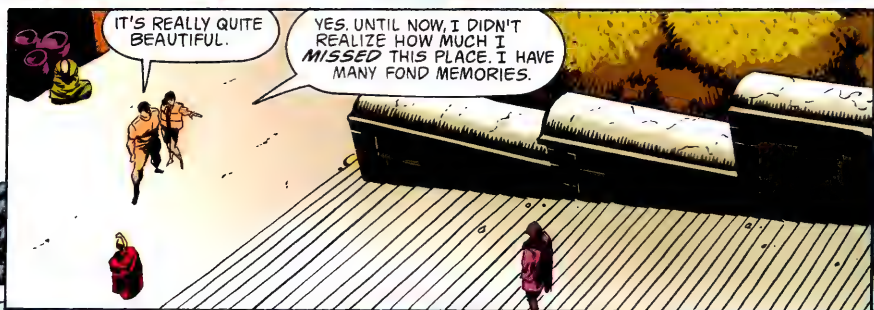
THANKS, MY
FOLKS THINK
SO, TOO.

NO, SILLY. *THIS*
IS WHERE I
LIVE.



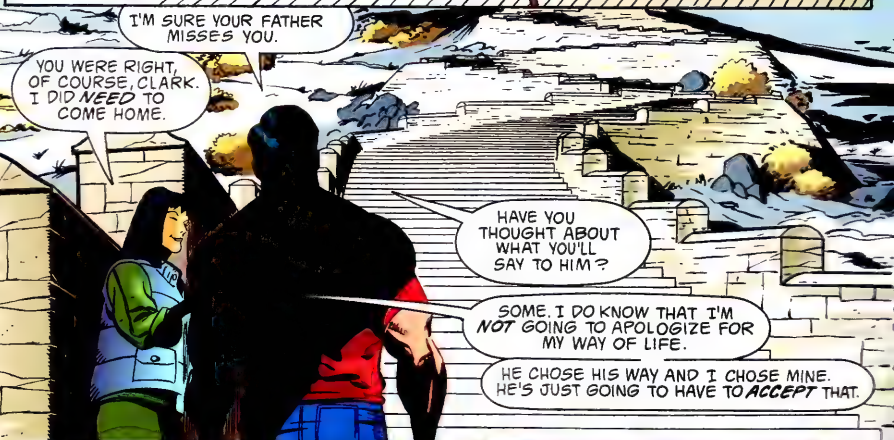
IT'S ABOUT A DAY'S WALK. IF WE HURRY, WE CAN MAKE IT BY NIGHTFALL.

OKAY BY ME.



IT'S REALLY QUITE BEAUTIFUL.

YES. UNTIL NOW, I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW MUCH I *MISSED* THIS PLACE. I HAVE MANY FOND MEMORIES.



I'M SURE YOUR FATHER MISSES YOU.

YOU WERE RIGHT, OF COURSE, CLARK. I DID *NEED* TO COME HOME.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT YOU'LL SAY TO HIM?

SOME. I DO KNOW THAT I'M *NOT* GOING TO APOLOGIZE FOR MY WAY OF LIFE.

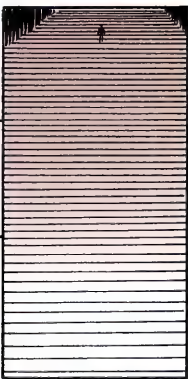
HE CHOSE HIS WAY AND I CHOSE MINE. HE'S JUST GOING TO HAVE TO *ACCEPT* THAT.

HMM. SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE GEARING UP FOR A *BATTLE* INSTEAD OF A REUNION.



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M *NOT*?

FATHER IS VERY... STRONG-WILLED.



I'M GLAD WE WALKED THE STAIRS. IT GAVE US TIME TO TALK TO EACH OTHER.

TERRI HAD A CANDIDNESS ABOUT HER THAT WAS REFRESHING. SHE WAS AN OPEN BOOK WHO SAID WHATEVER WAS ON HER MIND. THERE WERE NO SECRETS WITH HER.

NO SECRETS BETWEEN US.

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT DOOR! AND WHAT BIG...

YEAH, YEAH. I'VE SEEN "YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN" TOO.

oh...uh, heh.

BESIDES, WE DON'T NEED TO KNOCK. LOOK, THE DOOR IS OPEN.

CLARK, LOOK!

I SEE, TERRI. ANOTHER HIT SQUAD, AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THEY DID ANY BETTER HERE THAN IN PARIS.

YOU HAVE RETURNED!

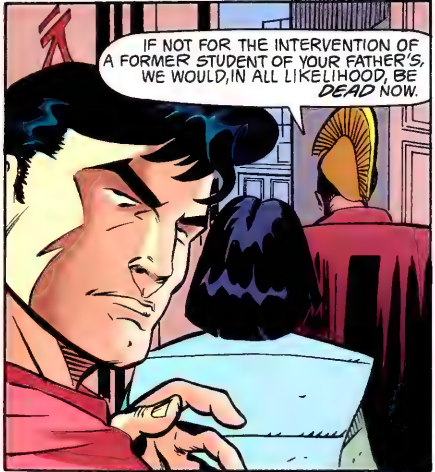
WELCOME HOME, CHILD

AJAHN, WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE?

THE COMMUNISTS HAVE BECOME MUCH MORE...DIRECT, SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN GONE.

WHERE IS FATHER?
IS HE OKAY?

COME. I WILL TAKE YOU TO HIM.

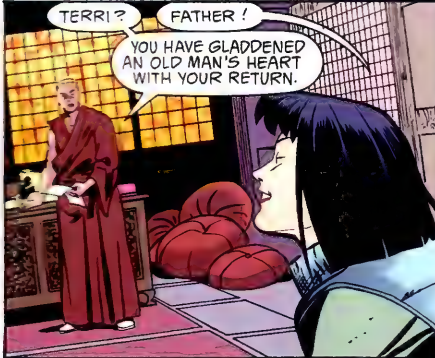


IF NOT FOR THE INTERVENTION OF
A FORMER STUDENT OF YOUR FATHER'S,
WE WOULD, IN ALL LIKELIHOOD, BE
DEAD NOW.



THE RHANA
WILL BE MOST
SURPRISED
AND PLEASED
THAT HIS ONLY
CHILD HAS
RETURNED.

WE'LL
SEE.



TERRI? FATHER!

YOU HAVE GLADDEN
AN OLD MAN'S HEART
WITH YOUR RETURN.



AJAHN TOLD
US WHAT
HAPPENED.
I'M JUST
HAPPY THAT
YOU'RE OKAY.

IT'S A
PLEASURE
TO MEET
YOU, SIR.

FATHER,
THIS IS MY
FRIEND
CLARK
KENT. HE'S
FROM
AMERICA.



A FORMER STUDENT OF
MINE IS AN AMERICAN.
PERHAPS YOU MET ON
YOUR WAY UP? HE LEFT
JUST BEFORE YOU ARRIVED.

NO, BUT WE DID
SEE SOME OF
HIS "WORK."

A VERY GIFTED STUDENT.
A TROUBLED MAN OF MANY
ABILITIES.



ABILITIES? FATHER, AS
THEY SAY IN AMERICA,
YOU AIN'T SEEN
NOTHING YET!

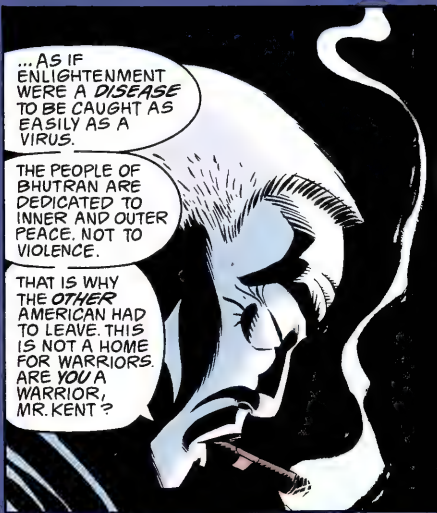


INDEED

PLEASE EXCUSE MY CIGAR, MR. KENT. IT IS MY ONLY EARTHLY VICE. AND BESIDES...THEY'RE *CUBAN!*

IT HELPS ME TO RELAX IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES. OUR *PROBLEMS* WITH THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS ARE GETTING WORSE.

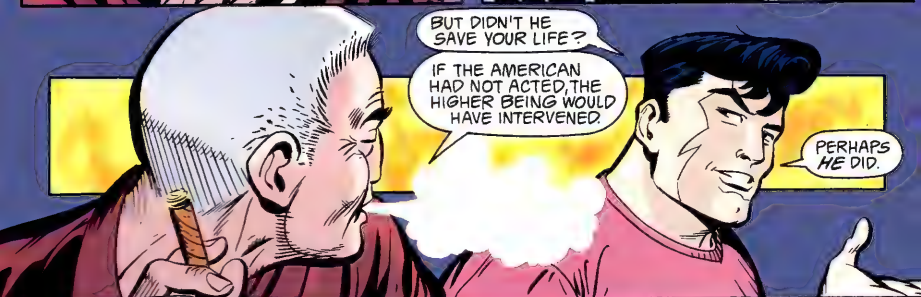
THEY FEAR MY *TEACHINGS* WILL CROSS THE BORDERS AND "INFECT" THEIR PEOPLE...



... AS IF ENLIGHTENMENT WERE A *DISEASE* TO BE CAUGHT AS EASILY AS A VIRUS.

THE PEOPLE OF BHUTRAN ARE DEDICATED TO INNER AND OUTER PEACE. NOT TO VIOLENCE.

THAT IS WHY THE *OTHER* AMERICAN HAD TO LEAVE. THIS IS NOT A HOME FOR WARRIORS. ARE YOU A WARRIOR, MR. KENT?



BUT DIDN'T HE SAVE YOUR LIFE?

IF THE AMERICAN HAD NOT ACTED, THE HIGHER BEING WOULD HAVE INTERVENED.

PERHAPS HE DID.



hmm. YOU ARE WISE BEYOND YOUR YEARS, MR. KENT.



AT ANY RATE, HE HAS CERTAINLY INTERVENED IN BRINGING YOU BACK TO ME.

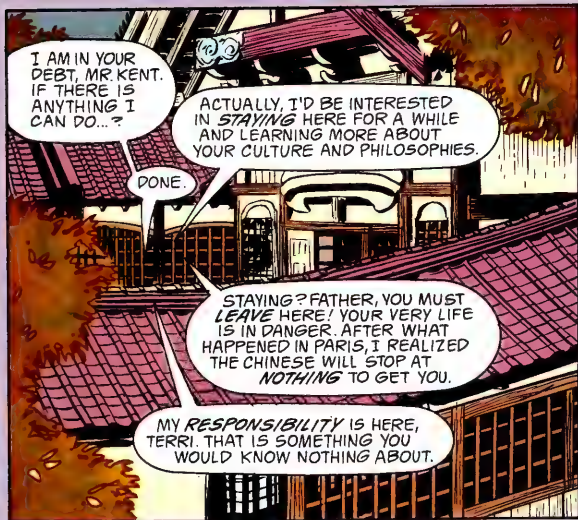
THE CHINESE WERE AFTER ME. IF NOT FOR CLARK, I MIGHT BE DEAD, TOO!



WHAT! AFTER--



FORGIVE ME. FOR A MOMENT I **SURRENDERED** TO A FATHER'S RAGE.



I AM IN YOUR DEBT, MR. KENT. IF THERE IS ANYTHING I CAN DO...?

ACTUALLY, I'D BE INTERESTED IN **STAYING** HERE FOR A WHILE AND LEARNING MORE ABOUT YOUR CULTURE AND PHILOSOPHIES.

DONE.

STAYING? FATHER, YOU MUST **LEAVE** HERE! YOUR VERY LIFE IS IN DANGER. AFTER WHAT HAPPENED IN PARIS, I REALIZED THE CHINESE WILL STOP AT **NOTHING** TO GET YOU.

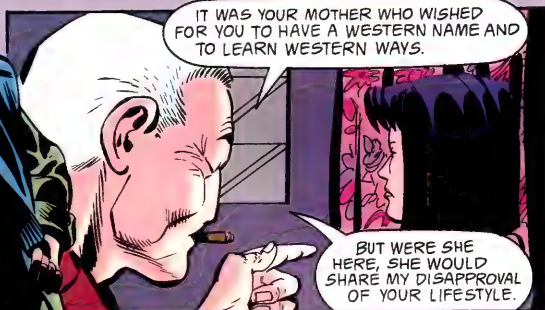
MY **RESPONSIBILITY** IS HERE, TERRI. THAT IS SOMETHING YOU WOULD KNOW NOTHING ABOUT.



HERE WE GO...

I HAVE MADE MY CHOICE IN LIFE, FATHER. JUST AS YOU HAVE.

YOU HAVE CHOSEN **NOTHING**. YOU LET LIFE CARRY YOU BEFORE IT AS IF ON A BREEZE.



IT WAS YOUR MOTHER WHO WISHED FOR YOU TO HAVE A WESTERN NAME AND TO LEARN WESTERN WAYS.

BUT WERE SHE HERE, SHE WOULD SHARE MY DISAPPROVAL OF YOUR LIFESTYLE.

YOU HAVE A PLACE HERE. A ROLE TO FULFILL.

ARE WE GOING TO GO DOWN **THAT** ROAD AGAIN?









I HAVE WHAT *SOME* MIGHT CALL SUPERHUMAN POWERS.

BUT I *DON'T WANT* TO BE SUPERHUMAN. ALL I WANT TO DO... IS ...TO FIT IN.



I USED MY *ABILITIES* TO SAVE A LIFE IN FRANCE, AND THE REACTION OF THE PEOPLE WHO SAW ME WAS *FEAR*.

I DON'T WANT TO BE A FREAK.



I CAN BEND STEEL IN MY BARE HANDS. I CAN LEAP OVER A TALL BUILDING IN A SINGLE BOUND. I CAN FLY, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE!

WHAT KIND OF MAN CAN DO THESE THINGS?



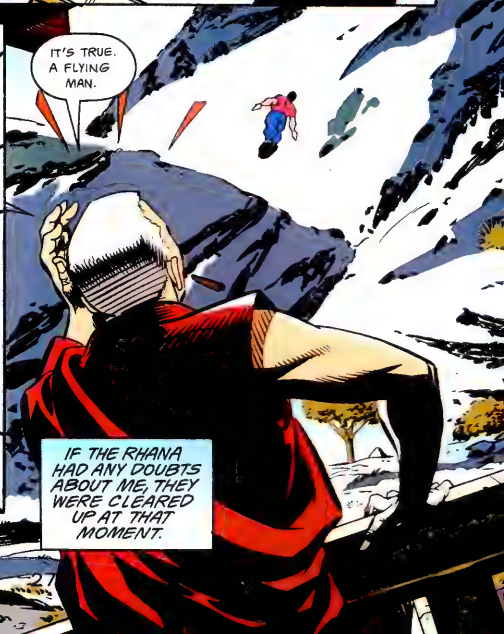
A SPECIAL ONE, I THINK.

MR. KENT YOU HAVE BEEN *GIVEN* ABILITIES BEYOND THOSE OF MORTAL MEN.



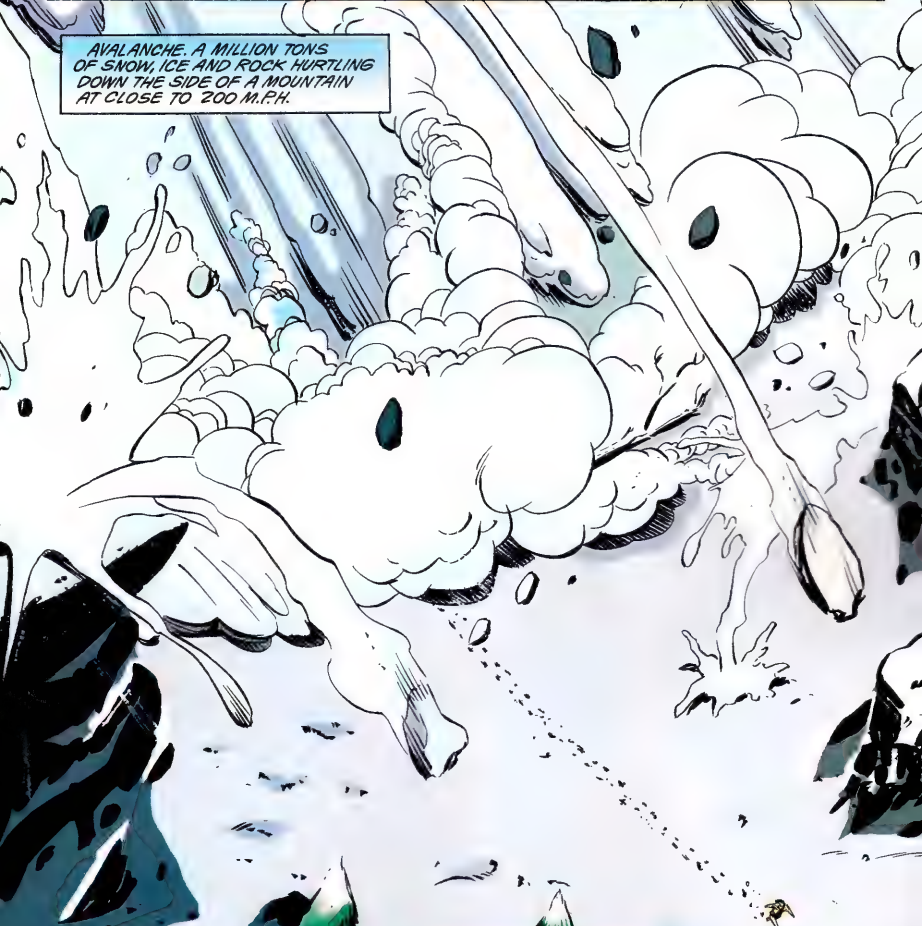
FOR YOU *NOT* TO USE THEM FOR THE PURPOSE OF GOOD WOULD BE A SIN.

YOU DID IN FRANCE WHAT ANY HUMAN BEING WOULD HAVE DONE HAD HE THE ABILITY.





I COULD SEE
TERRI WAS IN
TROUBLE.



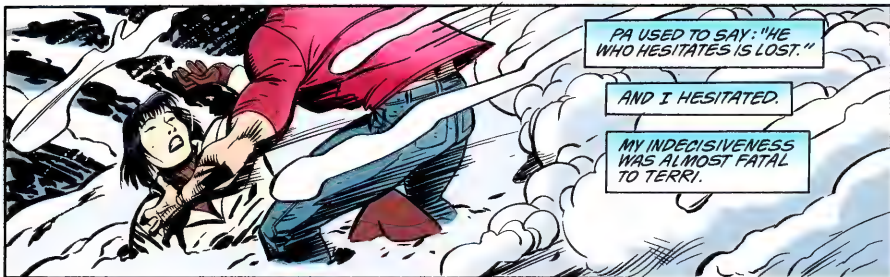
AVALANCHE. A MILLION TONS
OF SNOW, ICE AND ROCK HURLING
DOWN THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN
AT CLOSE TO 200 M.P.H.



I HAD ONLY SECONDS
TO REACT.



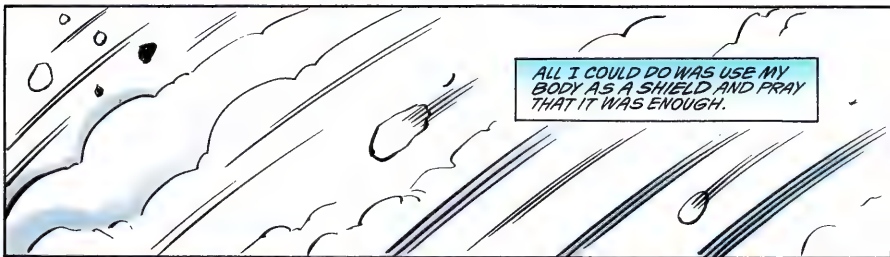
I WAS TRAVELING TOO FAST TO JUST SCOOP HER UP. THE IMPACT WOULD HAVE BROKEN HER BACK.



PA USED TO SAY: "HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST."

AND I HESITATED.

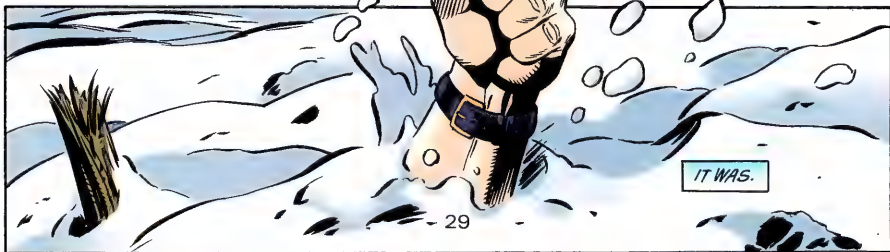
MY INDECISIVENESS WAS ALMOST FATAL TO TERRI.

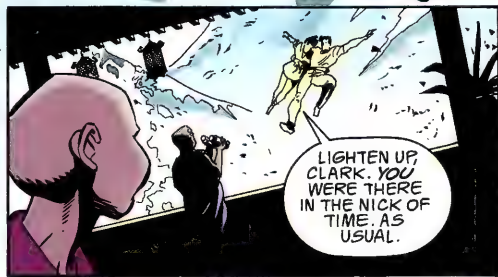


ALL I COULD DO WAS USE MY BODY AS A SHIELD AND PRAY THAT IT WAS ENOUGH.



IT WAS.







MR. KENT! I **ALMOST** DO NOT BELIEVE MY EYES. ARE YOU INJURED, TERRI?

NO, FATHER. THANKS TO CLARK.



YOU SAVED MY DAUGHTER A **THIRD** TIME. IT APPEARS THAT I AM ONCE MORE IN YOUR **DEBT**, SIR.



IT'S OKAY, I'M NOT KEEPING A SCORECARD, SIR.

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? THIS GUY **SAVES** ME FROM AN AVALANCHE AND HE'S **DISAPPOINTED** HE COULDN'T DO IT BETTER.

THE MORE I USE MY **ABILITIES**, THE MORE I **FEEL** APART FROM EVERYONE.

LIKE AN ODDITY.



GREATNESS, BY ITS VERY NATURE, STANDS APART.

YOUR **ABILITIES** SEPARATE YOU FROM ORDINARY MEN.



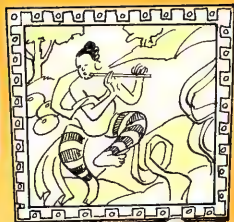
THOUGH YOUR **BURDEN** IS GREAT AND YOUR PATH A LONELY ONE, YOU MUST **CELEBRATE** YOUR DIFFERENCES AND **NOT** DENY THEM.



NOR MUST YOU **ABUSE** THEM.

TIME SEEMED TO STAND STILL DURING MY VISIT TO BHUTRAN. DAYS TURNED TO WEEKS AS I ABSORBED THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF SO DIFFERENT A CULTURE.

COMING FROM KANSAS, BHUTRAN SEEMED LIKE ANOTHER PLANET.



TERRI AND I BECAME CLOSER AND CLOSER WITH THE PASSING DAYS.

SHE WASN'T AFRAID OF ME, OR IN AWE OF ME BECAUSE OF MY... TALENTS.

SHE TREATED ME LIKE ANYBODY ELSE.

HER PLAYFULNESS AND ENTHUSIASM FOR LIFE WERE BEGINNING TO WIN ME OVER.

EVEN DURING MY READING, IT WAS HARD TO KEEP MY MIND OFF HER.



STILL, IN WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE MOST SERENE MONTHS OF MY LIFE, THERE WAS A CONSTANT SENSE OF DANGER.



A THREAT THAT WAS ALWAYS PRESENT.



IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME...



... BEFORE THERE WAS A CONFRONTATION.



LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT IT WOULD CHANGE THE COURSE OF THREE LIVES.

...AND AFTER ALL THESE WEEKS BACK HOME, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT MY FATHER IS... AND THIS IS HARD TO SAY... RIGHT.

I KNOW THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT HAS HIM STRESSED OUT. YET, HE STILL SEEMS TO HAVE AN INNER PEACE.



I LIVE MY LIFE FROM ONE PARTY TO THE NEXT. NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD. I HAVE VERY LITTLE RESPONSIBILITY AND YET I AM MORE TROUBLED THAN FATHER!

"MOST PEOPLE SEEK TO UNDERSTAND THE WORLD, WHEN IT IS THEMSELVES THAT THEY MUST LOOK TO FOR ANSWERS."

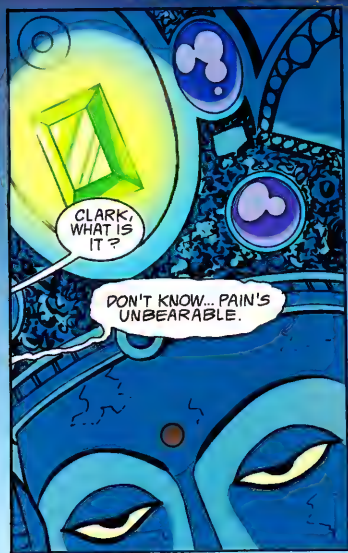
THAT'S WHAT YOUR PA TOLD ME.

HA! WAS THAT A VEILED REFERENCE TO ME?



CLARK!

GUHHH.UHH:



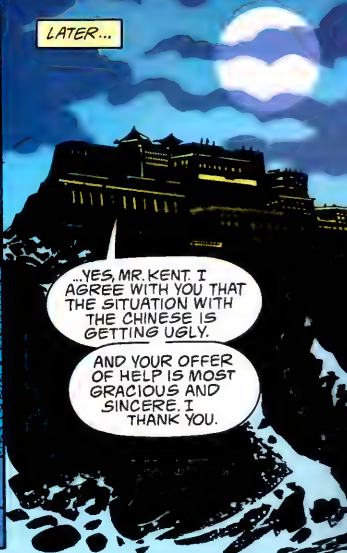
CLARK, WHAT IS IT?

DON'T KNOW... PAIN'S UNBEARABLE.



LET ME HELP YOU!

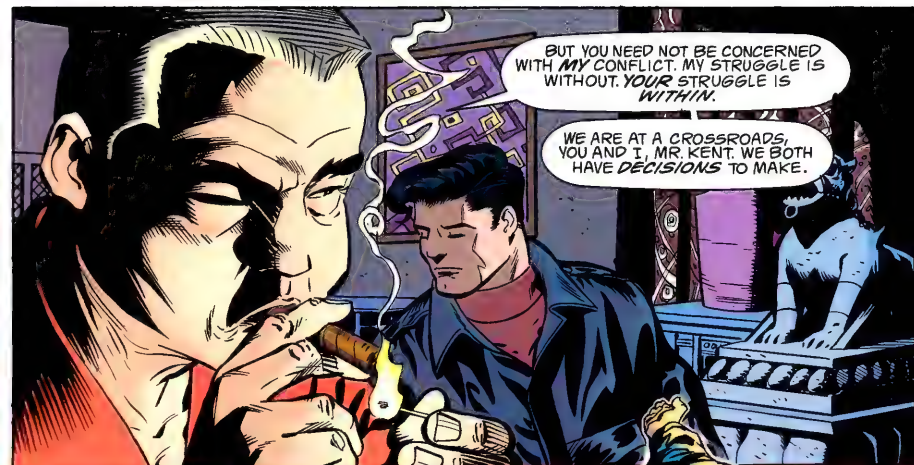
NEVER FELT... THAT WAY BEFORE. SO... WEAK.



LATER...

...YES, MR. KENT, I AGREE WITH YOU THAT THE SITUATION WITH THE CHINESE IS GETTING UGLY.

AND YOUR OFFER OF HELP IS MOST GRACIOUS AND SINCERE. I THANK YOU.



BUT YOU NEED NOT BE CONCERNED WITH *MY* CONFLICT. *MY* STRUGGLE IS WITHOUT. *YOUR* STRUGGLE IS *WITHIN*.

WE ARE AT A CROSSROADS, YOU AND I, MR. KENT. WE BOTH HAVE *DECISIONS* TO MAKE.

"I SUGGEST YOU ISOLATE YOURSELF. CONTEMPLATE WHAT IS *WITHIN* YOU. I THINK YOU WILL FIND WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.

"AND DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE WHAT YOU *ALREADY* KNOW."



HE WAS RIGHT.

ALL THOSE MONTHS OF WANDERING.

LOOKING FOR WHO I
WAS BEING AFRAID
OF WHAT I MIGHT
BECOME BECAUSE OF
WHAT I COULD DO.

BEARING MY ABILITIES
AS A BURDEN
RATHER THAN A
GIFT.

IT WAS ALL FOR
NOTHING.

I ALREADY KNEW
WHO I WAS.

CLARK KENT OF
SMALLVILLE,
KANSAS.

EVERYTHING I NEEDED TO
KNOW WAS RIGHT THERE:

PA TELLING ME, "JUST
DO WHAT'S RIGHT AND
THE REST WILL FALL
INTO PLACE."

THE SERMONS
OF PASTOR
LINGUIST IN THE
LITTLE WHITE
CHURCH OFF
MAIN.

AND MA HER
UNWAVERING
FAITH IN ME.
HER CONSTANT
LOVE.

THAT'S
BEEN WITH
ME FROM
THE
BEGINNING.

AND IT'S
ALL
I EVER
NEEDED.

IT FELT GOOD
TO KNOW I
WAS FINALLY
ON THE
RIGHT
COURSE...

... CERTAIN
IN THE
KNOWLEDGE
OF WHAT I
COULD
AND MUST
DO.

I WOULD
STILL ACT IN
SECRET...

... BUT I WOULD
NEVER BE AFRAID
OF MY RESPONSIBILITIES
AGAIN."







TERRI!

CLARK! IT'S FATHER! HE HAS GONE INTO THE VALLEY TO HEAD OFF AN ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE!



IF THEY CAN'T GET HIM, THEY WILL GET TO EVERYONE HE LOVES!

HURRY, CLARK! HURRY!



THERE HE IS. MAN, HE SURE HAS GRIT.

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

HE'S TELLING THEM TO TURN BACK AND NOT TO HARM THE VILLAGERS AND HE WILL GO WITH THEM PEACEFULLY.



LOOK, HE'S CONVINCED THEM TO...



BANG!



GOOD LORD!

FATHER!

I WAS STILL
YOUNG
ENOUGH,
SMALL TOWN
ENOUGH, TO BE
SURPRISED
BY WHAT
HAPPENED.



OH, CLARK, THEY'VE KILLED
HIM. THEY'VE KILLED HIM!

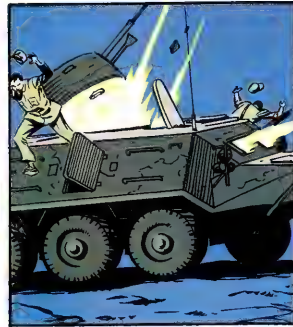
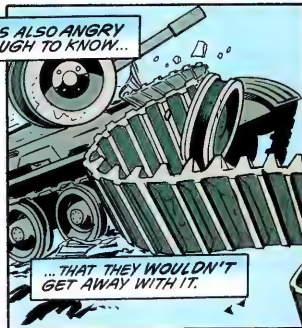
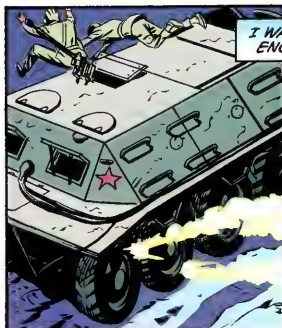


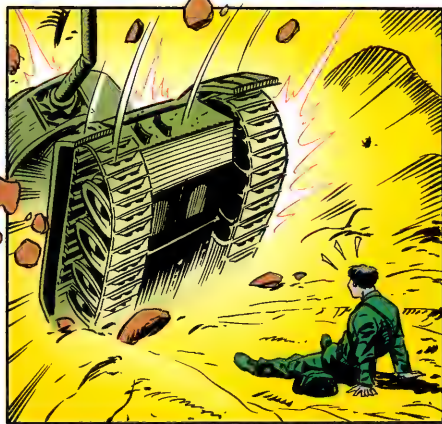
YOU ANIMALS!
MURDERERS!

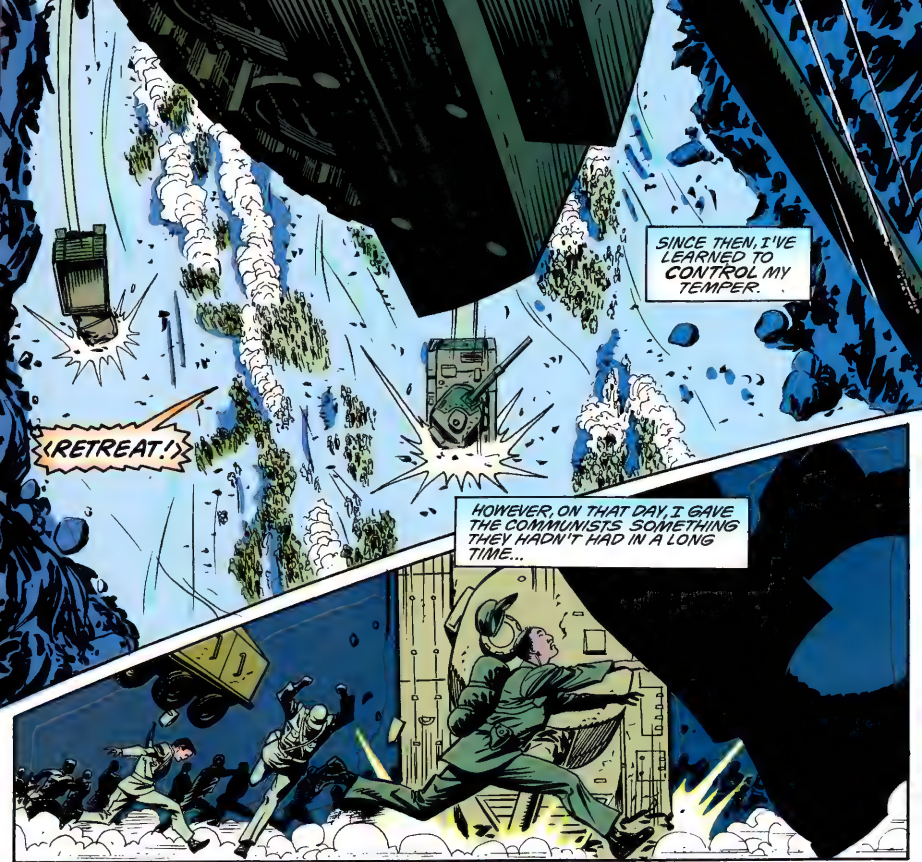


WHA?











UHHHN!

NO GOOD. THE ROCK WAS TOO DEEPLY ROOTED TO MOVE.

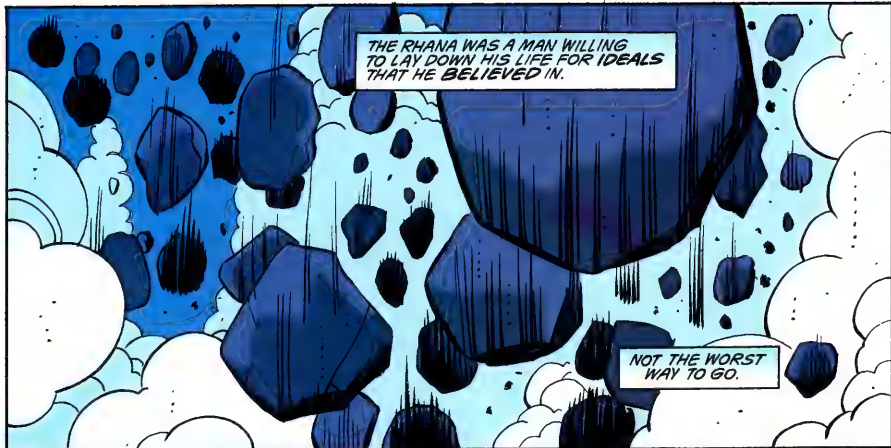
PA ALWAYS SAID, "USE YOUR HEAD, SON, NOT YOUR MUSCLES."



UHHHHN!



GOOD ADVICE.



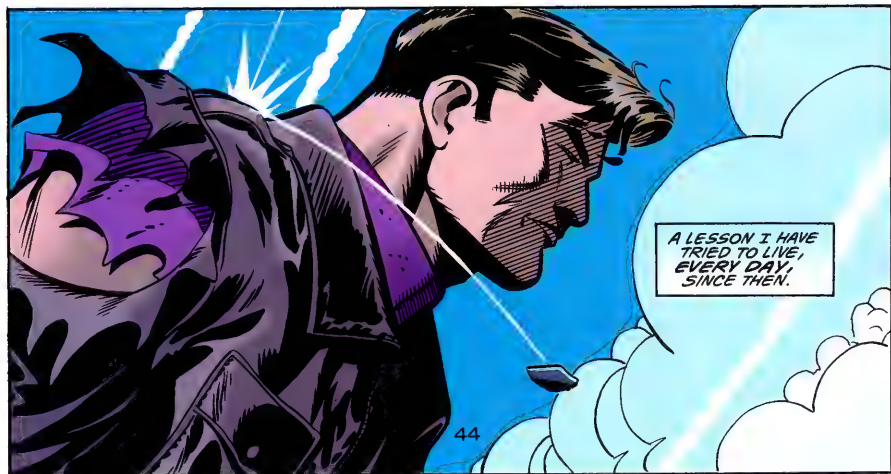
THE RHANA WAS A MAN WILLING
TO LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR IDEALS
THAT HE BELIEVED IN.

NOT THE WORST
WAY TO GO.

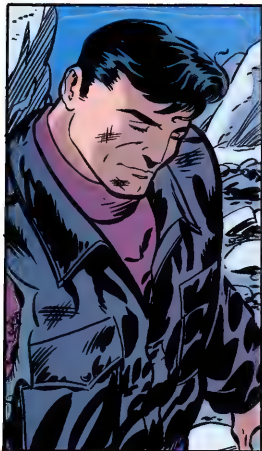


HIS DEATH WAS A GREAT
LOSS. TO TERRI, TO ME,
AND TO THE WORLD.

HE WAS AN EXAMPLE OF
PERSONAL SACRIFICE,
FOR SOMETHING
GREATER THAN
HIMSELF.



A LESSON I HAVE
TRIED TO LIVE,
EVERY DAY,
SINCE THEN.



WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

WITH US?

NO. BHUTRAN.



I HAVE NEVER HAD A TRUE *DIRECTION* IN LIFE, CLARK.

MY FATHER'S SACRIFICE HAS AT LEAST POINTED ME TOWARDS ONE.

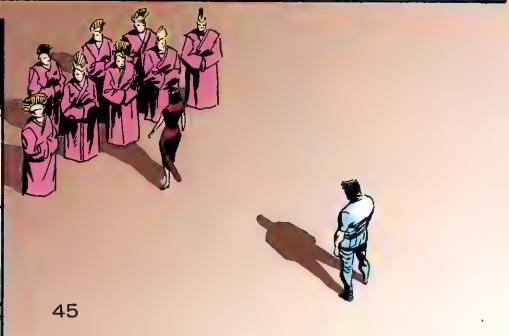


YOU HAVE TO *LEAVE*, CLARK. YOU HAVE YOUR OWN DESTINY. JUST LIKE I DO. OUR PATHS LEAD IN *DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS* NOW.

BUT...



YOUR *SECRETS* WILL ALWAYS BE SAFE WITH ME.



A full-page comic book illustration. Superman, in his classic blue suit with a red and yellow 'S' shield and a red cape, stands in the center-left. He is looking down at a defeated Kryptonian warrior lying on the ground. The warrior has green skin, orange armor, and a green helmet. The ground is covered in rubble and debris. In the background, there are destroyed buildings, a large black cable or pipe hanging from the top left, and another Kryptonian warrior lying on the ground. The scene is set in a city that has been destroyed.

SHE BECAME THE
RHANA BHUTRA.

FOR MANY
YEARS SHE'S LED
HER PEOPLE.

EVEN WITH THE THREAT FROM
THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC
ALWAYS HANGING OVER
THEM.

HER FATHER
WOULD BE
PROUD.



I NEVER SAW
HER AGAIN.



UNTIL NOW.

...WE ARE RECEIVING
UNCONFIRMED REPORTS
OF THE CHINESE ARMY
IN FULL RETREAT.

THE PEOPLE OF BHUTRAN
BELIEVE IT IS THE POWER OF
RHANA BHUTRA AT WORK.





LOCAL BELIEF IS STRONG
HERE THAT, WITH THE DEATH
OF TERRI CHUNG--



--PERHAPS THE POWER OF THE
RHANA HAS SWEEPED THE ARMY
BEFORE IT--



-- JUST AS IT DID UPON THE
DEATH OF HER FATHER, TEN
YEARS BEFORE --

RHANA
PHUTRA



-- WHEN ANOTHER ACT OF
MILITARY AGGRESSION BY
THE CHINESE ARMY WAS
TURNED BACK.

THE PEOPLE HERE BELIEVE
IN THE SPIRIT OF THE RHANA...

... A SPIRIT OF UNWAVERING
TRUTH... OF MERCIFUL
JUSTICE...

TERRI
CHUNG



... AND A SPIRIT OF
FREEDOM... THAT
CAN NEVER DIE!

END

Superman Post-Crisis Chronology

Volume 002 From Out of the Green Dawn

"Midnight in the House of El", first appeared in Starman issue #51, released January, 1999

David S. Goyer (writer), James Robinson (writer), Peter Snejbjerg (penciller), Keith Champagne (inker)

"History Lesson", first appeared in The World of Krypton issue #3, released December, 1987

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Mike Mignola (penciller), Rick Bryant (inker), Walter Simonson (inker)

"From Out of the Green Dawn", first appeared in The Man of Steel issue #01, released July 10, 1986

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Dick Giordano (inker)

Excerpt from "Mad Genius", first appeared in Chronos issue #11, released December, 1998

John Francis Moore (writer), Paul Vincent Guinan (penciller), Steve Leialoha (inker)

Excerpt from "Revelations One: Strange Visitors", first appeared in Martian Manhunter issue #20, released May, 2000

John Ostrander (writer), Tom Mandrake (penciller), Tom Mandrake (inker)

"Small Evil", first appeared in DC Infinite Halloween Special issue #01, released October, 2007

Steven T. Seagle (writer), John Paul Leon (penciller), John Paul Leon (inker)

"The Secret", first appeared in The Man of Steel issue #01, released July 10, 1986

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Dick Giordano (inker)

"Invaders From Space", first appeared in Action Comics issue #794, released August, 2002

Chuck Kim (writer), Kano (penciller), Kano (inker)

Excerpt from "Spring", first appeared in Superman: For All Seasons issue #01, released July, 1998

Jeph Loeb (writer), Tim Sale (penciller), Tim Sale (inker)

"The Odyssey", first appeared in Superman: The Odyssey issue #1, released May, 1999

Chuck Dixon (writer), Graham Nolan (writer), Graham Nolan (penciller), Graham Nolan (inker)





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